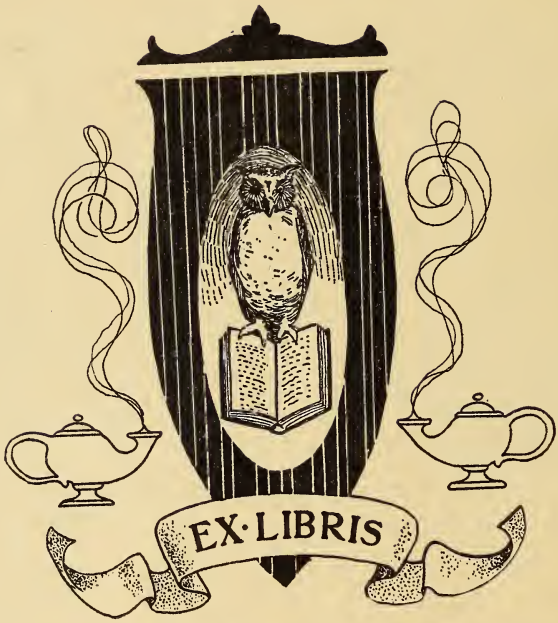

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Charles Sumner

CHARLES SUMNER:

MEMOIR AND EULOGIES.

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE

BY THE EDITOR,

AN ORIGINAL ARTICLE BY BISHOP GILBERT HAVEN,

AND

THE EULOGIES PRONOUNCED BY EMINENT MEN.

EDITED BY

WILLIAM M. CORNELL, LL.D.

BOSTON:
JAMES H. EARLE,
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1874.

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THE EDITOR'S PREFACE.

The editor is the writer of the first article in this book; further than this, he is not the author, but the compiler of the book. In the death of such a man as Charles Sumner, it seems eminently fitting, and of the utmost importance to the present and coming generations, that the most perfect record possible of his life and deeds should be brought together as a work for future reference. Such a book must be of great value. The best way to accomplish this is to collect together the expressed opinions of those who were co-laborers with him, and who shared largely in his views and confidence. This is the object of the book. The short memoir by the editor is the first article. The second is by Rev. Bishop Gilbert Haven, who knew him well, and participated with him in the great work of his life, to wit, breaking the chains of human bondage. These two sketches of Mr. Sumner have been written expressly for this work.

The address of Hon. N. P. Banks, his friend and political colleague in his public services, takes the next place.

Then follow the various EULOGIES, pronounced by the eminent statesmen and patriots selected by cities, towns, and numerous bodies, as the best fitted to set forth, because they best knew, the character and deeds of that remarkable man. Of these, the Hon. Carl Schurz, his friend and contemporary in the Senate, leads the way. Then follow those of Hon. G. W. Curtis, the Hon. Robert B. Elliot, and other prominent gentlemen; the whole forming a volume expressing the various opinions, views, and feelings of those most eminently qualified to present to the world who Mr. Sumner was, and what he did. To bring these documents into one compact and solid volume has been the aim of the editor; and, with some confidence that the work will be read, preserved, and handed down to posterity by the public, it is sent forth to the world.

W. M. C.

BOSTON, June 9, 1874.

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MEMOIR OF CHARLES SUMNER.

By WM. M. CORNELL, LL.D.

This brief sketch is given merely as an *introduction* to the noble eulogies and high praise contained in what follows it.

Charles Sumner was born in Boston, Jan. 6, 1811. He died in Washington, D.C., March 11, 1874.

It is not designed in this brief memoir to give the lives of his parents or ancestors. Suffice it to say, they were worthy, respectable, and good citizens of the "Old Bay State." This is not a memoir of them, however deserving they may have been: it is of Charles Sumner, *the scholar*, *the gentleman*, *the man of peace*, *the advocate of justice*, *the senator*, *the friend of his race*, *the champion of universal freedom*, *the incorruptible statesman*, *and the admiration of the world.*

> "Honor and shame from no condition rise.
> Act well your part: there all the honor lies."

I never could see the propriety or necessity, in writing a memoir of any man, of beginning with the first-

named of that family, and tracing his lineage back to Adam. But two cases are to be found in the records of our nation, where the loss has been so great, and the sorrow so universal, as in the decease of Senator Sumner. Those cases were the death of George Washington, well termed "the Father of his Country," and Abraham Lincoln, our martyr president. His part in the history of our nation Charles Sumner has acted well; or our most talented and eminent men have been greatly deceived in the testimony they have borne to his worth, and the nation has mourned in vain.

THE SCHOLAR.

Mr. Sumner commenced his scholastic studies in a public school of his native city. He entered the public Latin School of Boston before he was ten years old. Here he gained honors in various departments, and obtained prizes and medals. He finished his preparation for college at Phillips Academy, then renowned for fitting young men for the university. At college he stood high among his classmates, and graduated honorably in 1830. After his graduation he still studied another year at Cambridge, with private tutors. He then entered the Cambridge Law School, where that eminent jurist, Judge Story, became his patron and friend, and pre-

dicted for him a brilliant career. He became the librarian of the law library; and how well he used, and how carefully he studied, the historical part of it, has been attested by the unusual facility with which he elucidated his numerous speeches during his whole life. In history he was an encyclopædia, the admiration of all his coadjutors, who all dipped into him, as into an antediluvian, to know what happened before the flood, or in any subsequent age.

While pursuing the study of law, he found time to write many articles for "The American Jurist;" and so much were they admired, that he was solicited to edit that journal; which he did to the great satisfaction of its readers.

He was admitted to the bar in 1834, and soon had a lucrative practice. As the favorite pupil of Judge Story, he was appointed reporter of the United States Circuit Court, of which Story was one of the judges. Three huge volumes of the decisions of that court made young Sumner well known to the gentlemen of the bar. As an assistant to Judge Story and to Prof. Greenleaf, he lectured, in their absence, to the class, and was offered a professorship in the school; which he declined.

Not satisfied with his present popularity, great as it was for a young man, he now went abroad. Introduced, as he was, by letters from Story and other

eminent gentlemen, he was received with great cordiality by the judges and lawyers of Westminster Hall. He was everywhere honored; and the splendid libraries of England were placed at his disposal; and for one year he was a regular attendant on the debates in parliament. On the same tour he visited Germany and Italy, conversing with their learned men, and accumulating stores of knowledge for future use. He remembered these years of study, society, and accumulation of artistic acquisition, with great joy during the active years of manhood. As he then enjoyed the society of the most cultivated minds both of men and women, and feasted his eyes on all the beauties of Nature among her most sunny skies, and all the wonders of Art among her greatest artists, it was not singular that he should speak of them as his halcyon days, and as oases in his life. He was no idle spectator while thus abroad, but employed his time to the best possible advantage, both by the study of books and men. With his exquisitely fine taste, he selected, thus early in life, many of those artistic paintings and engravings which became such a passion with him in later years, and which so richly adorned every part of his house at the capital.

It may be said, without fear of contradiction, that no finer scholar than Charles Sumner could be found among us, as he came forth from old Harvard, and as

he now returned from the classic fields and sunny skies of the Old World. He was then known chiefly as a scholar, as a learned man; not as the noble senator, the conservator, the savior of the nation from shame, and of the colored race from brutality and degradation. He was admired as the scholar; but his future career was then unknown.

THE GENTLEMAN.

Mr. Sumner was a true gentleman. He was refined in his manners, courteous towards all in his deportment, affable to his friends, fixed in his opinions, determined to "stick" to what was right, averse to all that was wrong; yet in all his associations with others, though he sometimes appeared stern, he was ever the true gentleman. He never violated the laws of etiquette, never descended to vulgarity, never treated an inferior so as to make him feel his inferiority, never bowed obsequiously to any one in office when he could not consent to his conduct. In his most ardent and castigating speeches, he never forgot that he held a high position, and that he was a senator of the United States of America. When accosted upon any question by any ordinary man, or any citizen, he paid the utmost attention to his request, and lent a willing ear to what he had to say. The writer knew him well; had visited him

at his residence in Boston, at his home in Washington, in the Senate Chamber, and on occasional lectures; and there was no reason why he should have treated him more gentlemanly than he did others: yet on no occasion did he ever appear any thing otherwise than the courteous, urbane, true gentleman.

THE MAN OF PEACE.

July 4, 1844 (the birthday of our nation), Charles Sumner appeared in a new character. It was at a time when slavery was at its height, and when it threatened to rule supreme in the nation; and when there was more slave-property in Boston than in some of the large cities of the South; and when to speak a word against slavery was as treasonable an offence, in the view of men of wealth and standing at the North, as was Toryism in the Revolution; when William Lloyd Garrison had been dragged through our streets with a rope around his neck, and no men of wealth and influence espoused his cause; when the nation was blind to its influence, and Congress made laws only for its extension and perpetuity; when the Northern press and Northern pulpit were both dumb on the subject; when an imperious man-stealer boasted that he would call the roll of his slaves under the shadow of Bunker-Hill Monument; when the giant minds of Northern statesmen bowed before this modern Mo-

loch; when to be called an "abolitionist" was as disgraceful in the eyes of Boston merchants as it was in South Carolina; and when to utter a syllable against slavery in Faneuil Hall, "the Cradle of Liberty," was treason against the Constitution, of the blackest dye, — at this time, on the day of our nation's jubilee, Charles Sumner stood forth before a Boston audience, and proclaimed his subject, "The True Grandeur of Nations;" and this grandeur was *peace*. And the burden of that oration was, there can be no *peace* to a wicked nation.

It is now more than thirty years since that youthful orator stood up before a Boston audience, and proclaimed the great truth, "In our age, there can be no peace that is not honorable; there can be no war that is not dishonorable."

Never shall I forget that address, nor the expression of a young lady sitting by my side, who said, "That is such a man as I would like for a husband." I wondered where he found so much to say on the subject of "Peace;" and great men of the Old World, even, wondered at that oration, "the noblest contribution any modern writer ever made to the cause of peace." I do not think, in all the speeches of Mr. Sumner, he ever shone more brilliantly than in this oration. But two of the aldermen were abolitionists; and the others, all the city fathers, and, indeed,

all the wealth and influence of Boston, were on the other side. Before this audience Charles Sumner presented himself, known only as a young, rising, aristocratic lawyer, the pride of Harvard, admired by both the professors and students of the Law School, as unusually versed in law and science.

His theme was different from any one ever presented to such an audience, on such a day; and he poured forth a torrent of eloquence which astounded and angered many of his hearers. Influenced solely by principle, he had girded himself for a mighty contest, which he probably expected, and in which he was not disappointed. Usually the war of the *Revolution*, on this day, had been commended, and its heroes almost deified. Beyond a doubt, most of this brilliant assembly expected a similar deification. But the young orator soon undeceived them, by showing that war was "the embodiment of cruelty, waste, unsuited to rational beings, and repugnant to the gospel of Christ; that all nations ought immediately to disband their armies, and dismantle their war-ships; and that our nation should take the lead in this God-like and philanthropic movement, and agree to settle all national disputes by arbitration."

The war with Mexico, for the occupation and annexation of Texas, was then strongly talked of, for the extension of slavery. With all the energy of a

young enthusiast, he put this question, "Who believes that the honor of the nation would be promoted by a war with Mexico? A war with Mexico would be mean and cowardly." And then, branching off to the subject in which his life was to be spent, he added, "And when the day shall come — may these eyes be gladdened by its beams!" (and I add, they were) — "that shall witness the emancipation of three million fellow-men, guilty of a skin not colored like our own, now, in the land of jubilant freedom, bound in gloomy bondage, — then will there be a victory by the side of which that of Bunker Hill will be as the farthing candle held up to the sun."

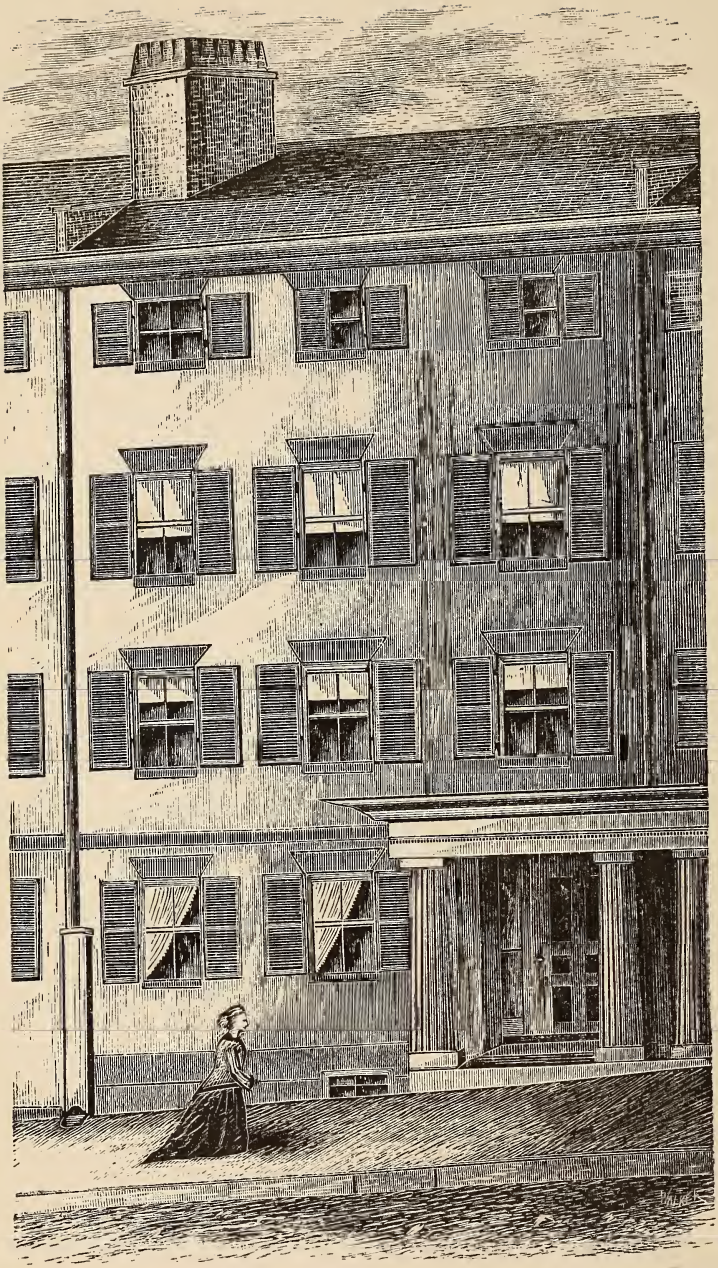
The effect of this speech was felt and seen at the dinner-table afterwards. One said, wars were necessary. R. C. Winthrop, then a member of Congress, well knowing the mind of that body respecting the annexation of Texas, gave the following toast: "Our country: however bounded, still our country; to be defended at all hazards." Another gentleman present, always famed for following the popular side of any question, considered the oration as inculcating wrong ideas, and, in differing from it, openly advocated the military equipment of our country. Others followed in a similar strain. Not a solitary one said a word in favor of the oration. Here was a spectacle worth beholding, — a gifted son of Massa-

chusetts standing for peace against the whole influence of Boston.

There, at that city dinner, was the most sublime scene that ever transpired at such a dinner; for amid the reproaches that fell upon and the arrows shot at him, enough to bow any ordinary man, the young orator arose, and remarked, there was a part of the performances of the day in which we were all agreed: *it was the music of the children's voices!* How noble was this! What a fine specimen of the principle of peace he had been recommending! — not a word of reproach, not a single recrimination. Paul on Mars Hill, in the midst of ancient Athens, when called a "babbler" by the wise men, was scarcely more grand and sublime than young Sumner, when, by these pacific words, he turned the attention of these great men of our modern Athens to a new subject, — the beautiful voices of the children.

There were flights of eloquence in that oration to be admired; but its greatness consisted in the noble Christian principle it advocated. "War," said he, "stripped of all delusive apology, falls from glory into barbarous guilt, taking its place among bloody transgressions, while its flaming honors are turned into shame."

He proposed that "all the vast resources accumu-



THE EARLY HOME OF CHARLES SUMNER,

No. 20 Hancock St., Boston.

Now the Residence of the Hon. Thomas Russell.

lated for waging war should be turned into channels of peace, — to schools, churches, hospitals; and our soldiers into teachers and messengers of mercy. This is the cheap defence of nations. The angels of the Lord will throw over the land an invisible but impenetrable panoply."

The grand sentiments of this address, though disapproved by the rich and arrogant men of Boston, were fully approved of and indorsed by John A. Andrew, John Quincy Adams, and by Richard Cobden, the great apostle of peace, and Rogers, the poet of the Old World. All of them wrote letters of commendation to him. Sumner was now fairly launched upon the stormy sea of politics and statesmanship; not because he had sought it, but because his principles were right, and those of the politicians wrong.

It would be pleasant to make long quotations from this oration on "Peace;" but our limits will not allow it.

CHARLES SUMNER THE ADVOCATE OF JUSTICE.

Four months of agitation about his Peace Oration only had passed, when we find him at a public meeting in Faneuil Hall, called by and for all good citizens opposed to the admission of Texas as a

State, and presided over by Hon. Charles Francis Adams.

The battle between slavery and freedom was now fully opened. The slaveocracy had thus far triumphed. Texas had been admitted as a Territory. The advocates of slavery were defiant and strong. They were not to be baffled in their attempts to extend it. Men in Boston were as arrogant in its defence as men in Charleston, S.C. The Whig party had so far succumbed to it, that John Quincy Adams had written a letter to Dutee J. Pearce, a Democrat of Rhode Island, that the Whigs were always ready to crush any man who had more principle than they had. Rufus Choate, the eloquent advocate, like Daniel Webster, "the Defender of the Constitution," had said, in a political meeting in Boston, when occasion led him to speak of John Quincy Adams, "I should say the *last* Adams," meaning, as a slur, that Charles Francis, who was to preside at this meeting, was unworthy the name of an Adams. To which Adams made this fine retort, that brought down the house: "It takes considerable to maintain the reputation of some families, while a small moiety is quite enough for others." Considering that Rufus was the only man of the name of Choate that had ever risen to eminence, this was indeed a "thrust under the fifth rib."

At this meeting appeared Charles Sumner hand in hand with Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison. The "men of wealth and standing" in Boston cared not a fig about Garrison. It was all the same to them, whether he had a rope about his neck, or a cotton handkerchief: anyhow, he was beneath their notice. But that Charles Sumner, their pet child, the eminent scholar, the true gentleman, the admired and commended law-lecturer, the friend of Story, and Chancellor Kent; and Wendell Phillips, the most eloquent man of the day, belonging to one of the most honored and conservative families of this ancient Commonwealth, — that these men should appear there with such a rabble, to advocate such a cause: this was too much. Having no principle to guide them, as John Quincy Adams said, this was a conundrum they could not understand; and, when Charles Sumner offered the following resolution, they were shocked: —

"*Be it Resolved*, — In the name of God, of Christ, and humanity, that we, belonging to all political parties, and reserving all other reasons of objection, unite in protest against the admission of Texas into the United States as a slave State."

He accompanied this with strong and pertinent remarks, some of which were as follows: —

"Congress is asked to sanction the constitution

of Texas, which not only supports slavery, but contains a clause prohibiting the legislature of the State from abolishing slavery. In doing this, it will give a fresh stamp of legislative approbation to an unrighteous system; it will assume a new and active responsibility for this system; it again becomes a dealer in human flesh, and on a gigantic scale. At this moment, when the conscience of mankind is at last aroused to the enormity of holding a fellow-man in bondage, when, throughout the civilized world, a slave-dealer is a by-word and a reproach, we, as a nation, are about to become proprietors in a large population of slaves."

In reference to action in this cause, he said, "But we cannot fail to accomplish great good. It is in obedience to a prevailing law of Providence, that no act of self-sacrifice, of devotion to duty, of humanity, can fail. It stands forever as a landmark, from which, at least, to make a new effort. . . . Massachusetts must continue foremost in the cause of freedom; nor can her children yield to deadly dalliance with slavery."

I love to dwell upon and to quote from this speech, because it seems the starting-ground of his life's battle with slavery, which he lived to see abolished. He said, "God forbid that the votes and voices of the North should help to bind anew the fetters

of the slave! God forbid that the lash of the slave-dealer should be nerved by any sanction from New England! God forbid that the blood which spurts from the lacerated, quivering flesh of the slave should soil the hem of the white garments of Massachusetts!

"Let Massachusetts continue to be known as foremost in the cause of freedom; and let none of her children yield to the fatal dalliance with slavery.

"You will remember the Arabian story of the magic mountain, under whose irresistible attraction the iron bolts which held together the strong timbers of a stately ship were drawn out, till the whole fell apart, and became a disjointed wreck. Do we not find in this story an image of what happens to many Northern men, under the potent magnetism of Southern companionship or Southern influence? Those principles which constitute the individuality of the Northern character, which render it stanch, strong, and seaworthy, which bind it together as with iron, are drawn out one by one, like the bolts from the ill-fated vessel; and out of the miserable, loosened fragments is formed that human anomaly, *a Northern man with Southern principles*. Such a man is no true son of Massachusetts."

The burden of his speech against the annexation

of Texas was the injustice of the act; and thus it was for justice he was pleading. How great must have been Sumner's love of justice, to speak as he did when such men as Webster and Everett and Winthrop, those giants of Massachusetts, were all opposed to his views! He might well be called "Aristides, the Just." After war with Mexico was declared, and Robert C. Winthrop, our representative in Congress, had voted for it, how zealously did Charles Sumner belabor him on this very subject of justice, or, rather, the total want of it in that war! In that famous letter he said, —

"The act [declaration of war] gives the sanction of Congress to an *unjust* war. War is barbarous and brutal; but this is unjust. It grows out of aggression on our part, and is continued by aggression. It declares that war exists *by the act of the Republic of Mexico:* it is a national lie. The war is dishonorable and cowardly, as being the attack of a rich, powerful, numerous, and united republic upon a weak and defenceless neighbor distracted by civil feuds. Every consideration of true honor, manliness, and Christian duty prompted gentleness and forbearance towards our unfortunate sister."

After much more to the same effect, about the injustice and baseness of the war, Mr. Sumner wrote to Mr. Winthrop, "Such, sir, is the act of Congress

which received your sanction. It will hardly yield in importance to any measure of our government since the adoption of the Federal Constitution. It is certainly the most wicked in our history, as it is one of the most wicked in all history. The recording Muse will drop a tear over its turpitude and injustice, while she gibbets it for the disgust and reprobation of mankind.

"Such, sir, is the act of Congress to which, by your affirmative vote, the people of Boston have been made parties. Through *you* they have been made *to declare an unjust and cowardly war with falsehood, in the cause of slavery.* Through *you* they have been made partakers in the blockade of Vera Cruz, in the seizure of California, in the capture of Santa Fé, in the bloodshed of Monterey. It were idle to suppose that the poor soldier or officer only is stained by this guilt. It reaches far back, and incarnadines the halls of Congress. Nay, more: through you it reddens the hands of your constituents in Boston. Pardon this language. Strong as it may seem, it is weak to express the aggravation of your act *in joining in the declaration of an unjust war.* O Mr. Winthrop! rather than lend your vote to this wickedness, you should have suffered the army of the United States to pass submissively through the Caudine Forks of Mexican power, — to

perish, it might be, irretrievably, like the legions of Varus. Their bleached bones in the distant valleys where they were waging an unjust war would not tell to posterity such a tale of ignominy as this lying act of Congress.

"Another apology, suggested by yourself, and vouchsafed by your defenders, is founded on the alleged duty of voting succor to Gen. Taylor's troops, and the impossibility of doing this without voting also for the bill, after it had been converted into a declaration of falsehood and of war. It is said that patriotism required this vote. Patriotism! is not thy name profaned by this apology? Let one of your honored predecessors, sir, a representative of Boston on the floor of Congress (Mr. Quincy), give the reply to this apology. On an occasion of trial not unlike that through which you have passed, and in the same place, he gave utterance to these noble words."

These "noble words" were spoken by Josiah Quincy, sen., of Boston, and need not be quoted in this place.

How strong must have been Mr. Sumner's abhorrence of slavery, his sense of justice, and anxiety that the right might triumph, to write such a letter to R. C. Winthrop, his former friend! Few men, it is believed, can be found, that would take such

a noble stand. Wendell Phillips, referring to himself before he was an abolitionist, says, "Then I was a respectable man;" and Charles Sumner, before he took such a stand, was respected and admired by all the leading men of Boston, and by the Whig leaders in particular.

As this letter was really the pith and marrow of Charles Sumner's after life, I must be allowed to make one more quotation from it. When Cicero said, "My family begins with me, and I am writing for immortality," he said nothing more true, or more important to his fame, than Mr. Sumner did in this famous letter, every sentence of which was pregnant with truth, and flaming with *justice*. Hear it: "Let me add, that, in other respects, your course has been in disagreeable harmony with your vote on the Mexican War Bill. I cannot forget — for I sat by your side at the time — that, on the 4th of July, 1845, in Faneuil Hall, you extended the hand of fellowship to Texas, although she had not yet been received among the States of the Union. I cannot forget the toast which you uttered on the same occasion, by which you have connected your name with an epigram of dishonest patriotism. I cannot forget your apathy at a later day, when many of your constituents entered upon holy and constitutional efforts to oppose the admission of Texas *with a slaveholding*

constitution, — conduct strangely inconsistent with your recent avowal of 'uncompromising hostility to all measures for introducing new slave States and new slave Territories into the Union.' Nor can I forget the ardor with which you devoted yourself to the less important question of the tariff, indicating the relative position of the two questions in your mind. As I review your course, the vote on the Mexican War Bill seems to be the dark consummation.

"And now let me ask you, when you resume your seat in Congress, to bear your testimony *at once*, without hesitation or delay, against the further prosecution of this war. Forget for a while the subtreasury, the veto, even the tariff; and remember this wicked war. With the eloquence which you command so easily, and which is your pride, call for the instant cessation of hostilities. Let your cry be that of Falkland in the civil wars, 'Peace, peace!' Think not of what you have called in your speeches 'an *honorable* peace.'

"There can be no peace with Mexico which will not be more honorable than this war. Every fresh victory is a fresh dishonor. 'Unquestionably,' you have strangely said, 'we must not forget that Mexico must be willing to negotiate.' No, no, Mr. Winthrop! We are not to wait for Mexico. Her con-

sent is not needed; nor is it to be asked by a Christian statesman, while our armies are defiling her soil by their aggressive footsteps.

"She is *passive:* we alone are *active.* Stop the war. Withdraw our forces. In the words of Col. Washington, 'Retreat, retreat!' By so doing, we shall cease from further wrong, and peace will ensue.

"Let me ask you, sir, to remember in your public, the rules of right which you obey in your private capacity. The principles of morals are the same for nations and for individuals. Pardon me, if I suggest that you do not appear to have acted invariably in accordance with this truth. You would not, in your private capacity, countenance wrong, even in your friend or your child; but, as a representative, you have pledged yourself not to withhold your vote from any reasonable supplies which may be called for in the prosecution of this wicked war. Do by your country as by your child. You would not furnish to him means of offence against his neighbors: do not furnish them to your country. Do not vote for any supplies to sustain this unrighteous purpose. Again: you would not hold slaves. I doubt not you would join with Mr. Palfrey in emancipating any who should become yours by inheritance or otherwise. But I have never heard of your joining, in

efforts or sympathy, with those who seek to carry into our institutions that practical conscience which declares it to be equally wrong in individuals and in States to sanction slavery."

CHARLES SUMNER THE SENATOR.

Passing over many good things that Mr. Sumner said and did, as our space is limited, I come to his senatorship. He had never sought office, but office sought him. He seemed to have made up his mind to be a scholar, a gentleman, a friend of peace, an advocate of justice; and determined to do what good he could in a private way, laboring to ameliorate the condition of the prisoner, and to advance the interest of our public schools. Up to this time he had acted only as a private citizen. Now he was to be a servant of the State, and to fill an important niche in the senate-chamber of the nation. Who would have predicted, when he wrote to Robert C. Winthrop, as we have seen, that he would step over him in the national government? or, when he besought Daniel Webster to do his duty as a senator, he would have been called by Massachusetts to take the chair of Webster in the capital of the nation?

Mr. Sumner's friends, however, did not elect him to this high office without a struggle.

Three political parties were then struggling for pre-

eminence, — the Whigs to beat the Democrats, the Democrats the Whigs, and the Free-soilers to unite with that party which would do the most for freedom.

A "coalition" took place. The Democrats, in general, were to have the State offices, and the Free-soilers the United States senator. But this was not to be done without a battle. The Whigs had long ruled Massachusetts. They were unwilling to give up the reins: in a word, "they died hard." Their groans were terrific, their throes agonizing. But all the "coalition" candidates were elected, — George S. Boutwell, governor; Henry Wilson, president of the Senate; N. P. Banks, speaker of the House.

R. C. Winthrop was the candidate of the Whigs, Charles Sumner the candidate of the "coalition." Thus marshalled, these forces went forth to the contest, which was decided Jan. 22, 1851, in the Senate, by a single vote, Mr. Sumner receiving twenty-three votes, Mr. Winthrop fourteen, and one scattering.

As just said, the Whigs had no idea of dying an easy death; and the battle was transferred to the House. Here, on the first ballot, Mr. Sumner wanted but five votes of being elected; but it took three months, and twenty-six ballotings, to get these other five votes. But after seizing upon every straw that a dying man will catch at, after voting *viva voce*, by

ballot, by yeas and nays, and finally in sealed envelopes, the backbone of the Whig party was broken, and Charles Sumner was chosen. He would have no exulting that evening over his fallen opposers, but took himself away out of the city. But his quiet disposition did not soften the wrath of his opponents. Some of his literary friends would not speak to him. "The Daily Advertiser" said, "It is the grossest outrage upon the feelings of the majority of the people of the State, by a combination between two minorities, which we have known to be perpetrated in any of the States of the Union. We regard the event as a most unfortunate one for the reputation of the State."

"The Transcript" said, "The mountain that has been laboring for three months has brought forth; and Charles Sumner, Esq., has been elected for six years to succeed Mr. Webster in the Senate of the United States. This will be a sore disappointment to the Whig party," &c.

"The Courier" said, "We need hardly say that the election of Mr. Sumner will be regretted by all who wish the State of Massachusetts to stand, where she has stood, nobly and firmly fixed in her loyalty to the American Union."

Mr. Sumner was reviled by all the so-called national papers of the Union in other States, as well as in his

own. But he pursued his onward and upward course, not even replying to any of the vituperative attacks made upon him. True, he was consoled by words of encouragement from such men as John Quincy Adams, the poet Whittier, and some others.

Modestly he accepted his credentials, saying, "I accept the senatorship as the servant of Massachusetts. I see my duty: I dare not shrink from it."

He entered upon his duties in the Senate, Dec. 1, 1851, at the opening of the Thirty-second Congress. As a Free-soiler, he did not stand entirely alone, though but two could be thus numbered with him. These were Salmon P. Chase of Ohio, and John P. Hale of New Hampshire.

The first speech Mr. Sumner made in the Senate sounded the knell of slavery. It was inspired by a petition from the denomination of Friends, of New England, against the Fugitive Slave Bill. He presented it on the 26th of May, 1852, six months after he had entered the senate-chamber. He had prepared a speech to accompany the petition; but he was not allowed to deliver it. A large majority of the Senate were opposed to it; and, though he narrowly watched every opportunity, it was not till the 26th of August that the speech was delivered. The rules of the House then giving him the floor, he took it, and held it, in the face of much opposi-

tion, *four mortal hours*. They were hours of torture to the slaveholders, but of maddened anguish to every Northern senator with Southern principles. I have no room to reproduce that speech, nor is it necessary. It is to be found in all his works, and will be read as long as a free American lives to read. It stirred to wrath the greater part of both houses of Congress. It put new thoughts into the heart and mind of the nation, and foreshadowed what was to come, and what has since come now in 1874, — the emancipation of every slave. Charles Sumner thus stood forth, where Webster had become a fallen archangel, and where, as John Randolph would say, enough other Northern dough-faces had ever voted with the South to make *them* the rulers of the nation; *there* Charles Sumner, fully aware of his position, said, "With me, sir, there is no alternative. Painfully convinced of the unutterable wrongs and woes of slavery; profoundly believing, that according to the true spirit of the Constitution, and the sentiments of the fathers, it can find no place under our *national* government; that it is in every respect *sectional;* that it is always and everywhere the creature and dependant of the *States*, and never anywhere the creature and dependant of the *nation;* and that the *nation* can never, by legislative or other act, impart to it any support, under the Constitution of the

United States, — full well I know, sir, the difficulties of this discussion. Full well I know that I am in a small minority, with few here to whom I may look for sympathy or support. The favor and the good-will of my fellow-citizens, of my brethren of the Senate, sir, I am ready, if required, to sacrifice. All that I am, or may be, I freely offer to this cause."

Then, after stating that he was a man of peace, that he had never sought office, and no party man, he proceeded with his speech.

Mr. Sumner differed from Mr. Garrison as to the Constitution of the United States. He was bent upon the destruction of slavery *under* the Constitution; and he fully demonstrated, in this remarkable speech, that he was in the right. Mr. Garrison was for destroying the Constitution, that he might destroy slavery. Sumner took the right ground; and, had the South fought under the Constitution, they would have been much wiser than they were.

Here, as in his address on Peace, Mr. Sumner was commended by Mr. Hale of New Hampshire, and Gen. Scott, who wrote to him, "Your speech is an admirable one, — a great, a very great one. That is my opinion; and everybody around me, of all sorts, confess it."

Mr. Chase wrote to him, "I have read, as well as heard, your truly great speech. Hundreds of thou-

sands will read it; and everywhere it will carry conviction to all willing to be convinced, and will infuse a feeling of incertitude, and fearful looking for judgment, in the minds of those who resist the light, and toil in the harness of party platforms, irreconcilable with justice."

Henry Wilson wrote, "I have read your glorious speech. How proud I am that God gave me the power to aid in placing you in the Senate! You have exhausted the question. Hereafter all that can be said will be to repeat your speech."

Everybody opposed to slavery praised this speech; and to this day it has never been equalled.

On his return to Boston he was the head of the Free-soil party; and all looked up to him as a leader.

It would be pleasant to follow Mr. Sumner through his nearly three terms as a senator; to speak of the great work that he did, and the great esteem in which he was held by every friend of liberty at home and abroad. But, as his life's work is fully expressed in the eulogies and addresses that follow, it is wholly unnecessary to recount the great speeches and noble deeds of his senatorial life.

CHARLES SUMNER THE FRIEND OF HIS RACE.

It requires but a word on this point; for his whole life shows, that, from the time of his first public

address before the city authorities of Boston, upon peace, and against war, down to his last act and dying wish about his Civil Rights Bill, his life was one entire effort for the good, the elevation, of the human race, wholly irrespective of color, birth, residence, climate, or nation. All were his brethren. All shared in his philanthropy.

CHARLES SUMNER THE CHAMPION OF UNIVERSAL LIBERTY.

No man ever espoused the cause of freedom, of liberty, everywhere, and for all who have the human image, or "human form divine," more earnestly and more zealously than Charles Sumner.

CHARLES SUMNER THE INCORRUPTIBLE STATESMAN.

Some small men, men of feeble intellects, have told us that Mr. Sumner was not a statesman at all; that he originated nothing, but was merely an imitator of others, seizing upon their thoughts, and carrying out their ideas. One of these said of Sumner, "Of origination, there is no speck in his reflections, or spark in his style. Nature did not intend aught intellectually pre-eminent in his constitution. He had no organic strength to strike out new paths in action or expression."

This, it is believed, is not correct. He showed ori-

ginal power in the course he pursued through his whole public career; yea, even before he held any public office. It was a great thought, a very great idea, to assert, as he did in his first public oration in Boston, that war ought to be abolished, and that nations should disarm. It was a great thought, an original one, which characterized his great speech, that slavery was sectional, not national. Other abolitionists had made war upon the Constitution first; he upon slavery, and sustaining the Constitution. Who can say he was not both an originator and a statesman in starting into life this noble truth in our government? It was the pivot upon which the whole question of slavery turned; and *he* was the starter, the originator, of it.

Again: in the rebellion, many who espoused the side of the nation said, "The war is for the Union: slavery has nothing to do with it." This was echoed even from high places. Mr. Sumner saw from the beginning that it was a war *for* slavery, and must be carried on *against* slavery. In October, 1861, he said in a Republican State convention at Worcester, "It is often said that war will make an end of slavery; but it is surer still, that the overthrow of slavery will make an end of the war.

"If I am correct in this averment, which I believe beyond question, then do reason, justice, and policy

unite, each and all, in declaring that the war must be brought to bear directly on the grand conspirator and omnipresent enemy.

"Not to do so is to take upon ourselves all the weakness of slavery, while we leave to the rebels its boasted resources of military strength.

"Not to do so is to squander life and treasure in a vain masquerade of battle, without practical result.

"Not to do so is blindly to neglect the plainest dictates of economy, humanity, and common-sense; and, alas! simply to let slip the dogs of war on a mad chase over the land, never to stop until spent with fatigue, or sated with slaughter.

"Believe me, fellow-citizens, I know all imagined difficulties and unquestioned responsibilities. But, if you are in earnest, the difficulties will at once disappear; and the responsibilities are such as you will gladly bear. This is not the first time that a knot hard to untie was cut by the sword; and we all know that danger flees before the brave man. Believe that you can, and you can. The will only is needed. Courage now is the highest prudence.

"It is not necessary even, borrowing a familiar phrase, to carry the war into Africa. It will be enough if we carry Africa into the war, in any form, any quantity, any way. The moment this is done, rebellion will begin its bad luck, and the Union become secure forever."

Certainly Mr. Sumner saw as a statesman; and well he has been called a statesman by the most eminent men of the world.

But I have said he was an *incorruptible* statesman. Amidst all the falls from the grace of the people who elevated them to office, when Congress was reeking in corruption, when "even the elect" went astray, Charles Sumner stood unscathed, uncorrupted. He "knew of no corruption." No man ever offered him a bribe. No man ever dared to approach him with "Mobilier stock," or to offer him "back-pay." Towering, like Jove on high Olympus, above his fellows in this respect, his integrity unsullied, his character without a spot, his noble life closed, like the setting sun, in splendor. One item more, and I have done.

CHARLES SUMNER THE ADMIRATION OF THE WORLD.

Never before has such homage been paid to any, save the two named on our first page. Witness him when abroad: the great and the good ever sought to do him honor. Witness him at home in Washington: no one, even his most bitter enemy, ever doubted his sincerity, his love of principle, his high moral rectitude. Witness him as admired by four million colored people: while they revered "Massa Lincoln" as their emancipator, they honored "Massa

Sumner" as the man who led the way to that emancipation. Witness, again, the mourning at his decease: it was like "the mourning of Hadadrimmon in the Valley of Megiddon;" it was universal. As he was the lover of his race, so he was the admiration of all men.

THE VERY CHIEFEST OF OUR STATESMEN.

By GILBERT HAVEN.

THREE martyrs to the cause of human liberty in America will stand forth a single cluster in the future ages, — John Brown, Abraham Lincoln, and Charles Sumner. Many others will circle about and beneath this tri-unity; but none will shine in equal brightness. Lovejoy, the first victim to liberty of speech; Torrey, the first private emancipator, of whom Brown was the greatest and the last; Bewley, the first preacher who dared denounce the sin of slavery to an imbittered people, and whom a Texan mob sent hurriedly but not unpreparedly to heaven; Randolph, the orator and leader, who arose from the ranks of the oppressed, and who fell by the hands of the Ku Klux assassins, all of whom were ministers of the gospel of Christ, — these are examples of multitudes who did not love their lives unto the death, out of a holy passion for human liberty. But among

them all stand forth that chosen three. Others less honored in their death were not less honored in their lives. Some who remain to this present (may they long remain!) were even more important than any of these; for the tide that bore Sumner and Lincoln to power would have carried other names thither, had they failed to have taken it at its flood, and thus failed, too, of being borne to prosperous fortune. Even John Brown was but the volunteer before the volunteers, — the independent warrior who fancied that his own right arm could smite down those strongholds, so weak and timorous and ill connected did he deem them to be. Had he not raised his hand, the irrepressible conflict would have moved forward to its divine consummation.

But so it might be said of every issue between good and evil that has been fought out on this planet. The Revolution would have suceeded without either an Adams, a Franklin, a Jefferson, or a Washington. Europe would have been revolutionized without a Napoleon; and without a Wellington he would have met with his Waterloo. Rome would have been Cæsarized had no Julius appeared, and America discovered had Columbus never been born. The age is master of its men, and breeds the style of heroes its ideas require, as faithfully as the gardener develops his needed grains and grasses. Still there is

always especial honor for those who represent the age. If the men are not above their times, no more are the times above their men. Each needs each: each fashions each. Among the millions of to-day, not many Lincolns, not many Sumners, not many Browns, are called; and of those that are called, fewer still are willing to be chosen. These elect souls must be willing in the day of God's power, or others who are willing will be effectually elected. He will raise up children out of stones if his chosen children refuse to obey him; for the hour is struck, and the work must be done.

Charles Sumner was found willing in this day of God. He proved to be one of those that are called and chosen and faithful. Rare is this list. Many in this highest duty are called, few chosen, — fewer, alas! faithful. He was all.

I was in Georgia when I opened the morning paper, and read across its telegraphic heading the huge and startling words, "Charles Sumner Dead." What a thrill shot through the heart of America when that flash of light and of darkness struck it! That day was sunny and bland as a Northern June: yet darkness was over all the land. Not unlike was its outward sweetness to the day when the great soul of his fellow-servant went from a Virginia gallows to a throne in glory; not unlike its inward blackness.

"As when, beneath the street's familiar jar,
An earthquake's alien omen rumbles far,
Men listen and forbode ; I hung my head,
And strove the present to recall,
As if the blow that stunned were yet to fall."

As I rode southward, I paused at a station on the edge of Alabama. Friends and brothers whom I knew, lately slaves, whom those martyrs had liberated, gathered about the dépôt. I told them the news. "Charles Sumner dead!" they incredulously cry: "it cannot be. Who shall break the last of the fetters of slavery, that still hang heavy upon our limbs, and heavier on our souls? Alas! he whom we thought would give us complete deliverance, is gone."

In the State of Alabama, at nightfall, I found like mournful groups. The next day, at its capital, arrangements were being made for a public funeral at the State House, in which men of every degree and shade were to meet and lament together. The beginning of the flood that has since deluged all that section alone prevented this public lamentation.

In the capital of North Carolina, I saw a hall draped, and heard voices of song and speech bewailing the noble dead. In Richmond a like voice was heard of lamentation and weeping; while over the North and East and West went a refrain of corresponding sorrow.

Why this sound of weeping, — this cry of the people? Mr. Sumner was a man by training and feeling apart from the people. His instincts, education, and early habits made him "caviare to the general." He was still more averse to social affinity with the humbler classes, and peculiarly so with the most degraded. Lincoln was of them, and never in his highest exaltations felt himself above them. Brown was to their manner born. But Sumner, delicately fashioned in his sensibilities, nurturing them by most delicate training at home and abroad, — how is it that his death brings tears into lowliest eyes, and eulogies without number in pulpits and on platforms occupied by the proscribed and detested of our people? Lincoln had not so many eulogies from this class, nor had any other of our public men. Seward died without a tear from their eyes; and Chase disappeared, friend and lover of theirs as each of these great men were, without awakening equally responsive laments.

Why is it that Sumner creates such emotion?

In the answer to this question lies the answer to his whole life-work.

Many have written it: more will. But all must trace the river of his fame to the fountain-head of principle, — principle over-riding personal dislike and affinities; principle turning a literary life, a

haughty life, a recluse life, into one of open, arduous, humble, and most devoted service to his fellow-men.

Trace the workings of that principle, and you draw the life of Charles Sumner. The most accurate delineation of those workings will give the most accurate portrait. The limitations of that principle will show where other elements, more primal, perhaps, in his education, if not in his nature, came into play, and where he is another man than the Sumner of the great past and the greater future.

What was that principle? It was the equality of all men before the law. Note the phraseology; for it is his own, and it is the key to his own character and career. Not the absolute and unconditioned equality of all men. Jefferson had made that announcement; and the Continental Congress had made it their own in accepting his declaration as theirs. The French democrats asserted this as their chief article of faith. It is the highest ideal of man. But Sumner's ideal was always within the realm of his real. He was not of imagination all compact, either in principle or policy. He was pre-eminently practical. His tastes, sympathies, plans, and purposes were all realistic. His gifts and graces of rhetoric and oratory were equally restricted. His pen was not winged with native fancy, and could not sweep all skies as if at home only there. It was an ostrich plume, —

"A ground eagle for swift flying," —

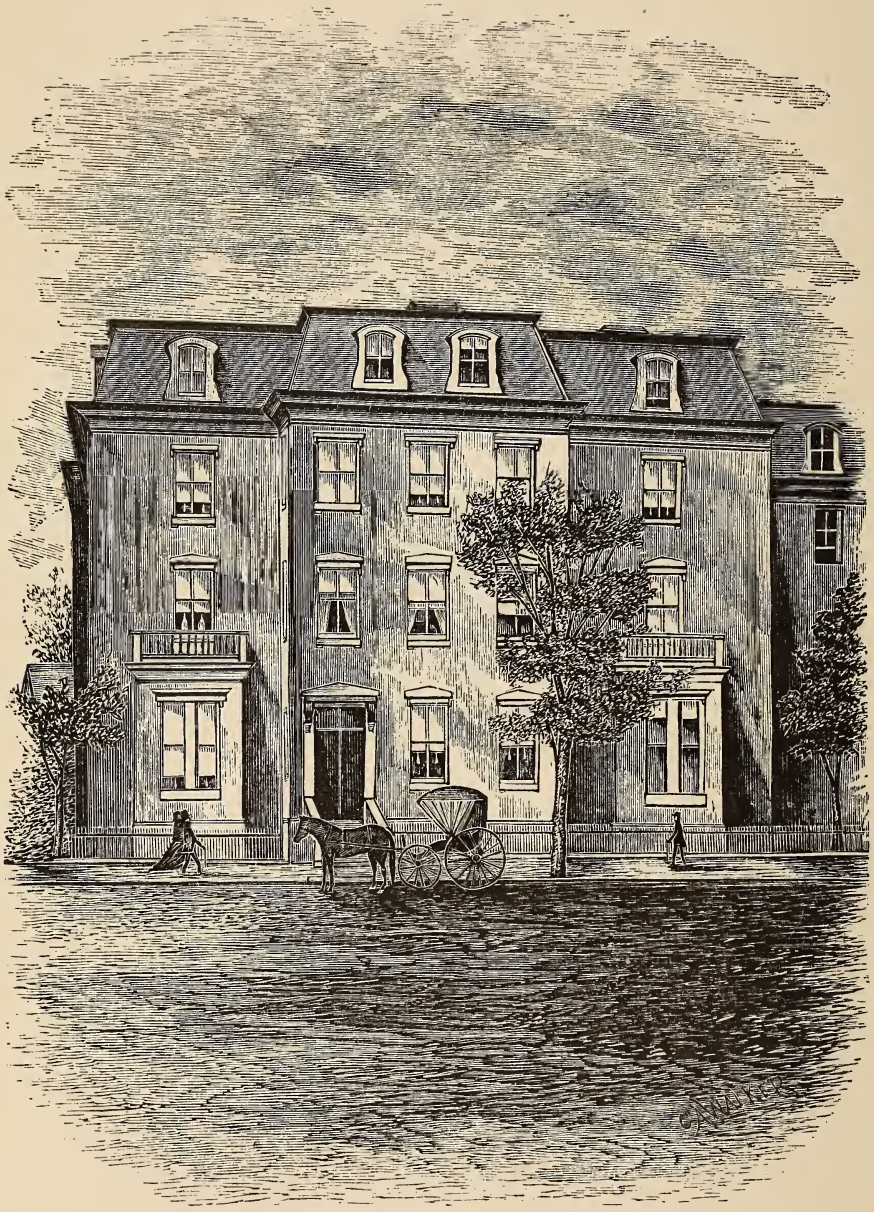
not a condor-wing floating by necessity of nature above the highest Andes. The whole mould and force of his soul were thus limited. Had it not been inflamed with principle, it would have been as cold and classic and dead as a Phidian Jove.

But that idea, and the duty into which it grew, though it had limitation, was mighty, nay, all mighty within its own conditions of being. It made him a political, a constitutional, a national abolitionist. Other warriors on this field took humanity for their inspiration. The words "before the law" would not have limited their theme, — "the equality of all men." Jefferson would have felt that amendment as a wound; so would Phillips and Garrison; so would John Brown; so would many a clerical abolitionist whose Christ is his creed. But it gave power to Sumner. He massed his principles, that he might make them the more surely and swiftly victorious. He had one point at which to strike, — a point visible to every eye, a point accessible to human statute, and therefore entirely within the realm of political debate and duty.

As he and his once elder but now younger co-laborer thus differed in idea, they also differed in the evolution thereof. Phillips, believing in man as

man, cared nothing for constitutional restrictions or national limitations or political combinations. "A man's a man," was his war-cry. "What right has a constitution to proscribe him? If that will not surrender, let it die; for man alone is immortal." This clothed his arm with thunder, and gave his voice the authority of a prophet of God, which is the authority of God himself. This made the nation shudder and shriek at his words, wonderful though they were for Apollo swiftness and beauty.

The silver bow twanged death to beast and man in the Argive camp, and was none the less terrible because it was enchantingly lovely. So this Apollo of abolitionism shot death to constitutions, churches, and laws, from his mellifluous tongue and brain, as he simply put them to the test of humanity. He could never hold office any more than Apollo could become Agamemnon. His duty was to preach: others, to reduce that preaching within the realm of immediate political and social and ecclesiastical duty. That realm felt his presence, resisted, and submitted. Political parties sprang up to put this truth into national shape and force. Ecclesiastical parties arose to perfect the Church after this pattern shown this seer in the mount of God. And social influences are slowly but surely working out the same perfection, under the same stimulus.



The late Residence of CHARLES SUMNER, Washington, D. C.

It was long before Sumner's principle got possession of him. He grows up seemingly unconscious of it. He goes through the Latin School and college, without showing any trace of this idea. He loves debates, and gets up mock speeches, and reads literature, and goes so far in his idolatry of Shakspeare as to blasphemously put on his works the name given properly to only one volume, —THE BOOK. He is a literary youth, and that only. He is proud, scholastic, ambitious of literary distinction. He goes into professional studies, and into European society, without a thought seemingly of his ultimate work and fame. Doubtless, had it then been told him that he would be identified with the black and enslaved population of the country, he would have said, as he afterwards so haughtily responded to a taunt of the senator from South Carolina, as to whether or no he would execute the Fugitive-Slave Bill, "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" Yet there was that in his early life, which suggested this possibility. When a youth just rising twenty, he gave an address before a colored association of Boston, himself dressed in the highest fashion of that day; and, when asked why he put such extra care into his apparel, he replied, "If I would teach them to respect themselves, I must myself respect them."

So, whatever acts and words his central official

idea required were cheerfully granted. Though as a law-maker he had only one maxim, and that involved the wholeness of his professional being; yet if this word required any social sacrifice, any social obloquy, the sacrifice was cheerfully made, the obloquy gladly encountered.

To judge him aright one must first see how faithful he was to his central purpose; and then see how faithfully he followed this purpose whithersoever it led him.

That idea and purpose were, the making of all men everywhere in our nation the equal of all men. The first barrier that stood in the way of this civil equality was slavery. As long as that prevailed, there was no possibility of any equality. It was itself the very essence and soul of anti-equality. It was the antipodes of every human right. Brotherhood was a term abhorrent to this institution. Humanity could never be mentioned in its presence. Man was no man where it held sway. Law was lawless under its edicts. Sumner saw and felt this terrible obstacle to his ideal truth. Why seek to eliminate war from the world, when the most violent of wars, that against every human right and against man himself, was waged effectually by a gigantic system in our own nation? Until that is overthrown, no victory is possible on the lower plains of human brotherhood

and peace.* He girds himself to the encounter with this powerful organism. He strikes it where he feels that he can do it the most harm, and insure its speediest annihilation. He allows others to move

* The state of our nation when Sumner appeared is described with great force in a sermon on his death, preached at Auburndale, Mass., by Rev. Dr. Daniel Steele, and published in Zion's Herald. This passage is a condensed but most feeble expression, as all expressions must be, of that horror of horrors : —

"The darkest period of American history was not from 1861 to 1865, when the thunder-cloud of civil war overcast the skies, and filled our ears with its terrific thunders. No: that was the sunrise of our nation's day of glory. The noon of the long night preceding was the year 1850. Then slavery was triumphant over this Republic. Millard Fillmore, who was buried last Thursday, had just signed the Fugitive-Slave Bill, which turned Massachusetts into a hunting-ground of slaves, and commanded every citizen to be a slave-hunter, with penalties and prisons for obeying Jesus Christ by feeding the hungry and clothing the naked. The Territories had just been opened to slavery by law; and the Dred Scott decision was just about to nationalize slavery, asserting that it had a right to exist everywhere in the Territories, not by virtue of local and State laws, but by the force of the Federal Constitution. The crime against Kansas was plotted by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, which stood in the way of slavery. The crack of the slaveholder's lash was heard in the national capital; and a Southern senator had boasted that he would call the roll of his slaves beneath the shadow of Bunker-Hill Monument. The Christian pulpit through a large part of our land was silent : the muzzle of slavery had made the ministers of God's word like dumb dogs that could not bark ; in fact, many were defending the great crime as a divine institution, and were, in the words of Shakspeare, "blessing it with a text," while Christian men and saintly women were pining in jails for the crime of teaching children to read the Holy Scriptures ;

against it on general fields of philanthropic and Christian motives. He sets his battle in array against it on the field of constitutional and political and legal obligation. "Liberty under the Constitu-

the Bible was a forbidden book in the cabins of four millions of souls, who, most of all, needed its light and comfort, its cheering promises, in this their night of gloom; mothers saw their children sold, one by one, on the auction-block, and torn from their tearful embrace, to be thrust down to the nethermost hell of slavery, — the daughters to supply the brothels of New Orleans and Mobile, or to endure the brutal lash and the more brutal lusts of a pitiless overseer on a cotton-plantation, with a peck of corn a week for their legal rations; and the sons to die in the rice-swamp, or to be torn by bloodhounds in the vain attempt to escape the degradation, the insults, the cruelty, the life-long agony and grinding tyranny, of oppression.

"But why should I detail the horrors of that system which God in his fierce anger has blotted out forever in the blood of a thousand battle-fields? Why should I speak of iniquity framed into a law, which deliberately stripped human beings of their God-given rights, making them stand naked before their enemies, with no father, no mother, no brother, no sister, no wife, no husband, no child, no land, no house, no protector, no standing in court, no protection of law, no ballot, no property, no education, no Bible, no God, — nothing but a master? — a system under which no woman was a wife, but every woman a mother; a system which for self-defence became a unit in our national councils, and exerted for seventy-five years a dominant control over this nation; which terrified the pulpit, and subsidized the press, and drove free speech from the Republic; which corrupted the Church, making us all silent, or speak with velvet-tongued euphemisms of the Abrahamic, the patriarchal, the domestic institution, instead of calling it oppression, tyranny, and slavery. The Bible Society, in deference to the cruel commands of slave laws, without even a protest, cravenly charged the Bible distributor to pass by the humble cabin of the slave hungering for the word

tion" is his demand, before he enters the senate-house.

"Equality before the law," he rings out deep and melodious in his first official speech. It is seemingly on a subject having no affinity with this cause. It is in a welcome to Kossuth that he injects this phrase. He commends the Hungarian leader for his faithfulness to the equality of all men before the law. Every eye and ear in that chamber were watching the first words of this invader. They looked for the flashing of his sword at the opening of his lips. He leads them far away from the main question. He discourses of a European's wrongs and rights. He makes them listen to another's woes than those of their own fellow-countrymen in chains; when lo,

of life; and the American Tract Society meanly garbled the free utterances of English Christians, and suppressed their expressions of righteous indignation against the 'sum of all villanies,' cutting out of the charming biography of a Scotch maiden the fact that she daily prayed in secret for the American slave, and expurgating from that beautiful hymn of gratitude, sung by English children, this little verse of thanksgiving to God:—

'I was not born a little slave,
To labor in the sun,—
To wish I were but in my grave,
And all my labor done.'

So low down on their knees did the great religious organizations get, to do homage to the Moloch to whom they permitted slavery to sacrifice their children."

as they are enchained by the subtle melody of his voice and of his sentences, there drops carelessly out this key-note of his life drama. "Carelessly?" Far from it. It is the carelessness of the great composer, who puts the bars and notes of the theme of his elaborate composition into the seemingly confused conflict of his overture. That line of melody is the soul of the whole. So Sumner's single phrase, hidden away in this senatorial overture, was the statement of his life-work up to that time, and on from that time to its yet uncompleted consummation.

Soon he proceeds steadily, and before every eye, to assail the first obstruction to this principle, — the legal ownership of men. He studies our Constitution to see if in word or letter it expressly recognizes this evil. He finds its founders wonderfully reticent. Though they were all, when the Declaration of Independence was proclaimed, involved in this system; though Massachusetts was then as guilty as Virginia, and Hancock who led the signatures so haughtily, as well as Jefferson who wrote the decree, were alike slaveholders; though even when the Constitution was adopted there was only one free State on the continent, and every member of that convention, from New York and New Jersey and Pennsylvania, from New England also, except those from Massachusetts, was either personally or representatively a slave-

holder; and though the Southern delegates were actively and largely thus: still the *word* "slave" was omitted from the grave document they were preparing, — the foundation of many generations. Washington would not allow its entrance there. Jefferson abhorred the system, while he accepted it. Madison studiously shunned the anti-human word. Hamilton had no place in his patrician system for this superfeudalism. Franklin would not allow its accursed form to cross the constitutional threshold: Roger Sherman kept Connecticut from being an ally to this enemy of man.* Even South Carolina's sons were content with certain privileges which they might construe to the support of the system, and did not wish the dread word itself to find entrance there. Madison declared that he thought "it *wrong* to admit into the Constitution the idea that there *could be* property in man." Others were equally careful to avoid verbal complicity with the evil. Thus the Constitution escaped literal contamination. "It was not so nominated in the bond." But it had two clauses which had been interpreted from the beginning as recognizing it, and which were probably intended, in part at least, to recognize it, — that of the basis of representation, and

* He declared that he was "opposed to a tax on slaves imported, because it implied that they were property."

that of restoring fugitives from labor; and these, by their early and continued application in this direction, had led the public mind to believe that the system itself was formally and verbally indorsed in the Constitution.

The public conscience was perplexed in the extreme. One powerful body of reformers charged the Constitution with being directly guilty. They declared it an agreement with death, and a covenant with hell. They demanded abolition action over the Constitution. Another approved of action under the Constitution, but still felt that the national Word was against them. They could not separate between the letter and the spirit. Many believed that the Fugitive-Slave Bill was constitutional, while they believed it wrong.

It was Sumner's great privilege and opportunity to rectify the reading of the Constitution. More than Webster should he be called the Defender of the Constitution; for he defended its letter against the rulings and legislation that had debased it. His first oration gave a new reading to this charter. He showed how studiously its authors avoided the word of shame; how that every article could be faithfully kept, and the national honor be unimpeached. He proved that freedom was national, and slavery sectional. He proved that it was the spirit that now

possessed the Constitution which killed; its letter gave life.

He thus also spiked the chief gun of the opposition in the North. They had steadily maintained that slavery was constitutional. They had given Calhoun and company all their arsenal, by giving them this declaration. Out of this every weapon could be forged that was being used for the destruction of the nation. For if slavery was constitutional, then was it national: if national, then universal. Any limitations imposed upon that universality were unconstitutional. Forbidding the carrying of this constitutional merchandise anywhere in the nation was itself unconstitutional: forbidding the foreign traffic was equally at variance with its ruling principles, even if found in the charter itself. The principal governs the subordinates; and the Constitution should be amended in harmony with its central idea, if slavery is its corner-stone, and not liberty.

The decrees of the Supreme Court were made agreeable to this Calhoun dogma. The slave, carried into a free State and returning, gained thereby no rights as a freeman. The same court, it was said, had also prepared a decree declaring it to be unconstitutional to forbid slavery in the Territories, and opening every Northern port to its traffic. Only the

election of Abraham Lincoln, and the outbreak of the rebellion, prevented this perfection of infamy.

The public mind and conscience needed illumination on this subject. The children did not like to smite their fathers. They wished to believe that slavery was as unpopular in the Revolutionary era as in their own. They forgot that

"The thoughts of man are widened with the process of the suns;"

that Christianity is like leaven, constantly working upon a still unassimilated mass, and constantly, therefore, making the sons, if faithful in using it, better than the fathers. "I am wiser than the ancients," is as true to-day as when first written, if there is also added the reason for this superior wisdom, "for Thy words are ever with me," enlarging and exalting our minds and our ways.

If, then, the Constitution had been not only defective, but openly and avowedly guilty, the duty of to-day would have been none the less clear. The British Constitution has defended every sort of tyranny. Precedent does not control absolutely those who abide by that unlettered utterance. It is the will of to-day which they seek to embody in constitutional form.

But we had been constitutionally paralyzed. We did not dare to touch it, for fear it would all go

to pieces. It was a Prince Rupert's Drop: broken anywhere, it was broken everywhere. It became a fetich; it became a fetter,—at once an idol and a chain.

It is Sumner's first and not least glory that he saved us the fathers and the Constitution. He begins his senatorial career with a defence of the Constitution and the fathers. His enemies expected him to assail that venerable document. They felt sure that he would fall, as a legislator, by cutting from under his feet the only platform on which he could stand as a national legislator. They never dreamed that he was going to snatch this very platform from beneath their feet, and make them, in all their pleas against Congressional action for liberty, and all their efforts to cast the nation into the chains of slavery-propagandism, the violators of the Constitution itself.

Yet this masterly stroke of policy was his. He astonished friend and foe by that watchword and that argument. He proved that his "were the fathers;" that the compact was inspired with liberty and the rights of man; that the Declaration was the father of the Constitution; that slavery was the stone rejected of the builders, and was not, as Calhoun had said, the corner-stone of the Republic; that every edict favorable to slavery was unconstitutional,

and every edict opposed to it was constitutional; that the proviso forbidding its presence in the Territories was national, and the Fugitive-Slave Bill was anti-national. He was always careful to call it the Fugitive-Slave *Bill*, never recognizing it as a statute, a law; only an attempt to become a law.

This oration showed at once his genius as a statesman, no less than his skill as a reformer. He had the *πού 'στῶ*, — the place where he could stand and move the world. And there he did stand; and thence he did move the world. He made abolitionists constitutionalists. He snatched that magic sword Excalibar from the hands of the enemies of man and of the hour, and waved it magnificently, —

"Like a streamer of the northern morn,"

for man and for the hour.

Henceforward he was the real head of the anti-slavery movement within the national lines. Mr. Seward, astute and forcible; Mr. Chase, more radical than Seward, and none the less persistent; Mr. Wilson, a far better organizer of men into parties, a moulder of ideas into votes; Mr. Greeley the mighty editor, — all these, and all others, as constitutional abolitionists, saw the singleness of eye and aim, and felt the force of this leader. He absorbed into himself the whole political movement. He dic-

tated terms to his allies, and drew upon himself the madness of the enemies of liberty. He was first in the great fight against the repeal of the Missouri Compromise; and, in his second grand oration, "The Crime against Kansas," brought upon his head the murderous blows of slavery's assassin. With a true instinct, that power smote him down. He had changed to all the nation the aspect of the Constitution; had made it an object of love, not fear; had marshalled the forces of freedom within the national charter and under the national flag; and now these masters see that he is stirring up the Northern masses to fight for liberty under the Constitution. Wisely, as men count wisdom, was he stricken down. His death destroys his idea. If they slay him the inheritance is theirs. Vain hope!

> "If the red slayer thinks he slays,
> Or if the slain thinks he is slain,
> They know not well the subtle ways
> I keep and pass and turn again."

Sumner knew well that he was not slain. He was perfectly aware that his battle was the Lord's, and that whatsoever might happen to him should only tend to the furtherance of the gospel he was anointed to proclaim and to establish in all this earth.

Henceforth he was placed among the martyrs.

Henceforth there was a different feeling toward him than toward any other of our statesmen. He had suffered unto blood, striving against sin. He bore in his body the marks of the Lord Jesus. He therefore had claims to speak, as one from the dead. His speech was never changed in purpose or in tone. It still had no imprecations for his murderers, as they meant to be and were adjudged to be, but abundant arraignment and condemnation of the iniquity that had made them its slaves, and that was fast plunging the nation into a dawnless night. He perhaps assumed from his partial recovery a more domineering attitude towards the friends of freedom than he had before exhibited. His vision had grown clearer under that long and terrible prostration; and he was not willing to abate one jot or tittle in the immediate and utter extermination of the national horror. He was keen to detect every compromising tendency, and quick to rebuke it. He was instant in season, out of season, rebuking, reproving, pressing duty, and repressing delay. He struck the hydra wherever he lifted up his head, and whatever head he lifted up. Nay, he struck his huge bulk yet undeveloped into bristling crests; knowing that only in this destruction could there be permanent peace under liberty.

This far-sighted and bold-speaking and strong-planning policy led him often to separate from less

daring allies. He resisted any tendency to compromise, any delay in energetic action. He was the pioneer blazing the pathway through untraversed forests to on-marching civilization. He worried his party by his perpetual demands. Lincoln irked his presence, and Seward fretted under his dictation; while lesser powers openly and sneeringly revolted, or sought to revolt, from his control. Senators, East and West, declined to accept his terms, and tried to pass measures without his approval, or refused to pass those that met his approval. Thus the abolishment of slavery in the district was voted down by a Republican Senate; new States in the far West were admitted with the word "white" in their Constitution; the Fugitive-Slave Law they would not repeal; even compromises were offered the rebel slave-power, to the extent of a constitutional agreement not to touch slavery in the States, or south of the parallel of thirty-six thirty.

Probably this greatest of statesmen was never more unpopular with his party than when that party assumed the government. They feared his stern faithfulness to the principles which had placed them in power. They sought conciliation, not abolition. They believed less stringent words would abate the violence of the tempest, and that time would give them a bloodless victory.

Over against them stood this half-martyred representative of a great State, and demanded not war but justice. Detesting war as Horace's mothers detested it ("*bella matribus detestata*"), he yet more detested slavery. He would not trust it, no, not for an hour. It had outlawed itself: let it never return unto power. Its supporters may come back as soon as they please: he has no word of harshness for them; he is never even tempted to rebuke them. But they must come unshorn of this power: that shall never re-instate itself again in the American Republic if he can prevent it.

This pertinacity made him a perplexing ally even to the most advanced of his associates. An incident is narrated in illustration of this, by a living witness. The Sunday after the fall of Lincoln Mr. Stanton called several leaders to his office, to consult on a proclamation or paper which he wished to have accepted. He read his important document carefully; but he was heard, if possible, more carefully. "Stop!" suddenly broke in the deep, strong voice of Sumner. "Wait till I have finished reading the whole of it." — "Stop!" repeated the senator. Again Stanton begged to go on: again the stentorian "Stop!" blocked his path. It was a struggle between two strong wills: but the stronger prevailed; and the reading was stopped until the point there

raised had been faithfully considered, and probably until the whole scheme went to pieces on that rock.

Thus often he stopped the wheels of legislation when they were rolling carelessly or purposely on to wrong and to ruin. One favorite form of arresting attention and securing debate was to tack the undesired dogma to some most desired bill. Thus he compelled both discussion and a vote. He believed in discussion. With Milton he welcomed the winds of controversy. He cried out with the prophet, "What is the chaff to the wheat? saith the Lord." He had no hesitation in making legislation hesitate, if so be he could thereby advance liberty. "Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks!" he would cry, "if so be you winnow this crop to a golden grain of solid worth."

When he entered Congress the great debaters of the last generation were leaving it. Calhoun had already gone; Clay and Webster were disappearing. Benton, the sturdy, still stood square on his feet; Cass, Marcy, Douglas, Buchanan, Jefferson Davis, Mason, and Hunter, men of towering influence, strode before him. A few greater men, but far less famous then, were at his side; of whom Hale and Seward and Chase were chief. The previous and current debates were on low and trivial themes. Finance and tariff — the two lowest of national theses, and always prominent in the lull of more

important conflicts — busied the brains and tongues of these stalwart men. All united in despising and rejecting the principle of liberty, equality, and fraternity, which had been made by Jefferson the corner-stone of the American Constitution.

Here his ringing oratory found ample field for novel and detested debate. He made them discuss slavery. He knew it could not bear the light. The more it strove to defend itself, the more defenceless it became. Silence was its only safety; and silence was a confession of its guilt, and therefore of its doom. He drew the infuriate auditors, by this determination to debate, from murderous purposes to solemn thinking. And when they had gone, and new men had come, brought there by his own genius inspiring the land, he was equally faithful in illuminating their understandings and strengthening their wills by his "large discourse of reason." Thus he made all foes his servants. Slowly but surely they acceded to his plans. He kept the State from reeling into the slough of submission, in the changing from the old to the new. He moved it on the path predestined of liberty. Lincoln heard and heeded: so did his subordinates. Sumner was their master in spite of themselves.

His steadfast devotion to his two central ideas, abolition under the Constitution, and equality before

the law, wrought at once increasing pertinacity and increasing breadth. The first made him incessant to see and to extirpate every possible head of the adversary of freedom. He did not rest on his general announcement: he made it everywhere effective. Because the Constitution meant liberty, it was none the less necessary to revise the legislation under it, that that might *say* liberty. Hence he demanded the extirpation of slavery in the District of Columbia, the forbidding of it in the Territories, the repeal of the unconstitutional Fugitive-Slave Act, the declaration of emancipation under the war powers of the government. Hence, too, he demanded protection against any possible restoration of slavery to power, by such constitutional amendments, with power on the part of Congress to enact the necessary legislation to enforce the same, as would forever prevent that hydra from re-growing his beheaded head.

How wise that provision was may be seen in the light of late events, when most of the States in rebellion have lapsed into the power of those who had formerly ruled them, and when even a governor of such a State dares to say, that, under these constitutional amendments, peonage or feudalism — that is, a control of the laborer and his labor — can be introduced. Had it not been for these protections, slavery

would have re-appeared in more than half of those States to-day.

He was not only a leader in these constitutional provisions and protections; he was none the less the guide of Congress and of the nation in securing larger and larger equality before the law unto all the people. He was the first to call for arming the negro. Here and there a courageous co-worker had put the servant to the gun. Gen. Fremont and Gen. Butler had initiated, by actual experiment, this reform. But they acted without authority, and so without power. Sumner set to work to secure the arming of the slave by the government. When he first demanded this step at the Worcester State Republican Convention, he was met by indignant and terrified remonstrance from press and people. Every Boston journal except "The Traveller" struck madly at him. The Connecticut Valley leader of the press was alike wrathful. The classic "Advertiser" assailed the veracity of his quotation from Plutarch to prove that Marius in his extremity armed the slave to save Rome. I had the pleasure of examining the authorities, and preparing a defence of Mr. Sumner's position from the original. It was carried to the office of "The Advertiser." A venerable gentleman took the paper, and promised to examine it. A call was made the next day to see what

disposition was made of it. The white-haired chief returned it, saying, "If I should publish that, I should have my building pulled down over my head before to-morrow morning." It was taken to "The Traveller," and immediately published without any such catastrophe attending.

That Mr. Sumner felt the criticisms of the press on his advanced positions, is evident from the fact that in his works he has gathered a large group of friendly and unfriendly words on this, as on the other novelties he demanded of his party and his country. He has thus embalmed for history the currents of opinion, and shown that he was steadily opposed by a halting press, and steadily supported by a true and growing public sentiment.

As he had led in demanding no concession, emancipation, and the arming of the negro, so he startled friend and foe by demanding his enfranchisement. Aptly does he put as a motto to his speech delivered under the auspices of the Young Men's Republican Union of New York, at Cooper Institute, Nov. 27, 1861, this quotation: —

> "Come to the common pulpits, and cry out, —
> Liberty, freedom, and *enfranchisement!*"

This word "enfranchisement" found early lodgement in his mind and will. It, too, followed the

arming, by a logical necessity; and though the framing of the amendment securing it was in the words of Senator Boutwell, then a member of the House of Representatives, the initiation of it in Congress was with Charles Sumner.

Many minor assaults on the same insidious and universal foe were made by him; and from every nook and corner where it had taken refuge did he seek to expel it. Like a murky and mephitic atmosphere, slavery had penetrated everywhere. Like the sun, Sumner drove his shafts of enactment upon its pestilential presence, and scattered their foulness forever with his beams. There were no passports granted, when he became senator, to men of color. He secured the first given after the infamous Dred Scott decree, from Mr. Seward, in favor of the son of Robert Morris, Esq. They could not testify in courts. He obtained remission of that sin. They were allowed to carry the mail through his help. They obtained patents through his intervention. He prevented the shutting up of their schools in North Carolina, as had been ordered by the military governor. His own narrative of this event is characteristic. Having the fact laid before him, that such an order had been issued, he hurried with it to the President. Not finding him at the Executive Mansion, he hastened to the War Department. The

President, a little worried, says nervously, "Do you take me for a school-committee man?" — "Not at all: I took you for the President of the United States," was the sudden and grand reply, adding instantly, "I come with a case of wrong, in attending to which, your predecessor George Washington, if alive, might add to his renown." He thus was present everywhere to detect a wrong done against his cardinal doctrine, "equality of all men before the law," and as potent as present to destroy the wrong detected.

His last effort, now on its way to victory, — over bloody corpses, perhaps, must it march to triumph, but it will march, — was in the direct line of his life idea. It was to complete the equality of all men before the law that he drew up his famous Civil-Rights Bill. This searched even to the dividing asunder of the joints and marrow, and became, like all true words in debatable times, like the truest in divinest duties, a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart. It rooted up the last remains of this inhuman and unchristian bitterness. It swept the political house of all this abomination. It made a man a man over all the great Republic. It was the last and best of his deeds. Well might he bequeath it to his friend as his chief will and testament. "Take care of my Civil-Rights Bill!" It was the

consummation and the crown of his life-long labors. It was the necessary confirmation of all preceding legislation. It was the working-out of the last stains of the man-eating horror of slavery. Its victory will be the ushering in, complete and glorious, of the latter day of the equality of all men under the law.

Nay, not complete. One civil enactment is left out of even that famous bill. The right of marriage is prohibited still in some States between parties who have every other right from God and their own hearts, but whom a perverse spirit wickedly forbids. Many a State still makes impediment by unrighteous statute to the marriage of true souls. They still encourage licentiousness; for the illicit union is allowed and even approved, while lawful and Christian union is made impossible. Men rot to-day in Tennessee dungeons for obeying God and their own conscience. They are murdered in Georgia. There is still another Alp above those towering in that bill, which must be mounted before the last enemy to civil liberty is under our feet.

Probably, to carry his bold measure of co-education, he kept back the bolder measure of co-marriage. That alone is left. This single, triangular apex of solid shining stone must complete the lofty monument of a symmetrical life. That will follow sooner or later, and Sumner's purpose and work be accomplished.

We have not dwelt upon the shaded side of his character, nor upon other lustrous traits than those pertaining to his chief reputation. His scholarship, curious and felicitous, has been rivalled and equalled by many who are mere virtuosos of literature,—butterflies into which the bookworm sometimes changes. His delicate and trained taste, revealing itself in the appointments of his house and table, of his carriage and apparel, is not an essential element of his fame, any more than Lincoln's rudeness is a part of his real and immortal fibre. His judgment on other themes than that of human equality was never rated perhaps at its worth. His views of finance, of tariff, even of our foreign relations, into which last his scholarship led him, were not such as to usually forcibly and effectually impress the nation. Congress seldom listened to his arguments on these questions, while it never failed to listen to his demands for human equality, and, though most reluctantly, to obey.

He had so often rightfully and successfully cried "Stop!" to every scheme involving human wrongs, and "March!" to every one involving human rights, that he perhaps unconsciously became almost himself the "Sir Oracle" that he had so sarcastically condemned in another at the beginning of his senatorial career. He felt that his dictum was a divination.

So it was in one line: not so in every line. Thus he got entangled with his associates in questions of strife, and became at variance with the real leaders and workers of his ideas on his own chosen field. This variance grew partially also out of that love of scholarship, which made him ally himself with culture sometimes in his later days, to a forgetfulness, in part, not of principle (that he never forgot), but of the only men and means through which that principle could be worked out.

He, who defended Lincoln when his warm-blooded constituents deemed him too slow, had no word of defence for Grant, who nobly demanded in each inaugural the perfection of the rights he was himself most anxious to secure. The latter, with his keen military eye, has always seen farther than his predecessor, and from the beginning of his presidency until now has acted with admirable impartiality towards all his fellow-citizens. Yet Mr. Sumner never found place for a glowing tribute to this greatest of his disciples, who before he marched on Richmond compelled a reluctant administration to make his colored soldiers equal in pay to their white comrades; who has put men of this hue in every honorable position; who has never failed to accede to their claims and to defend them; who has sustained governments all over the South, in the face

of the intensest calumny and hostility, by which alone their rights could have been respected. Should the orator have been silent in these critical moments, when all the principles with which he had identified himself were in peril, and the President was their faithful supporter?

It has been said he was without ambition. That word in its very constitution has a wrong significance. It means "going about to solicit advancement." Such an ambition was undoubtedly far from Charles Sumner. Yet, that he was unconscious of his powers, and unwilling to take the place to which those powers would lift him, is not true of him, and is rarely, if ever, true of any man. That he keenly felt his removal from the chairmanship of the Committee of Foreign Relations, shows that he was not unwilling to occupy that position. That he felt that he merited the headship of the administration, the chair of the Secretary of State, is not unknown: the head of that department in Congress for eight years, he might naturally expect to be its head when the master under whom he had been the chief servant vacated his chair. Sumner was the proper successor of Seward. That he was passed over may have had something to do with the change of tone and action that was so early and so rapidly developed. From the resuscitation of an obsolete law

to prevent the President from making up his own cabinet, — revived not to be repealed, but to be restrengthened, — to the unpublished but not unprinted arraignment of the greatest promoter of his life idea and work it has ever had in official place, there was a seeming sense of injury, that may or may not be rightfully interpreted in the above suggestion. Certain it is, that his later years were clouded with this shadow, and that his arm lost somewhat of its strength through this paralysis of his party relations. Certain too it is, that his own bodily sufferings, the seeds and roots, unremoved and hardly latent, of the murderous attack upon him, revived under this unhappy conflict, and had no little to do with their final o'ermastery. Had all his relations to his co-leaders been pleasant, the irritation of disease had been less severe, and its fatal work much longer delayed.

But it should be said, to his honor, that none of these conflicts ever made him swerve a hair-breadth from his principle, — equality of all before the law. When called upon by the Texas delegation, who had been to Baltimore to nominate Mr. Greeley, and who were to a man the bitterest enemies of the principles of both these great leaders, he introduced them to his friend Dr. Augustus, who was at his house, a gentleman of color: he asked them if they would adopt all the claims of his Civil-Rights Bill;

and they pledged themselves, so he affirmed, that they would do so. But all that part of the conversation was left out of the published report of the interview. He would have stood firm, whithersoever his new allies had gone. He sought conciliation, but never abandoned equality. He led to the last all allies or foes, former or present, in advocating the most radical and righteous measures for the completion of the work to which he had devoted his life.

There is one other shadow on this sun. It did not openly accept its radiance from the only source whence such radiance comes. He was too faithful to his convictions not to honor like faithfulness in others. And like faithfulness will require this declaration. The word that he applied to Shakspeare at college, "The Book," seemed to imbue somewhat his whole career. He could not be expected to rise higher than his fountain; and his childish, college, and churchly culture was not such as led him to recognize all the truth as it is in Jesus. Never were more lax notions current concerning Christ and Christianity than in his youthful time and circle. It is surprising that he was not more completely moulded by them. The sturdy Puritan stock of his mother made her faith and life more Christian than her creed. The faith of her ancestors permeated unconsciously the unfaith of her own generation;

and her son imbibed under her training the juices of the Mayflower creed, without its errors, and, alas! without its formal truths. Especially the vital principles that Christianity infuses in all society, ran like subtle lightnings through all his spiritual frame. It was Christianity without Christ that he felt and preached and practised, — Christianity not of doctrine but of life. It was Lowell's vision of Sir Launfal that he copied, not Tennyson's, nor, better yet, the original tradition which combined them both, — Christ's blood for man's redemption. The Holy Grail he sought and found was uplifted humanity. Had he joined to this a clearer vision of all the gospel in all its truths and principles, he had been a nobler, sweeter, happier man. As Wilberforce would he have been not alone in works, but in word also.

But these flaws show the clay was human. Every sun must have its shadow, every kernel its husk, every soul its defect. "*Non omnes omnia possumus.*" His could not be a created soul, and be without some infirmity. Paul had his thorn; but that did not make him less, but more, a hero of God's. Sumner would not ask or approve of indiscriminate eulogy. He never employed it upon others. He never solicited it for himself. He was a man; and nothing human, not even human weakness, was foreign from him. He

did his life-work grandly: no one in all our political history more grandly, — hardly one as grandly. His creed blossomed into beauty above itself. The hard lines of Equality of all Men before the Law floresced into Love to all Men. If others could affirm that they loved the Lord their God with all their heart, he could humbly add, "And I my neighbor as myself." His request that his oppressed brothers should bear him to his grave, — a request strangely overlooked; his familiar admission of those outcast brethren to his companionship, even often against the edge of his sharp and polished culture; his readiness to listen to their every wrong, and his haste to avenge it; his soft and gentle manner to these clients, however dignified and reserved to those in a higher social scale, — these were only indices of a grand soul growing grander in the atmosphere of its own development.

Not soon will his name fade. All over this land he is lamented as only his associate martyrs have been. All over it will he be honored even more than they; for the white and the colored confess alike his unswerving integrity and his masterly ability. But yesterday on the Cumberland Mountains, I heard leaders of the old South, not the new, declare that Sumner at any rate was honest, how much of self and party may control the action of others. Every conscience approves his course, even

if the lips condemn. "Ne'er shall his glory fade." The nation he did so much to save and exalt shall exalt him. The slave, rising to liberty, to emancipation, to civil and social equality, shall ever lift before him this stainless name as the one through whom, above all others, these legal privileges were his. His brother of lighter hue shall equally praise him by whom he has himself been delivered from the sin and shame of slave-holding and caste-holding, and been led into the liberty of righteousness and brotherly love. The disinthralled South and the disinthralling North shall hold him in equal love and honor, by whom they will be blessed to many generations.

His clear name will shine beside the brightest in the world's annals; and from it many a youth in coming time will draw inspiration to defend the right against any forces, however strong in social and civil position, and however weak in every thing except its own righteousness. Happily does the motto to his work discern that future. "Another age will come, more worthy than ours, in which, hatred being destroyed, virtue shall triumph. Desire that with me, reader, and farewell." * That age will find its youth bending over his munificent pages, and

* Veniat fortasse aliud tempus, dignius nostro, quo, debellatis odiis, veritas triumphabit. Hoc mecum opta, lector, et vale. — LEIBNITZ.

from his urn drinking influence. The kindred reforms of prohibition, and universal human (not as now semi-human) suffrage, and universal education, and peace, and universal brotherhood, and others hardly yet discerned, will gather force from his stalwart devotion to his grand idea and purpose. May his career lead all hearts to the complete fulfilment, in themselves and in society, of all that is involved in that fruitful truth! May America, in her renovated and interblended brotherhood of man, be herself his monument! — not a cold statue of stately marble, but a vital organism, a State, a nation, a continent, whose every pulse shall beat responsive to his life, whose every form shall body forth his spirit. Thus will mankind be brought nearer to the divine ideal, and the purposes of God receive larger impulse from his heroic career. Thus, too, his own defect of faith will be supplied by the greater faith of those who shall trace him up to his real if unconscious fountain-head, — the Lord Christ; and, as the heathen sibyls ignorantly prefigured the Saviour, so shall he point to Him the sole source and centre of all human regeneration.

In that light may all his admirers, and all his objectors also, work out his principles to their vast and varied and complete and everlasting consummation! His work is yet far from being accomplished.

The intense hate and prejudice of all the land may prevent its early accomplishment. What seas of wrath and blood may be encountered before that happy coast is reached, God only knows. Over his grave, in the wintry twilight of a stormy day, they sang Luther's grand hymn, —

"Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott."

It is not too late yet to solemnly repeat the same; for it teaches us what powers of evil still roar about us and at us, and who alone can be our Redemptor and their Abolisher.

A mighty fortress is our God, —
A bulwark never failing;
Our helper he amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe:
His craft and power are great,
And armed with cruel hate.
On earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side, —
The man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is he,

Lord Sabaoth his name,
From age to age the same.
And he must win the battle.

The word above all earthly powers;
No thanks to them abideth:
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go, —
This mortal life, also;
The body they may kill:
God's truth abideth still;
His kingdom is forever.

Amen and amen! In the strength of this heroic dirge commit we the name and fame of Charles Sumner to future generations. When in America there shall be no hardness of heart towards brethren, but each shall esteem the other better than himself; when the world shall be one in Christ Jesus, — then shall this very chiefest of the apostles of civil Christianity glow in the State as Paul now does in the Church, — the man who did and dared for constitutional right and civil equality and fraternity more than they all; who sought not, as did the apostle, to bring heaven to earth, but to lift earth to heaven. The counterpart of the apostolic honor and immortality, therefore, is his, and shall be his to all generations.

ADDRESS OF HON. N. P. BANKS

IN THE

SENATE OF MASSACHUSETTS, MARCH 13, 1874,

THE event that has come upon us, Mr. President, as other gentlemen have said, is "so unadvised, so sudden, so like the lightning, which is here and gone ere one can say, 'It lightens,'" that it is impossible for us to collect our thoughts sufficiently to give a representation of even the general appreciation of the character of the great man that has left us. And besides, sir, as senators well know, most members of the Senate have been engaged in a more practical and important duty than that of presenting our opinions as to the services of the illustrious senator, — in making arrangements for the final honors that are to be paid him by the State, and the people of this Commonwealth. Yet, nevertheless, sir, it is due to his memory, and still more to the State and ourselves, to suggest some views of his services and character, however imperfectly they may be presented. Mr. Sumner was known, and had an established reputation, before he was charged with the partial representation of the people of Massachusetts in the Senate of

the United States. In his own honored university at Cambridge, he was a marked man: he was the flower of the literary societies, and subsequently became the recipient of its highest classical honors. He had also been elevated to the honors of the law-professorship, as the successor of Judge Story, at a very early period of his life. His eloquent voice had recalled the virtues and the genius of some of the most brilliant men of the time, — scholars, artists, philanthropists, and jurists. His name was celebrated in the capitals of Europe. He was, therefore, not unknown when he came to the service of the Commonwealth. It was in this service, as one of the representatives of the Commonwealth, that his character will be judged, and upon which his fame must hereafter rest. The office of senator of the United States was, in point of fact, the only public office he ever held. It is true, he had held a commission, at an early period of his life, as one of the minor ministerial officers of the Government of the United States; but it was a position which was uncongenial, and unsuited to his capacity, and not at all in accordance with his inclination; and, when an important change had been made in the legislation of the country, it became impossible for him to discharge its duties. So, sir, the office of senator of the United States was, in truth, the only public office he ever held. How well, sir, he filled that high station, we all know. None of us can well state, in such terms as here occur to us, the full measure of his success; but we can all comprehend and appreciate the great events of his life, which

in themselves convey to the world a proper estimate of his capacity and character. His election occurred in April, 1851. A few months earlier the Congress of the United States had passed what was known as the compromise measures, designed to settle all questions of difficulty between the North and South. Mr. Sumner was elected, and entered upon his term of service, as an opponent of this act. He stood, therefore, among those with whom he was thus associated, as a representative of a distinct principle, in opposition to the policy which the government had adopted. The administration party, with the honored and distinguished ex-president of the United States, Mr. Fillmore, at its head, whose memory we appropriately noticed the other day; who, but yesterday, sir, was waiting, in common with that of our own beloved senator, in different parts of the country, the last sad honors of their respective States, before the tomb should shut them from our sight forever, — Mr. Fillmore, and the great men associated with him, the majority of the two houses of Congress, had determined that a policy of concession was necessary and just. It was the voice of the people. It would lead, as they supposed, to peace, and avoid the impending fratricidal strife. Against that policy Mr. Sumner appealed, as the representative of a different spirit. He conceded nothing. He demanded every thing essential to the liberty guaranteed by the Declaration of Independence. Undoubtedly the great majority of the people were against him, regarding him as an enemy of peace; but the result shows upon whom

the gift of prophecy had descended. The parties for whom these concessions had been claimed and made by these illustrious, and, no doubt, patriotic men, were determined to be satisfied with nothing that did not recognize slavery as the law of the land; and, this extreme demand being rejected, they seemed ready, and, indeed, determined, to destroy the government itself. And thus, sir, when this resolution on the part of the Southern States was made, the whole country had to recognize the fact, that the illustrious senator of Massachusetts had stated the only correct principle of action for the General Government in its dealings with this slave-power. And it was therefore conceded, on all sides, that concession and compromise, as a basis of settlement, were impossible. Upon this historical fact his reputation stands, and must forever stand: it proclaims him as the foremost man of his time. For though he had many able, patriotic, and eloquent coadjutors in defence of the principles of freedom, which ought to have been accepted as the landmark of the nation, it is well known to the honorable senators at this board, that, from the earnestness of his nature, the intensity of his feelings on this question, he indulged in such eloquent invocations in behalf of liberty, such appeals to the sense of national justice, such stinging rebukes and such scathing denunciations of his opponents, that many selected this young giant of Massachusetts as the man who was their enemy, and who must be overthrown if their cause was not to be destroyed. The deceased senator in this conflict stood almost

alone. Older senators, who had been taught by experience how far in opposition to the predominant party they could safely go, had followed a more prudent course. They had even counselled the Massachusetts senator that his sharp methods of controversy were impolitic, and perhaps unsafe. But he did not desist. He returned denunciation for denunciation, and scorn for scorn. Like the angel of Milton, — Abdiel, who was found, among the faithless, faithful, —

> "From amidst them forth he passed,
> Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustained
> Superior; nor of violence feared aught;
> And with retorted scorn his back he turned
> On those proud towers to swift destruction doomed."

Thus Mr. Sumner, in the Senate of the United States, received for ten long years the scorn of those that opposed the principles of which he was the representative; and thus he turned his back upon them "with retorted scorn," till those great States suffered the destruction to which they had been doomed. In this manner, sir, he became a representative of his country, from his fidelity to its principles. He was entitled to the consideration and marked respect of the whole people, whether they had been his enemies or his friends.

As an orator, he had in his time few equals, certainly no superior. It is unnecessary for us to speak of him in comparison with the ancient orators. We know little about them, we never heard them, we know of them only by tradition; and we know enough

of tradition to doubt that all that is said in praise of them is or can be really true. But the early orators of our own country we must remember perfectly well; and however much we esteem them, and approve their efforts, we must remember that the same orations which were then delivered with studied phrase, and with modulated voice and pre-arranged action, would not suit the people of our day. It is even doubtful that the orations which thirty or forty years since so entranced the people of the United States would be now appreciated as they were then. The world is too busy to listen to artistic and studied harangues; but we want to come directly to the point at issue, and understand the reasons for and against them. And, measured in this way, Mr. Sumner had no superior. He was not only an orator, an instructive speaker upon all great subjects which he was called upon to discuss; but he was a keen and able debater, which is a very different thing. And, although debate involved those sharp thrusts and retorts which were unpleasant to him through the whole period of his life, yet, when necessary, he had as sharp and bitter a tongue as any man that he encountered. I myself have heard a few words uttered by him in the senate of the United States, in the midst of the assaults that were made upon him, that seemed to impregnate and change the very atmosphere of the hall in which he stood. Such was his character, such his power of language in debate. It has been said already, here and elsewhere, that he was cold and distant; but this was not the charac-

ter of his heart or nature. The man who, in the service of the government, has to consider a hundred or a hundred and fifty different subjects in a day, must dismiss them promptly, decidedly, but with kindness. It is quite competent for a man to bow, and say Yes, to everybody, and give the impression to the country far and wide that he is the man of feeling; but he is not the true man. The true man is he who receives every thing that is presented to him, and speaks honestly and truthfully upon each question; and the deceased senator never dealt otherwise with living man or woman. When we consider or understand that he was lofty or cold, it is because men and women have seen him upon those practical matters of business where it was impossible for him to delay, or waste his time. But at the foundation of his being, in the depth of his soul, all his warm and strong friends say there was a well of generous and heartfelt sympathies. We can well believe that it was this generous and sympathetic nature which led him to support the great cause to which he dedicated his life. My honored colleague of the County of Suffolk, my associate on the committee, informed me that when, a few days ago, the resolutions of the State of Massachusetts, repealing, rescinding, and annulling the resolution of condemnation that had been passed against him, were presented to him, he received them with equanimity; that he spoke a few words of one or two gentlemen connected with the government, whom he knew, and then, overcome with emotion, wept as a child. That,

sir, was the character of the senator when you had stripped from him this husk, this hide of a rhinoceros, that every public man must, more or less, put on to protect him from the assaults of friends as well as enemies. There is another consideration more important in estimating the character of the senator than those which have been suggested. He was a point of union; not a point of union for partisan success, but a point of union for great combinations, and the success of great principles. The way in which he came to be a senator of the United States illustrates the truth. He didn't seek this office. When he was elected, after a contest involving nearly four months' time, he deemed it proper to recognize his election, by notifying the two houses of his acceptance; and he then declared, that while he accepted the office to which he had been elected, and returned grateful thanks for the honor conferred upon him, he had never lifted his hand to obtain it. The young men of the Commonwealth met this young giant, as Frederika Bremer called him, on his return from Europe, where he had been honored by the friendship of its scholars and statesmen; and observing his interest in the philanthropic questions of the day, following him with their eyes or in his footsteps as he passed through the streets, — a man of perfectly symmetrical form, and vigorous and manly beauty, and feeling that there was for him a destiny in connection with the future, they made him their representative. There were plenty of men in the same organization in which he moved, and with which he

acted, that would have been very glad of serving the State in that regard: but they hadn't the power of union; they had not those qualities that drew men to them. Thus Mr. Sumner became a senator of the United States, After a desperate struggle here in the State of Massachusetts, which occupied the two houses, to the exclusion of almost all other business, for nearly four months, and which tested the sincerity and integrity of men beyond that of any other question that was ever presented to the legislature, two hundred or three hundred men stood up for or against him, openly or covertly, every day and every night, from early morning until midnight. It must have been believed that there was something in his character to support, or something in his nature to oppose, that was important to themselves or to the country. Then came another opportunity when he could unite the people in a greater movement for the success of great principles. After some years' service, having spoken for the people of Massachusetts strongly and clearly, he was made the subject of a brutal and cowardly assault as he sat, pinioned as it were, at his desk, and unable to meet either of his assailants, who surrounded him. Men sometimes unite others by their capacity; and sometimes they are able to concentrate masses of men by the force of mere accident. No sooner, sir, was this assault upon the senator of Massachusetts known, than the people of every loyal State, with one voice, avowed their determination to defend his position and his principles. The great revolution began in 1856, which culminated finally

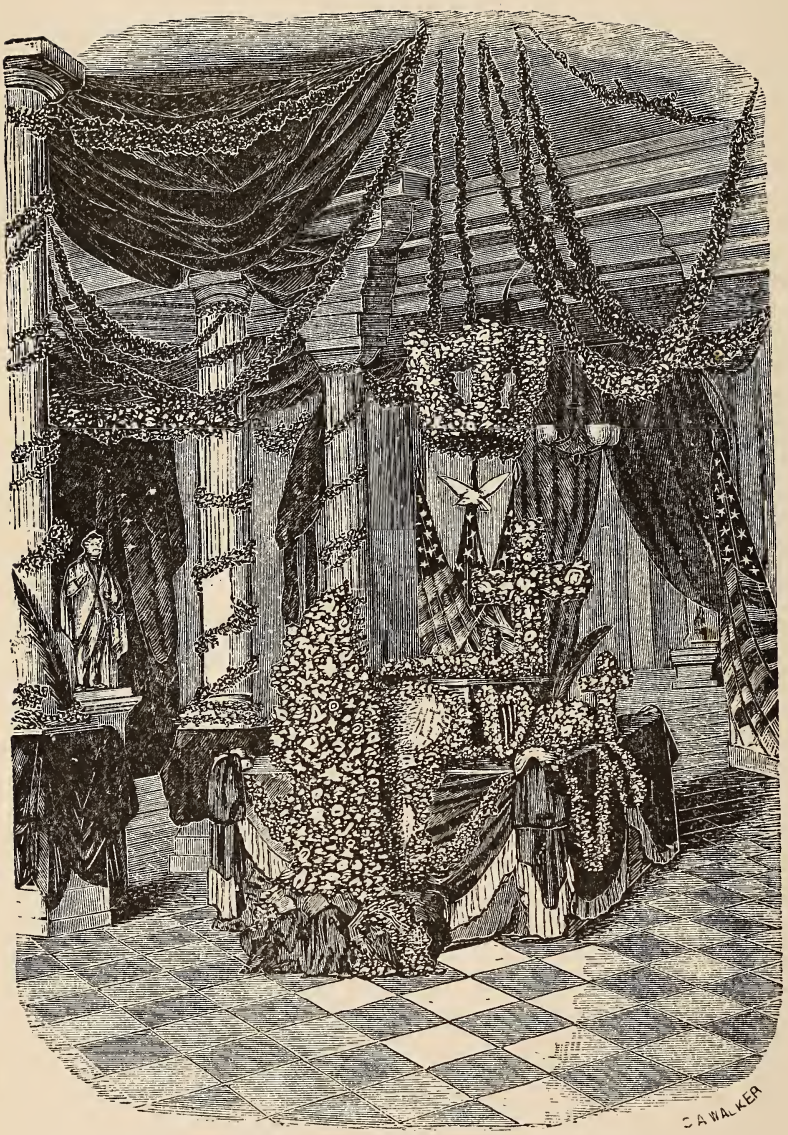
in the war; and the incorporation, for the first time, of the principles of the Declaration of Independence into the text and body of the Constitution of the Republic is due to the union formed by the people of the loyal States over his prostrate body in the Senate of the United States. And now, sir, that he is taken away, we feel that in the fulness of his time he had come to another point of union, when he, if his life had been spared, would have led us to other and necessary changes in the policy and character of the government. This, sir, is what we lose. It is this, sir, which makes us pause, and ask not of man, but of God, What is your will? and what is our duty? The great man of whom we spoke the other day — I am not ashamed nor afraid to speak of Mr. Fillmore as a great and patriotic man — had finished his career. Other illustrious senators have passed away. They had fulfilled their mission; there was no further duty for them; and God in his providence took them to himself. But this man whom we mourn, who lies in the Capitol at Washington, and over whom, even this moment, is being pronounced the benediction of the people, — this man had just commenced life. He had dismissed many of the personal considerations which had controlled him, and was ready for new fields of service, as essential to the prosperity of the black man, to whom he had dedicated his earlier life, as to that of his own race. The people of the country would have turned to him, not, perhaps, as a standard-bearer, — there are always standard-bearers

enough, — but as a man who could have given advice which the people of the north, south, east, and west, would have gladly followed. Thus separated from all personal controversies and personal interests, the country would have accepted his judgment, and followed his suggestion ; knowing too well, that when he stood alone, with scarcely a man to back him, and a whole country against him, he had judged justly, and advised them wisely. It is for this, sir, that we should regret his loss. Where is the man to supply his place ? Undoubtedly it will hereafter be supplied. Men have been thus supplied heretofore, and will be again. If he were with us, there would be multitudes who would accept his counsels, assured of safety for the future. But our loss is his gain. It is not for the dead, but the living, that we mourn. He is this hour, — yes, this hour, — in the enjoyment of a purer liberty than any that ever entered into his conception, or that has ever been enjoyed by man.

"But there is a liberty unsung
By poets, and by senators unpraised;
Which monarchs cannot grant, nor all the powers
Of earth and hell confederate take away, —
A liberty which persecution, fraud,
Oppression, prisons, have no power to bind;
Which whoso tastes can be enslaved no more:
'Tis liberty of heart, derived from Heaven,
Bought with His blood who gave it to mankind,
And sealed with the same token. It is held
By charter, and that charter sanctioned sure
By the unimpeachable and awful oath

> And promise of a God. His other gifts
> All bear the royal stamp that speaks them his,
> And are august; but this transcends them all."

And these are now the joy and reward of the illustrious dead senator of Massachusetts.



The body of Charles Sumner lying in state, in Doric Hall, State House, Boston.

EULOGY OF HON. CARL SCHURZ.

PRONOUNCED BEFORE THE CITY AUTHORITIES OF BOSTON, AT THE MUSIC HALL, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29, 1874.

THE exercises began at three o'clock, with a voluntary by Bach on the organ, at which B. J. Lang presided. The following hymn by Storch was then sung by a portion of the Apollo Club: —

PRAYER.

Hear us, Almighty One!
Hear us, All-Holy One!
Dark rolls the battle before us:
Father, all praise to thee!
Father, all thanks to thee!
That freedom's banner is o'er us.

Like a consuming brand,
Stretch forth thy mighty hand,
Over oppression victorious.
Help us maintain the right;
Help us, O God of might,
Help us! thy cause must be glorious.

Help us, though we may fall:
From out the grave we call,
Praise to thy mercy forever.
All power and glory be
Thine through eternity!
Help us, Almighty One!
Amen, Amen.

At the close of the hymn, prayer was offered by the Rev. Phillips Brooks.

PRAYER BY THE REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Mayor Cobb introduced the Rev. Phillips Brooks, who offered the following prayer, while the bowed assembly preserved a perfect silence: —

Let us pray. Almighty God, Father of our souls, and Master of all the destinies of men, open the gates of thy presence, we beseech thee, to thy children, and let them enter in to thee. We dare not speak of the great men who are thy gifts, except in thy presence, filled with thy love, and enlightened by thy inspiration. Father, we thank thee for the character of the great man whom we commemorate to-day. We thank thee for his truth and earnestness. When men trembled at duty, and were afraid of it, he did it faithfully. When corruption hung like a pestilence over our land, he stood up above it, brave and pure. His heart was full of care for the humblest of the race, and the most oppressed. We thank thee, our Father, for the truth and manliness that filled his life. We know that the character of a good man

is thy best gift to thy children; and so we thank thee, first of all and most of all, that this thy servant was what he was. And we thank thee, also, for the work which it was permitted him to do. As we stand and look around, and see the prosperity and peace, the liberty and truth and justice, that so largely pervade our land, we see in that the fruit of the seed which he helped to plant; the issue of the struggle in which he lived and suffered. We rejoice to-day for him, O Father, that thou didst give him so abundantly of that which he loved the best, the privilege of serving his native country. Wherever, O God, the work that Sumner tried to do still lingers incomplete, wherever any bond to the world of sin still remains, wherever man still dares to forget righteousness, wherever any false standards still infest the purity of public life, and falsify and retard the work in which thou didst so richly use this servant whom thou hast taken to thyself, give us great men. Give us strong, good men, who shall thoroughly know thy will, and teach it to us all, and who, by the strength that thou shalt give to them, shall lead thy people in thy way. We beg thy blessing, O our Father, to rest upon our State, and upon our land. Give wisdom and strength to the President of the United States, and to all others in authority. Give, we implore thee, unto him who shall sit in the chair which our great senator has left empty, a heart and mind as pure as his. Teach all our senators wisdom, and be thyself the Governor of those whom thou hast sent to govern us. And

now, what shall we ask, O Father, for ourselves, as we stand here desirous to commemorate the great man whom thou hast taken to thyself, the good and faithful servant whom thou hast called away? What can we ask, but that our own living shall be doubly consecrated to our duties? In deeper purity, in more enduring unselfishness, in broader wisdom, in a courage that nothing can frighten, and an integrity that nothing can seduce, may we be wholly consecrated to duty; and may we lay our humble lives, like strong, unnoticed stones, in that structure of righteousness and truth and wisdom which thou art building in our land. To some such self-consecration may we all be uplifted by the memorial service of to-day!

The following hymn, written by Oliver Wendell Holmes for the occasion, was then sung to a national air of Holland, by the Apollo Club: —

Once more, ye sacred towers,
Your solemn dirges sound:
Strew, loving hands, the April flowers,
Once more to deck his mound.
A nation mourns its dead,
Its sorrowing voices one,
As Israel's monarch bowed his head,
And cried, "My son! My son!"

Why mourn for him? For him
The welcome angel came
Ere yet his eye with age was dim,
Or bent his stately frame:

His weapon still was bright;
His shield was lifted high
To slay the wrong, to save the right:
What happier hour to die?

Thou orderest all things well:
Thy servant's work was done;
He lived to hear oppression's knell,
The shouts for freedom won.
Hark! From the opening skies
The anthem's echoing swell, —
"O mourning land! lift up thine eyes!
God reigneth. All is well."

Mr. Wendell Phillips then came forward, and in the following remarks introduced the orator of the day: —

Mr. Mayor and Fellow-Citizens, — The Commonwealth has met with an irreparable loss, a loss which it tasks our language to describe. A consecrated life bravely and solemnly ended; a great work left, in the providence of God, unfinished, — the completion of which not many of us, I fear, will now live to see. We meet to pay another tribute of respect to the memory of the greatest man and the purest that Massachusetts has lent to the national councils during this generation or the last; the one who has done the nation more service, and earned the State more honor, than any other. If we measure greatness by rare abilities, lofty purpose, grand achievement, and a spotless life, then neither this generation nor the last has, in Massachusetts, any civil name worthy to stand by the side of Charles

Sumner, the last martyr, literally a martyr in the cause of free speech and personal liberty.

We meet to contemplate his portrait drawn by a master-hand. No loving and partial friendship, begun in boyhood, and grown closer year by year, will hold the pencil. No city or State pride will unduly heighten the colors. And this is well; for Sumner belonged not to Massachusetts alone, but to the nation and the world. From the lips of one born in a foreign land, and dwelling in a far-off State; one who shared our great senator's official labors, and was his comrade in study, and his near friend, — we shall hear the verdict — the solemn, the sober, and dispassionate verdict — which the world and posterity will render; which history, proud of her trust, will carry down to other generations. And as long as men love justice and hate oppression, as long as they value the devotion of great powers to the welfare of the race, as long as they need to learn how the battle for liberty is to be won when fought against almost hopeless odds, so long we may be sure they will lovingly guard the record. As such an historian, in this sad, proud hour of bereavement, I have the honor to introduce Mr. Schurz of Missouri.

At the conclusion of Mr. Phillips's address, Mr. Schurz came forward, and, in the midst of subdued applause, began his eulogy.

THE ORATION.

When the news went forth, "Charles Sumner is dead," a tremor of strange emotion was felt all over

the land. It was as if a magnificent star, a star unlike all others, which the living generation had been wont to behold fixed and immovable above their heads, had all at once disappeared from the sky; and the people stared into the great void darkened by the sudden absence of the familiar light. On the 16th of March a funeral procession passed through the streets of Boston. Uncounted thousands of men, women, and children had assembled to see it pass. No uncommon pageant had attracted them; no military parade, with glittering uniforms and gay banners; no pompous array of dignitaries in official robes; nothing but carriages, and a hearse with a coffin, and in it the corpse of Charles Sumner. But there they stood — a multitude immeasurable to the eye, rich and poor, white and black, old and young — in grave and mournful silence, to bid a last sad farewell to him who was being borne to his grave. And every breeze from every point of the compass came loaded with a sigh of sorrow. Indeed, there was not a city or town in this great Republic which would not have surrounded that funeral procession with the same spectacle of a profound and universal sense of great bereavement. Was it love; was it gratitude for the services rendered to the people; was it the baffled expectation of greater services still to come; was it admiration of his talents or his virtues,— that inspired so general an emotion of sorrow? He had stood aloof from the multitude. The friendship of his heart had been given to but few: to the many he had appeared distant, self-satisfied, and cold. His public

life had been full of bitter conflicts. No man had aroused against himself fiercer animosities. Although warmly recognized by many, the public services of no man had been more acrimoniously questioned by opponents. No statesman's motives, qualities of heart and mind, wisdom and character, except his integrity, had been the subject of more heated controversy; and yet, when sudden death snatched him from us, friend and foe bowed their heads alike. Every patriotic citizen felt poorer than the day before. Every true American heart trembled with the apprehension that the Republic had lost something it could ill spare. Even from far-distant lands, across the ocean, voices came mingling their sympathetic grief with our own. When you, Mr. Mayor, in the name of the City Government of Boston, invited me to interpret that which millions think and feel, I thanked you for the proud privilege you had conferred upon me; and the invitation appealed so irresistibly to my friendship for the man we had lost, that I could not decline it. And yet the thought struck me, that you might have prepared a greater triumph to his memory, had you summoned not me his friend, but one of those who had stood against him in the struggles of his life, to bear testimony to Charles Sumner's virtues. There are many among them to-day, to whose sense of justice you might have safely confided the office, which to me is a task of love. Here I see his friends around me, — the friends of his youth, of his manhood, of his advancing age; among them, men whose illustrious names

are household words as far as the English tongue is spoken, and far beyond. I saw them standing round his open grave, when it received the flower-decked coffin, mute sadness heavily clouding their brows. I understood their grief, for nobody could share it more than I. In such a presence the temptation is great to seek that consolation for our loss which bereaved friendship finds in the exaltation of its bereavement. But not to you or me belonged this man while he lived: not to you or me belongs his memory now that he is gone. His deeds, his example, and his fame, he left as a legacy to the American people and to mankind; and it is my office to speak of this inheritance. I cannot speak of it without affection. I shall endeavor to do it with justice. Among the public characters of America, Charles Sumner stands peculiar and unique. His senatorial career is a conspicuous part of our political history. But, in order to appreciate the man in the career, we must look at the story of his life.

MR. SUMNER'S ANCESTRY AND EARLY LIFE.

The American people take pride in saying that almost all their great historic characters were self-made men, who, without the advantages of wealth and early opportunities, won their education, raised themselves to usefulness and distinction. A log cabin; a ragged little boy, walking barefooted to a lowly country schoolhouse, or sometimes no schoolhouse at all; a lad, after a day's hard toil on the farm, or in the workshop, poring greedily, sometimes

stealthily, over a volume of poetry, or history, or travels; a forlorn-looking youth, with elbows out, applying at a lawyer's office for an opportunity to study; then the young man a successful practitioner, attracting the notice of his neighbors; then a member of the State legislature, a representative in Congress, a senator, maybe a cabinet-minister, or even president, — such are the pictures presented by many a proud American biography. And it is natural that the American people should be proud of it; for such a biography condenses, in the compass of a single life, the great story of the American nation, as from the feebleness and misery of early settlements in the bleak solitude, it advanced to the subjugation of the hostile forces of nature, plunged into an arduous struggle with dangers and difficulties only known to itself, gathering strength from every conflict, and experience from every trial, until at last it stands there as one of the greatest powers of the earth. But not such a life was that of Charles Sumner. He was descended from good old Kentish yeomanry stock: men stalwart of frame, stout of heart, who used to stand in the front of the fierce battles of Old England. But already, from the year 1723, a long line of Sumners appears on the records of Harvard College; and it is evident that the love of study had long been hereditary in the family. Charles Pinckney Sumner, the senator's father, was a graduate of Harvard, a lawyer by profession, for fourteen years high-sheriff of Suffolk County. He was, altogether, a man of high respectability. He was not rich, but

in good circumstances, and well able to give his children the best opportunities to study, without working for their daily bread. Charles Sumner was born in Boston, on the 6th of January, 1811. At the age of ten he had received his rudimentary training: at fifteen, after having gone through the Boston Latin School, he entered Harvard College, and plunged at once with fervor into the classics, polite literature, and history. Graduated in 1830, he entered the Cambridge Law School. Now life began to open to him. Judge Story, his most distinguished teacher, soon recognized in him a young man of uncommon stamp; and an intimate friendship sprang up between teacher and pupil, which was severed only by death. His productive labor began; and I find it stated that already then, when he was yet a pupil, his essays, published in "The American Jurist," were "already characterized by breadth of view and accuracy of learning, and sometimes by remarkably subtle and ingenious investigations."

Leaving the Law School, he entered the office of a lawyer in Boston, to acquire a knowledge of practice, never much to his taste. Then he visited Washington for the first time, was received with marked kindness by Chief-Justice Marshall; and, in later years, loved to tell his friends how he had sat at the feet of that great magistrate, and learned there what a judge should be. Having been admitted to the bar in Worcester in 1834, when twenty-three years old, he opened an office in Boston; was soon appointed reporter of the United States Circuit Court;

published three volumes containing Judge Story's decisions, known as "Sumner's Reports;" took Judge Story's place, from time to time, as lecturer in the Harvard Law School, also Prof. Greenleaf's, who was absent; and edited, during the years 1835 and 1836, Andrew Dunlap's Treatise on Admiralty Practice. Beyond this, his studies, arduous, incessant, and thorough, ranged far and wide. But what he had learned and could learn at home did not satisfy his craving. In 1837 he went to Europe, armed with a letter from Judge Story's hand to the law magnates of England; to whom his patron introduced him as "a young lawyer, giving promise of the most eminent distinction in his profession, with truly extraordinary attainments, literary and judicial, and a gentleman of the highest purity and propriety of character."

In England young Sumner, only feeling himself standing on the threshold of life, was received like a man of already achieved distinction. Every circle of a society ordinarily so exclusive was open to him. Often, by invitation, he sat with the judges in Westminster Hall. Renowned statesmen introduced him on the floor of the House of Parliament. Scientific associations received him as a welcome guest; and the learned and great willingly opened to his winning presence their stores of knowledge and statesmanship. In France he listened to the eminent men of the Law School in Paris, at the Sorbonne, and the College de France; and with many of the statesmen of that country he maintained instructive intercourse.

In Italy he gave himself up to the charms of art, history, and classical literature. In Germany he enjoyed the conversation of Humboldt, of Ranke the historian, of Ritter the geographer, and of the great jurists, Savigny, Thibaut, and Mittermaier. He returned to his native shores in 1840, himself like a heavily-freighted ship, bearing a rich cargo of treasures collected in foreign lands. He resumed the practice of law in Boston; but, as I find it stated, "not with remarkable success in a financial point of view." That I readily believe.

THE OPENING OF HIS PUBLIC CAREER.

But now the time had come when a new field of action was to open itself to him. On the Fourth of July, 1845, he delivered before the city authorities of Boston an address on "The True Grandeur of Nations." So far, he had been only a student — a deep and arduous one — and a writer and a teacher, but nothing more. On that day his public career commenced. And his first public address disclosed at once the peculiar impulse and inspirations of his heart, and the tendencies of his mind. It was a plea for universal peace, a poetic rhapsody on the wrongs and horrors of war, and the beauties of concord; not, indeed, without solid argument, but that argument clothed in all the gorgeousness of historical illustration, classic imagery, and fervid effusion, rising high above the level of existing conditions, and picturing an ideal future, — the universal reign of justice and charity. And this speech he delivered while the

citizen-soldiery of Boston in festive array were standing before him, and while the very air was stirred by the premonitory mutterings of an approaching war. The whole man revealed himself in that utterance, — a soul full of the native instinct of justice ; an overpowering sense of right and wrong, which made him look at the problems of human society from the lofty plane of an ideal morality, which fixed for him, high beyond the existing condition of things, the aims for which he must strive, and inspired and fired his ardent nature for the struggle. He had also learned to work, to work hard, and with a purpose. And at thirty-four, when he first appeared conspicuously before the people, he could already point to many results of his labor. Such was the man, when, in the exuberant vigor of manhood, he entered public life. Until that time he had entertained no aspirations for a political career. When discussing with a friend of his youth — now a man of fame — what the future might have in store for them, he said, "You may be a senator of the United States, some day; but nothing would make me happier than to be president of Harvard College." And in later years he publicly declared, "With the ample opportunities of private life I was content. No tombstone for me could bear a fairer inscription than this: 'Here lies one who, without the honors or emoluments of public station, did something for his fellow-men.'" But he found the slavery question in his path; or, rather, the slavery question seized upon him. The advocate of universal peace, of the eternal reign of justice and

charity, could not fail to see in slavery the embodiment of universal war of man against man, of absolute injustice and oppression.

The idealist found a living question to deal with, which, like a flash of lightning, struck into the very depth of his soul, and set it on fire. The whole ardor of his nature broke out in the enthusiasm of the anti-slavery man. In a series of glowing addresses and letters, he attacked the great wrong. He protested against the Mexican war; he assailed with powerful strokes the Fugitive-Slave Law; he attempted to draw the Whig party into a decided anti-slavery policy; and, when that failed, he broke through his party affiliations, and joined the small band of Free-soilers. His legal mind found in the Constitution no express recognition of slavery; and he consistently construed it as a warrant of freedom. This placed him in the ranks of those who were called "political abolitionists." He did not think of the sacrifices which this obedience to his moral impulses might cost him. For, at that time, abolitionism was by no means a fashionable thing. An anti-slavery man was then, even in Boston, positively the horror of a large portion of polite society. And that the highly refined Sumner, who was so learned and able, who had seen the world, and mixed with the highest social circles in Europe; that such a man should go among the abolitionists, and not only sympathize with them, but work with them, and expose himself to the chance of being dragged through the streets by vulgar hands, with a rope round his neck, like William

Lloyd Garrison, — that was a thing at which the polite society of that day would revolt, and which no man could undertake without danger of being severely dropped. But that was the thing which the refined Sumner actually did, probably without giving a moment's thought to the possible consequences. He went even so far as openly to defy that dictatorship which Daniel Webster had for so many years been exercising over the political mind of Massachusetts, and which then was about to exert its power in favor of a compromise with slavery. But times were changing; and, only six years after the delivery of his first popular address, he was elected to the Senate of the United States by a combination of Democrats and Free-soilers.

HIS FIRST ENTRANCE INTO THE SENATE.

Charles Sumner entered the Senate on the first day of December, 1851; he entered as the successor of Daniel Webster, who had been appointed secretary of state; on that same 1st of December, Henry Clay spoke his last word in the Senate, and then left the chamber, never to return, — a striking and most significant coincidence: Henry Clay disappeared from public life; Daniel Webster left the Senate, drawing near his end; Charles Sumner stepped upon the scene. The close of one and the setting in of another epoch in the history of the American Republic were portrayed in the exit and entry of these men. Clay and Webster had appeared in the councils of the nation in the early part of this century. The

Republic was then still in its childhood, in almost every respect still an untested experiment, an unsolved problem. Slowly and painfully had it struggled through the first conflicts of constitutional theories, and acquired only an uncertain degree of national consistency. There were the somewhat unruly democracies of the States, with their fresh revolutionary reminiscence, their instincts of entirely independent sovereignty, and their now and then seemingly divergent interests; and the task of binding them firmly together was far from being entirely accomplished. The United States, not yet compacted by the means of rapid locomotion which to-day make every inhabitant of the land a neighbor of the national capital, were then still a straggling confederacy; and the members of that confederacy had, since the triumphant issue of the Revolution, more common memories of severe trials, sufferings, embarrassments, dangers, and anxieties together, than of cheering successes and of assured prosperity and well-being.

The great powers of the Old World, fiercely contending among themselves for the mastery, trampled, without remorse, upon the neutral rights of the young and feeble Republic. A war was impending with one of them, bringing on disastrous reverses, and spreading alarm and discontent over the land. A dark cloud of financial difficulty hung over the nation. And the danger from abroad and embarrassments at home were heightened by a restless party spirit, which every newly-arising question seemed to

imbitter. It was under such circumstances that Henry Clay first, and Daniel Webster shortly after him, stepped upon the scene, and at once took their station in the foremost rank of public men. On this field of action Clay and Webster stood in the front rank of an illustrious array of contemporaries, — Clay, the originator of measures and policies, with his inventive and organizing mind, not rich in profound ideas, or in knowledge gathered by book study, but learning as he went; quick in the perception of existing wants and difficulties, and of the means within reach to satisfy the one and overcome the other; and a born captain also, a marshaller of parties, whose very presence and voice, like a signal blast, created and wielded organization: and by his side Daniel Webster, with that awful vastness of brain, a tremendous storehouse of thought and knowledge, which gave forth its treasures with ponderous majesty of utterance; he, not an originator of measures and policies, but a mighty advocate, the greatest advocate this country ever knew, a huge Atlas, who carried the Constitution on his shoulders; he could have carried there the whole moral grandeur of the nation, had he never compromised his own.

Such men filled the stage during that period of construction, and conservative national organization, devoting the best efforts of their statesmanship to the purpose of raising their country to greatness in wealth and power, of making the people proud of their common nationality, and of embedding the

Union in the contentment of prosperity, in enlightened patriotism, national law, and constitutional principle.

THE SLAVERY QUESTION, AND THE BIRTH OF THE PARTY OF FREEDOM.

But, among the problems which the statesmen of that period had grappled with, there was one which had eluded their grasp. It was a conflict grounded deep in the moral nature of men, — the slavery question. In their anxiety to avert every danger threatening the Union, they attempted to repress the slavery question by compromise, and apparently with success, at least for a while. But, however firmly those compromises seemed to stand, there was a force of nature at work, which, like a restless flood, silently but unceasingly and irresistibly washed their foundations away, until at last the towering structure toppled down. The anti-slavery movement is now one of the great chapters of our past history. It may be hoped that even the people of the South, if they do not yet appreciate the spirit which created and guided the anti-slavery movement, will not much longer misunderstand it. They looked upon it as the offspring of a wanton desire to meddle with other people's affairs; or as the product of hypocritical selfishness assuming the mask and cant of philanthropy, merely to rob the South, and to enrich New England; or as an insidious contrivance of criminally reckless political ambition, striving to grasp and monopolize power at the risk of destroying a part of the country,

or even the whole. No idea ever agitated the popular mind to whose origin calculating selfishness was more foreign. Even the great uprising which brought about the War of Independence was less free from selfish motives; for it sprang from resistance to a tyrannical abuse of the taxing-power. Then the people rose against that oppression which touched their property: the anti-slavery movement originated in an impulse only moral. It was the irresistible breaking-out of a trouble of conscience, — a trouble of conscience which had already disturbed the men who made the American Republic. It was repressed for a time by material interest, by the greed of gain, when the peculiar product of slave-labor became one of the principal staples of the country, and a mine of wealth. But the trouble of conscience raised its voice again, shrill and defiant as when your own John Quincy Adams stood in the halls of Congress, and when devoted advocates of the rights of men began and carried on, in the face of ridicule and brutal persecution, an agitation seemingly hopeless.

Commerce said, "Do not disturb slavery; for its products fill our ships, and are one of the principal means of our exchanges." Industry said, "Do not disturb slavery; for it feeds our machinery, and gives us markets." The greed of wealth said, "Do not disturb slavery; for it is an inexhaustible fountain of riches." Political ambition said, "Do not disturb slavery; for it furnishes us combinations and compromises to keep parties alive, and to make power the price of shrewd management." An anxious states-

manship said, "Do not disturb slavery; for you might break to pieces the union of these States." There never was a more formidable combination of interests and influences than that which confronted the anti-slavery movement in its earlier stages. And what was its answer? "Whether all you say be true or false, it matters not; but slavery is wrong." Slavery is wrong. That one word was enough. It stood there like a huge rock in the sea, shivering to spray the waves dashing upon it. Interest, greed, argument, vituperation, calumny, ridicule, persecution, patriotic appeal, — it was all in vain. Amidst all the storm and assault, that one word stood there unmoved, intact, and impregnable, — slavery is wrong. At the time when Mr. Sumner entered the Senate, the hope of final victory appeared as distant as ever; but it only appeared so. The statesmen of the past period had just succeeded in building up the compromise which admitted California as a free State, and imposed upon the Republic the Fugitive-Slave Law. That compromise, like all its predecessors, was considered and called a final settlement. Fidelity to it was looked upon as a test of true patriotism, and as a qualification necessary for the possession of political power. Opposition to it was denounced as factious, unpatriotic, revolutionary demagogism, little short of treason. An overwhelming majority of the American people acquiesced in it. But, deep down, men's conscience, like a volcanic fire, was restless, ready for a new outbreak as soon as the thin crust of compromise should crack. One

of those eternal laws which govern the development of human affairs asserted itself, — the law that a great wrong, which has been maintained in defiance of the moral sense of mankind, must finally, by the very means and measures necessary for its sustenance, render itself so insupportable as to insure its downfall and destruction.

So it was with slavery. I candidly acquit the American slave-power of wilful and wanton aggression upon the liberties and general interests of the American people. If slavery was to be kept alive at all, its supporters could not act otherwise than as they did. Slavery could not live and thrive in an atmosphere of free inquiry and untrammelled discussion: therefore free inquiry and discussion touching slavery had to be suppressed. Slavery could not be secure, if slaves escaping merely across a State-line thereby escaped the grasp of their masters: hence an effective fugitive-slave law was imperatively demanded. Slavery could not protect its interests in the Union, unless its power balanced that of the free States in the national councils; therefore, by colonization or conquest, the number of slave States had to be augmented: hence the annexation of Texas, the Mexican war, and intrigues for the acquisition of Cuba. Slavery could not maintain the equilibrium of power, if it permitted itself to be excluded from the national Territories: hence the breaking-down of the Missouri Compromise, and the usurpation in Kansas. Thus slavery was pushed on and on by the inexorable logic of its existence:

the slave-masters were only the slaves of the necessities of slavery; and all their seeming exactions and usurpations were merely a struggle for its life. Many of their demands had been satisfied, on the part of the North, by submission or compromise. But, when the slave-power went so far as to demand for slavery the great domain of the nation which had been held sacred for freedom forever, then the people of the North suddenly understood that the necessities of slavery demanded what they could not yield; and the final struggle began. It was made inevitable by the necessities of slavery: it was, indeed, an "irrepressible conflict."

That was the historic significance of the remarkable scene which showed us Henry Clay walking out of the Senate-chamber, never to return, when Charles Sumner sat down there as the successor of Daniel Webster. He brought to the Senate a studious mind, vast learning, great legal attainments, a powerful eloquence, a strong and ardent nature; and all this he vowed to one service. He introduced himself into the debates of the Senate — the slavery question having been silenced forever, as politicians then thought — by several speeches on other subjects, the reception of Kossuth, the land policy, ocean postage; but they were not remarkable, and attracted but little attention.

HIS FIRST ASSAULT ON THE SLAVE-POWER.

At last he availed himself of an appropriation bill to attack the Fugitive-Slave Law; and at once a spirit

broke forth in that first word on the great question which startled every listener. Thus he opened the argument: "Painfully convinced of the unutterable wrong and woe of slavery; profoundly believing that, according to the true spirit of the Constitution, and the sentiments of the fathers, it can find no place under our National Government, I could not allow this session to reach its close without making or seizing an opportunity to declare myself openly against the usurpation, injustice, and cruelty of the late intolerant enactment for the recovery of fugitive slaves." Then this significant declaration: "Whatever I am, or may be, I freely offer to this cause. I have never been a politician. The slave of principle, I call no party master. By sentiment, education, and conviction, a friend of human rights in their utmost expansion, I have ever most sincerely embraced the democratic idea; not, indeed, as represented or professed by any party, but according to its real significance, as transfigured in the Declaration of Independence, and in the injunctions of Christianity. In this idea I see no narrow advantage merely for individuals or classes, but the sovereignty of the people, and the greatest happiness of all secured by equal laws."

A vast array of historical research and of legal argument was then called up to prove the sectionalism of slavery, the nationalism of freedom, and the unconstitutionality of the Fugitive-slave Act, followed by this bold declaration: "By the supreme law which commands me to do no injustice, by the com-

prehensive Christian law of brotherhood, by the Constitution I have sworn to support, I am bound to disobey this law;" and the speech closed with this solemn quotation: "Beware of the groans of wounded souls, since the inward sore will at length break out. Oppress not to the utmost a single heart; for a solitary sigh has power to overturn a whole world." The amendment to the appropriation bill, moved by Mr. Sumner, received only four votes of fifty-one. But every hearer had been struck by the words spoken as something different from the tone of other anti-slavery speeches delivered in these halls. Southern senators, startled at the peculiarity of the speech, called it, in reply, the most extraordinary language they had ever listened to. Mr. Chase, supporting Sumner in debate, spoke of it "as marking a new era in American history, when the anti-slavery idea ceased to stand on the defensive, and was boldly advancing to the attack." Indeed, it had that significance. There stood up in the Senate a man who was no politician, but who, on the highest field of politics, with a concentrated intensity of feeling and purpose never before witnessed there, gave expression to a moral impulse, which, although sleeping perhaps for a time, certainly existed in the popular conscience; and which, once become a political force, could not fail to produce a great revolution.

MR. SUMNER'S FAITH, COURAGE, AND DEVOTION, AND THEIR SOURCE.

Charles Sumner possessed all the instincts, the courage, the firmness, and the faith of the devotee of a great idea. In the Senate he was a member of a feeble minority, so feeble, indeed, as to be to the ruling power a mere subject of derision, and, for the first three years of his service, without organized popular support. The slaveholders had been accustomed to put the metal of their Northern opponents to a variety of tests. Many a hot anti-slavery zeal had cooled under the social blandishments with which the South knew so well to impregnate the atmosphere of the national capital; and many a high courage had given way before the haughty assumption and fierce menace of Southern men in Congress. Mr. Sumner had to pass that ordeal. He was at first petted and flattered by Southern society; but fond as he was of the charm of social intercourse, and accessible to demonstrative appreciation, no blandishments could touch his convictions of duty. And, when the advocates of slavery turned upon him with anger and menace, he hurled at them with prouder defiance his answer, repeating itself in endless variations: "You must yield, for you are wrong." The slave-power had so frequently succeeded in making the North yield to its demands, even after the most formidable demonstrations of reluctance, that it had become a serious question whether there existed any such thing as Northern

firmness. But it did exist, and in Charles Sumner had developed its severest political type. The stronger the assault, the higher rose in him the power of resistance. In him lived that spirit which not only would not yield, but would turn upon the assailant. The Southern force, which believed itself irresistible, found itself striking against a body which was immovable. To think of yielding to any demand of slavery, of making a compromise with it, in however tempting a form, was, to his nature, an absolute impossibility.

Mr. Sumner's courage was of a peculiar kind. He attacked the slave-power in the most unsparing manner, when its supporters were most violent in resenting opposition, and when that violence was always apt to proceed from words to blows. One day, while Sumner was delivering one of his severest speeches, Stephen A. Douglas, walking up and down behind the president's chair in the old Senate-chamber, and listening to him, remarked to a friend, "Do you hear that man? He may be a fool, but I tell you that man has pluck. I wonder whether he knows himself what he is doing. I am not sure whether I should have the courage to say those things to the men who are scowling around him." Of all men in the Senate-chamber, Sumner was probably least aware that the thing he did required pluck. He simply did what he felt it his duty to his cause to do. It was to him a matter of course. He was like a soldier, who, when he has to march upon the enemy's batteries, does not say to himself, "Now I am going to per-

form an act of heroism," but who simply obeys an impulse of duty, and marches forward without thinking of the bullets that fly around his head. A thought of the boldness of what he has done may occur to him afterwards, when he is told of it. This was one of the striking peculiarities of Mr. Sumner's character, as all those know who knew him well. Neither was he conscious of the stinging force of the language he frequently employed. He simply uttered what he felt to be true, in language fitting the strength of his convictions. The indignation of his moral sense at what he felt to be wrong was so deep and sincere, that he thought everybody must find the extreme severity of his expressions as natural as they came to his own mind. And he was not unfrequently surprised, greatly surprised, when others found his language offensive.

As he possessed the firmness and courage, so he possessed the faith, of the devotee. From the beginning, and through all the vicissitudes of the anti-slavery movement, his heart was profoundly assured that his generation would see slavery entirely extinguished. While travelling in France to restore his health, after having been beaten down on the floor of the Senate, he visited Alexis de Tocqueville, the celebrated author of "Democracy in America." Tocqueville expressed his anxiety about the issue of the anti-slavery movement, which then had suffered defeat by the election of Buchanan. "There can be no doubt about the result," said Sumner. "Slavery will soon succumb and disap-

pear."—"Disappear! in what way, and how soon?" asked Tocqueville. "In what manner I cannot say," replied Sumner; "how soon I cannot say. But it will be soon; I feel it, I know it. It cannot be otherwise." That was all the reason he gave. "Mr. Sumner is a remarkable man," said De Tocqueville, afterwards, to a friend of mine. "He says that slavery will soon entirely disappear in the United States. He does not know how, he does not know when; but he feels it, he is perfectly sure of it. The man speaks like a prophet." And so it was. What appeared a perplexing puzzle to other men's minds was perfectly clear to him. His method of reasoning was simple: it was the reasoning of religious faith. Slavery is wrong; therefore it must and will perish: freedom is right; therefore it must and will prevail. And by no power of resistance, by no difficulty, by no disappointment, by no defeat, could that faith be shaken. For his cause, so great and just, he thought nothing impossible, every thing certain. And he was unable to understand how others could fail to share his faith.

In one sense he was no party leader. He possessed none of the instinct or experience of the politician, nor that sagacity of mind which appreciates and measures the importance of changing circumstances, or the possibilities and opportunities of the day. He knew nothing of management, or party manœuvre. He was not seldom accused of doing things calculated to frighten the people, and to disorganize the anti-slavery forces. He was apt to go rough-shod

over the considerations of management deemed important by his co-workers. I believe he never consulted with his friends around him before doing those things; and, when they afterwards remonstrated with him, he ingenuously asked, "Is it not right and true, what I have said? And, if it is right and true, must I not say it?" And yet, although he had no organizing mind, and despised management, he was a leader. He was a leader as the embodiment of the moral idea, with all its uncompromising firmness, its unflagging faith, its daring devotion. Simply obeying his moral impulse, he dared to say things which in the highest legislative body of the Republic nobody else would say; and he proved that they could be said, and yet the world would move on. And presently the politicians felt encouraged to follow in the direction where the idealist had driven a stake ahead. Nay, he forced them to follow; for they knew that the idealist, whom they could not venture to disown, would not fall back at their bidding.

Nor was that leadership interrupted when, on the 22d of May, 1856, Preston Brooks of South Carolina, maddened by an arraignment of his State and its senator, came upon Charles Sumner in the Senate, struck him down with heavy blows, and left him on the ground, bleeding and insensible. For three years Sumner's voice was not heard. But his blood marked the vantage-ground from which his party could not recede; and his senatorial chair, kept empty for him by the noble people of Massachusetts, stood there in most eloquent silence, confirming, sealing, inflaming

all he had said with terrible illustration, a guide-post to the onward march of freedom.

THE OUTBREAK OF THE WAR OF THE REBELLION.

When, in 1861, the Republican party had taken the reins of government in hand, his peculiar leadership entered upon a new field of action. The portentous shadow of an approaching civil war spread over the land. A tremor fluttered through the hearts even of strong men in the North, — a vague fear, such as is produced by the first rumbling of an earthquake. Even Republicans in Congress began to waver. The pressure from the country, even in Massachusetts, in favor of compromise, was extraordinary. But a majority of the anti-slavery men in the Senate, in their front Mr. Sumner, stood firm, feeling that a compromise, giving express constitutional sanction, and an indefinite lease of life, to slavery, would be a surrender, and knowing also, that, even by the offer of such a surrender, secession and civil war would still be insisted on by the Southern leaders. But now the time had come when the anti-slavery movement, no longer a mere opposition to the demands of the slave-power, was to proceed to positive action. The war had scarcely commenced in earnest when Mr. Sumner urged general emancipation. His unreserved and emphatic utterances alarmed the politicians. Our armies suffered disaster upon disaster in the field; but Mr. Sumner's convictions could not be repressed. In a bold decree of universal liberty, he saw only a new source of inspiration and strength.

One of the dangers threatening us was foreign interference. No European powers gave us their expressed sympathy except Germany and Russia. The permanent disruption of the Republic was loudly predicted, as if it were desired; and intervention — an intervention which could be only in favor of the South — was openly spoken of. A threatening spirit, disarmed only by timely prudence, had manifested itself in the "Trent" case. It seemed doubtful whether the most skilful diplomacy, unaided by a stronger force, would be able to avert the danger. But the greatest strength of the anti-slavery cause had always been in the conscience of mankind. There was our natural ally. The cause of slavery as such could have no open sympathy among the nations of Europe. It stood condemned by the moral sentiment of the civilized world. It was obvious that nothing but a measure impressing beyond dispute upon our war a decided anti-slavery character, making it in profession, what it was inevitably destined to be in fact, a war of emancipation, could enlist on our side the enlightened public opinion of the Old World so strongly as to restrain the hostile spirit of foreign governments.

Thus the moral instinct did not err. The emancipation policy was not only the policy of principle, but also the policy of safety. Mr. Sumner urged it with impetuous and unflagging zeal. In the Senate he found but little encouragement.

THE FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN SUMNER AND LINCOLN.

To the president, then, he devoted his efforts. Nothing could be more interesting, nay, touching, than the peculiar relations that sprung up between Abraham Lincoln and Charles Sumner. Abraham Lincoln was a true child of the people. There was in his heart an inexhaustible fountain of tenderness; and from it sprung that longing to be true, just, and merciful to all, which made the people love him. But he had not grown great in any high school of statesmanship. He had, from the humblest beginnings, slowly and laboriously worked himself up; or, rather, he had gradually risen up without being aware of it, and suddenly he found himself in the foremost rank of the distinguished men of the land. His marvellous success in his riper years left intact the inborn modesty of his nature. His natural gifts were great; he possessed a clear and penetrating mind; but in forming his opinions on subjects of importance, he was so careful, conscientious, and diffident, that he would always hear and probe what opponents had to say, before he became firmly satisfied of the justness of his own conclusions. He was not one of those bold reformers who will defy the opposition of the world, and undertake to impose their opinions and will upon a reluctant age. But every day of great responsibility enlarged the horizon of his mind; and every day he grasped the helm of affairs with a steadier hand. It was to such a man that Sumner, during the most doubtful days at the beginning of

the war, addressed his appeals for immediate emancipation, — appeals impetuous and impatient as they could spring only from his ardent and overruling convictions. The president at first passively resisted the vehement counsel of the senator, but he bade the counsellor welcome. Mr. Sumner he treated as a favorite counsellor, almost like a minister of state, outside of the cabinet. In Mr. Sumner he saw a counsellor who was no politician, but who stood before him as the true representative of the moral earnestness and the great inspirations of their common cause. Thus Mr. Lincoln, while scarcely ever fully and speedily following Sumner's advice, never ceased to ask for it, for he knew its significance. Always agreed as to the ultimate end, they almost always differed as to times and means; but, while differing, they firmly trusted, for they understood one another.

Sumner loved to tell his friends, after Lincoln's death, how at one time those who disliked and feared his intimacy with the president, and desired to see it disrupted, thought it was irreparably broken. It was at the close of Lincoln's administration in 1865, when the president had proposed certain measures of reconstruction, touching the State of Louisiana. The end of the session of Congress was near at hand; and the success of the bill depended on a vote of the Senate before the hour of adjournment on the 4th of March. Mr. Lincoln had the measure very much at heart. But Sumner opposed it, because it did not contain sufficient guarantees for the rights of the colored people; and by a parliamentary manœuvre,

simply consuming the time until the adjournment came, he, with two or three other senators, succeeded in defeating it. The papers already announced that the breach between Lincoln and Sumner was complete, and could not be healed. But those who said so did not know the men. On the night of the 6th of March, two days after Lincoln's second inauguration, the customary inauguration ball was to take place. Sumner did not think of attending it; but towards evening he received a card from the president, which read thus: —

> Dear Mr. Sumner, — Unless you send me word to the contrary, I shall this evening call with my carriage at your house, to take you with me to the inauguration ball.
>
> Sincerely yours,
>
> Abraham Lincoln.

Mr. Sumner, deeply touched, at once made up his mind to go to an inauguration ball for the first time. Arrived at the ball-room, the president asked Mr. Sumner to offer his arm to Mrs. Lincoln; and the astonished spectators, who had been made to believe that the breach between Lincoln and Sumner was irreparable, beheld the president's wife on the arm of the senator, and the senator, on that occasion of state, invited to take the seat of honor by the president's side. It was thus that Abraham Lincoln composed his quarrels with his friends; and at his bedside, when he died, there was no mourner more deeply afflicted than Charles Sumner. During the years of the war, so full of vicissitudes, alarms, and anxieties, Sumner stood in the Senate, and in the president's closet, as

the ever-watchful sentinel of freedom and equal rights. No occasion eluded his grasp to push on the destruction of slavery, not only by sweeping decrees, but in detail, by pursuing it, as with a probing-iron, into every nook and corner of its existence. Such was the character of Mr. Sumner's legislative activity during the war.

THE CLOSE OF THE WAR, AND THE PROBLEMS OF RECONSTRUCTION.

As the Rebellion succumbed, new problems arose. To set upon their feet again States disorganized by insurrection and civil war; to remodel a society which had been lifted out of its ancient hinges by the sudden change of its system of labor; to protect the emancipated slaves against the old pretension of absolute control on the part of their former masters; to guard society against the possible transgressions of a large multitude long held in slavery and ignorance, and now suddenly set free; so to lodge political power, in this inflammable state of things, as to prevent violent re-actions and hostile collisions; to lead social forces so discordant into orderly and fruitful co-operation; and to infuse into communities, but recently rent by the most violent passions, a new spirit of loyal attachment to a common nationality, — this was certainly one of the most perplexing tasks ever imposed upon the statesmanship of any time and any country. But to Mr. Sumner's mind the problem of reconstruction did not appear perplexing at all. The complexity of the problem, the hazardous

character of the experiment, never troubled him. And as, early in the war, he had for himself laid down the theory, that, by the very act of rebellion, the insurrectionary States had destroyed themselves as such: so he argued now, with assured consistency, that those States had relapsed into a territorial condition; that the National Government had to fill the void by creations of its own; and that in doing so the establishment of universal suffrage there was an unavoidable necessity. But his constitutional theory, as well as the measures he proposed, found little favor in Congress. The whole power of Pres. Johnson's administration was employed to lead to the development of things in another direction. Leaving out of view the soundness of Mr. Sumner's "territorial" theory, as to the status of the insurrectionary States after the war, it may be said, and, in fact, I have heard it said by many Southern men, that had that theory been consistently adhered to, and had, in accordance with it, the Southern States been kept longer under national control, honestly and judiciously exercised, the results, as to their general interests, would probably have been more satisfactory to the Southern people themselves than those produced by the policy actually followed. But, however that may be, Mr. Sumner saw the fondest dreams of his life soon realized. Slavery was forever blotted out in this Republic, by the thirteenth amendment of the Constitution. By the fourteenth the emancipated slaves were secured in their rights of citizenship before the law; and the fifteenth guar-

anteed to them the right to vote. It was indeed a most astonishing, a marvellous consummation. What, ten years before, not even the most sanguine would have ventured to anticipate, what only the profound faith of the devotee could believe possible, was done.

SUMNER'S STATESMANSHIP IN FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

While the championship of human rights is his first title to fame, I should be unjust to his merit did I omit to mention the services he rendered on another field of action. When, in 1861, the secession of the Southern States left the anti-slavery party in the majority of the Senate of the United States, Charles Sumner was placed, as chairman, at the head of the Committee on Foreign Relations. He had, ever since his college days, made international law a special and favorite study, and was perfectly familiar with its principles, the history of its development, and its literature. His knowledge of history was uncommonly extensive and accurate; and all the leading international law-cases, with their incidents in detail, their theories and settlements, he had at his fingers' ends; and to his last day he remained indefatigable in inquiry. No public man had a higher appreciation of the position, dignity, and interests of his own country; and no one was less liable than he to be carried away, or driven to hasty and ill-considered steps, by excited popular clamor. His abhorrence of the barbarities of war, and his ardent love of peace, led him earnestly to seek for every international difference a peaceable solution; and, where no settle-

ment could be reached by the direct negotiations of diplomacy, the idea of arbitration was always uppermost in his mind. I am far from claiming for him absolute correctness of view, and infallibility of judgment, in every case; but, taking his whole career together, it may well be doubted whether, in the whole history of the Republic, the Senate of the United States ever possessed a chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations who united in himself in such completeness the qualifications necessary and desirable for the important and delicate duties of that position. His qualities were soon put to the test. Early in the war one of the gallant captains of our navy arrested the British mail-steamer "Trent," running from one neutral port to another, on the high seas; and took from her, by force, Mason and Slidell, two emissaries of the Confederate Government, and their despatches. The people of the North loudly applauded the act. The secretary of the navy approved it. The House of Representatives commended it in resolutions. Even in the Senate a majority seemed inclined to stand by it. The British Government, in a threatening tone, demanded the instant restitution of the prisoners, and an apology. The people of the North responded with a shout of indignation at British insolence. The excitement seemed irrepressible. It was Mr. Sumner who threw himself into the breach, against the violent drift of public opinion. In a speech in the Senate, no less remarkable for patriotic spirit than legal learning, and ingenious and irresistible argument, he justified the surrender of

the prisoners; not on the ground, that, during our struggle with the Rebellion, we were not in a condition to go to war with Great Britain, but on the higher ground that the surrender demanded by Great Britain, in violation of her own traditional pretensions as to the rights of belligerents, was in perfect accord with American precedent, and the advanced principles of our government concerning the rights of neutrals. The success of this argument was complete. It turned the tide of public opinion. It convinced the American people that this was not an act of pusillanimity, but of justice; not a humiliation of the Republic, but a noble vindication of her time-honored principles, and a service rendered to the cause of progress.

Other complications followed. The interference of European powers in Mexico came. Excited demands for intervention on our part were made in the Senate; and Mr. Sumner, trusting that the victory of the Union over the Rebellion would bring on the deliverance of Mexico in its train, with singular moderation and tact prevented the agitation of so dangerous a policy. Only one of his acts provoked comment in foreign countries, calculated to impair the high esteem in which his name was universally held there. It was his speech on the "Alabama" case, preceding the rejection by the Senate of the Clarendon-Johnson treaty. I will not deny, that, as to our differences with Great Britain, he was not entirely free from personal feeling. That the England he loved so well — the England of Clarkson and Wil-

berforce, of Cobden and Bright; the England to whom he had looked as the champion of the anti-slavery cause in the world — should make such hot haste to recognize, nay, as he termed it, to set up on the seas as a belligerent, that rebellion, whose avowed object it was to found an empire of slavery, and to aid that rebellion by every means short of open war against the Union, — that was a shock to his feelings which he felt like a betrayal of friendship. And yet, while that feeling appeared in the warmth of his language, it did not dictate his policy. When, finally, the treaty of Washington was negotiated by the joint high commission, Mr. Sumner, although thinking that more might have been accomplished, did not only not oppose that treaty, but actively aided in securing for it the consent of the Senate. No statesman ever took part in the direction of our foreign affairs who so completely identified himself with the most advanced, humane, and progressive principles. Ever jealous of the honor of his country, he sought to elevate that honor by a policy scrupulously just to the strong, and generous to the weak.

HIS DEVOTION TO THE GREAT WORK OF HIS LAST YEARS.

I now approach the last period of his life, which brought to him new and bitter struggles. The work of reconstruction completed, he felt that three objects still demanded new efforts. One was that the colored race should be protected, by national legislation, against degrading discrimination in the enjoy-

ment of facilities of education, travel, and pleasure, such as stand under the control of law; and this object he embodied in his civil-rights bill, of which he was the mover and especial champion. The second was, that generous reconciliation should wipe out lingering animosities of past conflicts, and re-unite in new bonds of brotherhood all those who had been divided. And the third was, that the government should be restored to the purity and high tone of its earliest days, and that from its new birth the Republic should issue with a new lustre of moral greatness, to lead its children to a higher perfection of manhood, and to be a shining example and beacon-light to all the nations of the earth. This accomplished, he often said to his friends he would be content to lie down and die. But death overtook him before he was thus content; and before death came he was destined to taste more of the bitterness of life. His civil-rights bill he pressed with unflagging perseverance, against an opposition which stood upon the ground that the objects his measure contemplated belonged, under the Constitution, to the jurisdiction of the States; that the people, armed with the ballot, possessed the necessary means to provide for their own security; and that the progressive development of public sentiment would afford to them greater protection than could be given by national legislation of questionable constitutionality.

HIS RUPTURE WITH THE ADMINISTRATION, AND THE CAUSES THEREFOR.

The pursuit of other objects brought upon him experiences of a painful nature. I have to speak of his disagreement with the administration of Pres. Grant, and with his party. Nothing could be farther from my desire than to re-open, on a solemn occasion like this, those bitter conflicts which are still so fresh in our minds, and to assail any living man in the name of the dead. Were it my purpose to attack, I should do so in my own name, and choose the place where I can be answered, — not this. But I have a duty to perform. It is to set forth, in the light of truth, the motives of the dead before the living. I knew Charles Sumner's motives well. We stood together, shoulder to shoulder, in many a hard contest. We were friends; and between us passed those confidences which only intimate friendship knows. Therefore I can truly say that I knew his motives well. The civil war had greatly changed the country, and left many problems behind it, requiring again that building, organizing, constructive kind of statesmanship which I described as presiding over the Republic in its earlier history. For a solution of many of those problems, Mr. Sumner's mind was little fitted; and he naturally turned to those which appealed to his moral nature. No great civil war has ever passed over any country, especially a republic, without producing wide-spread and dangerous demoralization and corruption, not only in

the government, but among the people. In such times, the sordid instincts of human nature develop themselves to unusual recklessness under the guise of patriotism. The ascendancy of no political party in a republic has ever been long maintained without tempting many of its members to avail themselves, for their selfish advantage, of the opportunities of power and party protection, and without attracting a horde of camp-followers, professing principle, but meaning spoil. It has always been so; and the American Republic has not escaped the experience. Neither Mr. Sumner nor many others could, in our circumstances, close their eyes to this fact. He recognized the danger early; and already, in 1864, he introduced in the Senate a bill for the reform of the civil service, crude in its detail, but embodying correct principles. Thus he may be said to have been the earliest pioneer of the civil-service reform movement. The evil grew under Pres. Johnson's administration; and ever since it has been cropping out, not only drawn to light by the efforts of the opposition, but, voluntarily and involuntarily, by members of the ruling party itself. There were in it many men who confessed to themselves the urgent necessity of meeting the growing danger.

Mr. Sumner could not be silent. He cherished in his mind a high ideal of what this Republic and its government should be, — a government composed of the best and wisest of the land, animated by none but the highest and most patriotic aspirations, yielding to no selfish impulse, noble in its tone and char-

acter, setting its face sternly against all wrong and injustice, presenting in its whole being to the American people a shining example of purity and lofty public spirit. Mr. Sumner was proud of his country: there was no prouder American in the land. He felt in himself the whole dignity of the Republic; and when he saw any thing that lowered the dignity of the Republic, and the character of its government, he felt it as he would have felt a personal offence. He criticised it, he denounced it, remonstrated against it; for he could not do otherwise. He did so frequently, and without hesitation and reserve, when Mr. Lincoln was president. He continued to do so ever since; the more loudly, the more difficult it was to make himself heard. It was his nature; he felt it to be his right as a citizen; he esteemed it his duty as a senator. That, and no other, was the motive which impelled him. The rupture with the administration was brought on by his opposition to the San-to Domingo treaty. In the reasons upon which that opposition was based, I know that personal feeling had no share. They were patriotic reasons, publicly and candidly expressed; and it seems they were appreciated by a large portion of the American people. It has been said that he provoked the resentment of the president, by first promising to support that treaty, and then opposing it, thus rendering himself guilty of an act of duplicity. He has publicly denied the justice of the charge, and stated the facts as they stood in his memory. I am willing to make the fullest allowance for the possibility of a misapprehension

of words; but I affirm also, that no living man who knew Mr. Sumner well will hesitate a moment to pronounce the charge of duplicity as founded on the most radical of misapprehensions. An act of duplicity on his part was simply a moral impossibility. It was absolutely foreign to his nature. Whatever may have been the defects of his character, he never knowingly deceived a human being. There was in him not the faintest shadow of dissimulation, disguise, or trickery. Not one of his words ever had the purpose of a double meaning, not one of his acts a hidden aim. His likes and dislikes, his approval and disapproval, as soon as they were clear to his own consciousness, appeared before the world in the open light of noonday. His frankness was so unbounded, his candor so entire, his ingenuousness so childlike, that he lacked even the discretion of ordinary prudence. He was almost incapable of moderating his feelings, of toning down his meaning in the expression. When he might have gained a point by indirection, he would not have done so, because he could not. He was one of those, who, when they attack, attack always in front, and in broad daylight. The night surprise and the flank march were absolutely foreign to his tactics, because they were incompatible with his nature. I have known many men in my life, but never one who was less capable of a perfidious act or an artful profession.

Call him a vain, an impracticable, an imperious man, if you will; but American history does not mention the name of one of whom with greater jus-

tice it can be said that he was a true man. The same candor, and purity of motives, which prompted and characterized his opposition to the Santo Domingo scheme, prompted and characterized the attacks upon the administration, which followed. The charges he made, and the arguments with which he supported them, I feel not called upon to enumerate. Whether and how far they were correct or erroneous, just or unjust, important or unimportant, the judgment of history will determine. May that judgment be just and fair to us all! But this I can affirm today, for I know it: Charles Sumner never made a charge which he did not himself firmly, religiously, believe to be true; neither did he condemn those he attacked, for any thing he did not firmly, religiously, believe to be wrong. And while attacking those in power for what he considered wrong, he was always ready to support them in all he considered right. After all he has said of the president, he would today, if he lived, conscientiously, cordially, joyously, aid in sustaining the president's recent veto on an act of financial legislation which threatened to inflict a deep injury on the character, as well as the true interests, of the American people. But, at the time of which I speak, all he said was so deeply grounded in his feeling and conscience, that it was for him difficult to understand how others could form different conclusions. When, shortly before the national Republican convention of 1872, he had delivered that fierce philippic for which he has been censured so much, he turned to me with the question whether I

did not think that the statements and arguments he had produced would certainly exercise a decisive influence on the action of that convention. I replied that I thought it would not. He was greatly astonished. Not as if he indulged in the delusion that his personal word would have such authoritative weight; but it seemed impossible to him, that opinions which in him had risen to the full strength of overruling conviction, that a feeling of duty which in him had grown so solemn and irresistible as to inspire him to any risk and sacrifice, ever so painful, should fall powerless at the feet of a party which so long had followed inspirations kindred to his own. Such was the ingenuousness of his nature, such his faith in the rectitude of his own cause. The result of his effort is a matter of history. After the Philadelphia Convention, and not until then, he resolved to oppose his party, and to join a movement which was doomed to defeat. He obeyed his sense of right and duty, at a terrible sacrifice. He had been one of the great chiefs of his party, by many regarded as the greatest. He had stood in the Senate as a mighty monument of the struggles and victories of the anti-slavery cause. He had been a martyr of his earnestness. By all Republicans he had been looked up to with respect, by many with veneration. He had been the idol of the people of his State. All this was suddenly changed. Already, at the time of his opposition to the Santo Domingo scheme, he had been deprived of his place at the head of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, which he had held

so long, and with so much honor to the Republic and to himself. But few know how sharp a pang it gave to his heart, this removal, which he felt as the wanton degradation of a faithful servant who was conscious of only doing his duty.

HIS OSTRACISM BY HIS FORMER ADMIRERS.

But, when he had pronounced against the candidates of his party, worse experiences were for him in store. Journals which for years had been full of his praise now assailed him with remorseless ridicule and vituperation, questioning his past services, and calling him a traitor. Men who had been proud of his acquaintance turned away their heads when they met him in the street. Former flatterers eagerly covered his name with slander. Many of those who had been his associates in the struggle for freedom sullenly withdrew from him their friendship. Even men of the colored race, for whose elevation he had labored with a fidelity and devotion equalled by few and surpassed by none, joined in the chorus of denunciation. Oh, how keenly he felt it! And as if the cruel malice of ingratitude, and the unsparing persecution of infuriated partisanship, had not been enough, another enemy came upon him, threatening his very life. It was a new attack of that disease which for many years, from time to time, had prostrated him with the acutest suffering, and which shortly should lay him low. It admonished him that every word he spoke might be his last. He found himself forced to leave the field of a contest in which not only his principles

of right, but even his good name, earned by so many years of faithful effort, was at stake. He possessed no longer the elastic spirit of youth; and the prospect of new struggles had ceased to charm him. His hair had grown gray with years; and he had reached that age when a statesman begins to love the thought of reposing his head upon the pillow of assured public esteem. Even the sweet comfort of that sanctuary was denied him, in which the voice of wife and child would have said, "Rest here; for, whatever the world may say, we know that you are good and faithful and noble." Only the friends of his youth, who knew him best, surrounded him with never-flagging confidence and love, and those of his companions-in-arms who knew him also, and who were true to him as they were true to their common cause. Thus he stood in the presidential campaign of 1872. It is at such a moment of bitter ordeal that an honest public man feels the impulse of retiring within himself, to examine with scrupulous care the quality of his own motives; anxiously to inquire whether he is really right in his opinions and objects when so many old friends say that he is wrong; and then, after such a review at the hand of conscience and duty, to form anew his conclusions, without bias, and to proclaim them without fear. This he did. He had desired, and, as he wrote, he had confidently hoped, on returning home from Washington, to meet his fellow-citizens in Faneuil Hall, that venerable forum, and to speak once more on great questions involving the welfare of the country; but recurring

symptoms of a painful character warned him against such an attempt. The speech he had intended to pronounce, but could not, he left in written form for publication, and went to Europe, seeking rest, uncertain whether he would ever return alive. In it he reiterated all the reasons which had forced him to oppose the administration, and the candidates of his party. They were unchanged. Then followed an earnest and pathetic plea for universal peace and reconciliation. He showed how necessary the revival of fraternal feeling was, not only for the prosperity and physical well-being, but for the moral elevation, of the American people, and for the safety and greatness of the Republic.

MR. SUMNER'S SYMPATHY AND GENEROSITY TOWARDS THE SOUTH.

He gave words to his profound sympathy with the Southern States in their misfortunes. Indignantly he declared, that second only to the wide-spread devastations of war were the robberies to which those States had been subjected under an administration calling itself Republican, and with local governments deriving their animating impulse from the party in power; and that the people in these communities would have been less than men, if, sinking under the intolerable burden, they did not turn for help to a new party, promising honesty and reform. He recalled the reiterated expression he had given to his sentiments, ever since the breaking-out of the war, and closed the recital with these words: "Such is

the simple and harmonious record, showing how from the beginning I was devoted to peace; how constantly I longed for reconciliation; how, with every measure of equal rights, this longing found utterance; how it became an essential part of my life; how I discarded all idea of vengeance and punishment; how reconstruction was, to my mind, a transition period; and how earnestly I looked forward to the day when, after the recognition of equal rights, the Republic should again be one, in reality as in name. If there are any who ever maintained a policy of hate, I never was so minded; and now, in protesting against any such policy, I act only in obedience to the irresistible promptings of my soul."

And well might he speak thus. Let the people of the South hear what I say. They were wont to see in him only the implacable assailant of that peculiar institution which was so closely interwoven with all their traditions and habits of life, that they regarded it as the very basis of their social and moral existence, as the source of their prosperity and greatness; the unsparing enemy of the Rebellion whose success was to realize the fondest dreams of their ambition; the never-resting advocate of the grant of suffrage to the blacks, which they thought to be designed for their own degradation. Thus they had persuaded themselves that Charles Sumner was to them a relentless foe. They did not know, as others knew, that he whom they cursed as their persecutor had a heart beating warmly and tenderly for all the human kind; that the efforts of his life were unceasingly

devoted to those whom he thought most in need of aid; that in the slave he saw only the human soul, with its eternal title to the same right and dignity which he himself enjoyed; that he assailed the slave-master only as the oppressor who denied that right; and that the former oppressor, ceasing to be such, and being oppressed himself, could surely count upon the fulness of his active sympathy freely given in the spirit of equal justice; that it was the religion of his life to protect the weak and oppressed against the strong, no matter who were the weak and oppressed, and who were the strong. They knew not, that, while fiercely combating a wrong, there was not in his heart a spark of hatred even for the wrong-doer who hated him. They knew not how well he deserved the high homage involuntarily paid to him by a cartoon during the late presidential campaign, — a cartoon, designed to be malicious, which represented Charles Sumner strewing flowers on the grave of Preston Brooks. They foresaw not, that, to welcome them back to the full brotherhood of the American people, he would expose himself to a blow, wounding him as cruelly as that which years ago levelled him to the ground in the Senate-chamber. And this new blow he received for them. The people of the South ignored this long. Now that he is gone, let them never forget it.

THE BATTLE-FLAG RESOLUTION, AND ITS SIGNIFICANCE.

From Europe Mr. Sumner returned late in the fall of 1872, much strengthened, but far from being well. At the opening of the session he re-introduced two measures, which, as he thought, should complete the record of his political life. One was his civil-rights bill, which had failed in the last Congress; and the other, a resolution providing that the names of battles won over fellow-citizens, in the war of the Rebellion, should be removed from the regimental colors of the army and from the army register. It was, indeed, only a repetition of a resolution which he had introduced ten years before, in 1862, during the war, when the first names of victories were put on American battle-flags. This resolution called forth a new storm against him. It was denounced as an insult to the heroic soldiers of the Union, and a degradation of their victories and well-earned laurels. It was condemned as an unpatriotic act. Charles Sumner insult the soldiers who had spilled their blood in a war for human rights! Charles Sumner degrade victories and depreciate laurels won for the cause of universal freedom! How strange an imputation!

Let the dead man have a hearing. This was his thought: No civilized nation, from the republics of antiquity down to our days, ever thought it wise or patriotic to preserve, in conspicuous and durable form, the mementoes of victories won over fellow-citizens in civil war. Why not? Because every citizen

shall feel himself, with all others, as the child of a common country, and not as a defeated foe. All civilized governments of our days have instinctively followed the same dictate of wisdom and patriotism. The Irishman, when fighting for Old England at Waterloo, was not to behold, on the red cross floating above him, the name of the Boyne. The Scotch Highlander, when standing in the trenches of Sebastopol, was not, by the colors of his regiment, to be reminded of Culloden. No French soldier at Austerlitz or Solferino had to read upon the tri-color any reminiscence of the Vendee. No Hungarian at Sadowa was taunted by any Austrian banner with the surrender of Villagos. No German regiment from Saxony or Hanover, charging under the iron hail of Gravelotte, was made to remember, by words written on a Prussian standard, that the black eagle had conquered them at Koniggratz and Langensalza. Should the son of South Carolina, when at some future day defending the Republic against some foreign foe, be reminded, by an inscription on the colors floating over him, that under this flag the gun was fired that killed his father at Gettysburg? Should this great and enlightened Republic, proud of standing in the front of human progress, be less wise, less large-hearted, than the ancients were two thousand years ago, and the kingly governments of Europe are to-day? Let the battle-flags of the brave volunteers, which they brought home from the war, with the glorious record of their victories, be preserved intact as a proud ornament of our State-houses and armories; but let

the colors of the army, under which the sons of all the States are to meet and mingle in common patriotism, speak of nothing but union; not a union of conquerors and conquered, but a union which is the mother of all, equally tender to all, knowing of nothing but equality, peace, and love among her children. Do you want shining mementoes of your victories? They are written upon the dusky brow of every freeman who was once a slave; they are written on the gate-posts of a restored Union; and the most shining of all will be written on the faces of a contented people, re-united in common national pride.

THE MASSACHUSETTS RESOLUTION OF CENSURE, AND ITS RESCINDING.

Such were the sentiments which inspired that resolution. Such were the sentiments which called forth a storm of obloquy. Such were the sentiments for which the Legislature of Massachusetts passed a solemn resolution of censure upon Charles Sumner, — Massachusetts, his own Massachusetts, whom he loved so ardently with a filial love, of whom he was so proud, who had honored him so much in days gone by, and whom he had so long and so faithfully labored to serve and to honor! Oh! those were evil days, that winter, — days sad and dark, when he sat there in his lonesome chamber, unable to leave it, the world moving around him, and in it so much that was hostile; and he prostrated by the tormenting disease, which had returned with fresh violence, unable to defend himself, and with this bitter

arrow in his heart. Why was not that resolution held up to scorn and vituperation, as an insult to the brave, and an unpatriotic act? why was he not attacked and condemned for it, when he first offered it, ten years before, and when he was in the fulness of manhood and power? If not then, why now? I shall never forget the melancholy hours I sat with him, seeking to lift him up with cheering words, and he — his frame for hours racked with excruciating pain, and then exhausted with suffering — gloomily brooding over the thought that he might die so. How thankful I am, how thankful every human soul in Massachusetts, every American, must be, that he did not die then! — and, indeed, more than once, death seemed to be knocking at his door, — how thankful that he was spared to see the day, when the people, by striking developments, were convinced that those who had acted as he did had, after all, not been impelled by mere whims of vanity, or reckless ambition, or sinister designs, but had good and patriotic reasons for what they did; when the heart of Massachusetts came back to him, full of the old love and confidence, assuring him that he would again be her chosen son for her representative seat in the house of States; when the lawgivers of the old Commonwealth, obeying an irresistible impulse of justice, wiped away from the records of the Legislature, and from the fair name of the State, that resolution of censure which had stung him so deeply; and when returning vigor lifted him up, and a new sunburst of hope illumined his life! How thankful we all are that he lived that one year longer!

THE LATE SENATOR'S NOBLE INDEPENDENCE OF PARTY.

And yet (have you thought of it?) if he had died in those dark days, when so many clouds hung over him, would not then the much-vilified man have been the same Charles Sumner whose death but one year later afflicted millions of hearts with a pang of bereavement, whose praise is now on every lip for the purity of his life, for his fidelity to great principles, and for the loftiness of his patriotism? Was he not a year ago the same, — the same in purpose, the same in principle, the same in character? What had he done then that so many who praise him to-day should have then disowned him? See what he had done. He had simply been true to his convictions of duty. He had approved and urged what he thought right: he had attacked and opposed that he thought wrong. To his convictions of duty, he had sacrificed political associations most dear to him, the security of his position, of which he was proud. For his convictions of duty, he had stood up against those more powerful than he; he had exposed himself to reproach, obloquy, and persecution. Had he not done so. he would not have been the man you praise to-day; and yet, for doing so, he was cried down but yesterday. He had lived up to the great word he spoke when he entered the Senate: "The slave of principle, I call no party master." That declaration was greeted with applause; and when, true to his word, he refused to call a party master, the act was

covered with reproach. The spirit impelling him to do so was the same conscience which urged him to break away from the powerful party which controlled his State in the days of Daniel Webster, and to join a feeble minority which stood up for freedom; to throw away the favor, and defy the power, of the wealthy and refined, in order to plead the cause of the down-trodden and degraded; to stand up against the slave-power in Congress, with a courage never surpassed; to attack the prejudice of birth and religion, and to plead fearlessly for the rights of the foreign-born citizen, at a time when the Know-nothing movement was controlling his State, and might have defeated his own re-election to the Senate; to advocate emancipation, when others trembled with fear; to march ahead of his followers, when they were afraid to follow; to rise up alone for what he thought right, when others would not rise with him. It was that brave spirit which does every thing, defies every thing, risks every thing, sacrifices every thing, — comfort, society, party, popular support, station of honor, prospects, — for sense of right, and conviction of duty. That is it for which you honored him long, for which you reproached him yesterday, and for which you honor him again to-day, and will honor him forever.

Ah, what a lesson is this for the American people! a lesson learned so often, and, alas! forgotten almost as often as it is learned. Is it well to discourage, to proscribe, in your public men, that independent spirit which will boldly assert a conscientious sense of duty,

even against the behests of power or party? Is it well to teach them that they must serve the command and interest of party, even at the price of conscience, or they must be crushed under its heel, whatever their past service, whatever their ability, whatever their character, may be? Is it well to make them believe that he who dares to be himself must be hunted as a political outlaw, who will find justice only when he is dead? That would have been the sad moral of his death, had Charles Sumner died a year ago. Let the American people never forget that it has always been the independent spirit, the all-defying sense of duty, which broke the way for every great progressive movement since mankind has a history; which gave the American Colonies their sovereignty, and made this great Republic; which defied the power of slavery, and made this a republic of freemen; and which — who knows? — may again be needed, some day, to defy the power of ignorance, to arrest the inroads of corruption, or to break the subtle tyranny of organization, in order to preserve this as a Republic. And, therefore, let no man understand me as offering what I have said about Mr. Sumner's course, during the last period of his life, as an apology for what he did. He was right before his own conscience, and needs no apology. Woe to the Republic when it looks in vain for the men who seek the truth without prejudice, and speak the truth without fear, as they understand it, no matter whether the world be willing to listen, or not! Alas for the generation that would put such men

into their graves with the poor boon of an apology for what was in them noblest and best! Who will not agree, that had power or partisan spirit, which persecuted him because he followed higher aims than party interest, ever succeeded in subjugating and moulding him after its fashion, against his conscience, against his conviction of duty and sense of right, he would have sunk into his grave a miserable ruin of his great self, wrecked in his moral nature, deserving only a tear of pity? For he was great and useful only because he dared to be himself all the days of his life; and for this you have, when he died, put the laurel upon his brow.

THE GREAT SENATOR'S POSITION IN HISTORY.

From the coffin which hides his body, Charles Sumner now rises up before our eyes an historic character. Let us look at him once more. His life lies before us like an open book which contains no double meanings, no crooked passages, no mysteries, no concealments. It is clear as crystal. Even his warmest friend will not see in it the model of perfect statesmanship, nor that eagle glance, which, from a lofty eminence, at one sweep surveys the whole field on which, by labor, thought, strife, accommodation, impulse, restraint, slow and rapid movement, the destinies of a nation are worked out; not that ever calm and steady and self-controlling good sense, which judges existing things just as they are, correctly estimates comparative good and comparative evil, and impels or restrains, as that estimate may

command. Mr. Sumner's natural abilities were not of the first order; but they were supplemented by acquired abilities of remarkable power. When he desired to originate a measure of legislation, he scarcely ever elaborated its practical detail: he usually threw his idea into the form of a resolution, or a bill, giving in the main his purpose only; and then he advanced to the discussion of the principles involved. He not only thought, but he did not hesitate to say, that all construction of the Constitution must be subservient to the supreme duty of giving the amplest protection to the natural rights of man, by direct national legislation. He had studied economical subjects more than is commonly supposed. It was one of his last regrets that his health did not permit him to make a speech in favor of an early resumption of specie payments. On matters of international law, and foreign affairs, he was the recognized authority of the Senate. But some of his very shortcomings served to increase that peculiar power which he exerted in his time. His public life was thrown into a period of a revolutionary character, when one great end was the self-imposed subject of a universal struggle, — a struggle which was not made, not manufactured by the design of men, but had grown from the natural conflict of existing things, and grew irresistibly, on and on, until it enveloped all the thought of the nation; and that one great end appealing, more than to the practical sense, to the moral impulses of men, making of them the fighting force. Thus keeping the end steadily, obstinately, intensely, in view,

he marched ahead of his followers, never disturbed by their anxieties and fears, showing them that what was necessary was possible, and forcing them to follow him, — a great moving power, such as the struggle required. Had he lived before or after this great period, in quiet, ordinary times, he would, perhaps, never have risen in public life to conspicuous significance. But all he was by nature, by acquirement, by ability, by moral impulse, made him one of the heroes of that great struggle against slavery, and in some respects the first. What a peculiar power of fascination there was in him as a public man! It acted much through his eloquence, but not through his eloquence alone. His arguments marched forth at once in grave and stately array; his sentences, like rows of massive Doric columns, unrelieved by pleasing variety, severe and imposing. His orations, especially those pronounced in the Senate before the war, contain many passages of grand beauty. His appeals were always addressed to the noblest instincts of human nature. His speech was never enlivened by any thing like wit or humor. His weapon was not the foil, but the battle-axe. Not seldom he appeared overbearing in his assumptions of authority; but it was the imperiousness of profound conviction, which, while sometimes exasperating his hearers, yet scarcely ever failed to exercise over them a certain sway. In his later years his vast learning began to become an encumbering burden to his eloquence. The mass of quoted sayings and historical illustrations not seldom accumulated beyond measure, and,

grotesquely grouped, sometimes threatened to suffocate all original thought, and to oppress the hearer. But there were always moments when he recalled to our mind the days of his freshest vigor, standing in the midst of the great struggle, lifting up the youth of the country with heart-stirring appeals, and with the lion-like thunder of his voice shaking the Senate-chamber.

MR. SUMNER'S PHYSICAL AND PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

Still there was another source from which that fascination sprung. Behind all he said and did there stood a grand manhood which never failed to make itself felt. What a figure he was, with his tall and stalwart frame, his manly face, topped with his shaggy locks, his noble bearing! — the finest type of American senatorship, the tallest oak of the forest. How he stood among the mere politicians! — he whose very presence made you forget the vulgarities of political life; who dared to differ with any man ever so powerful, any multitude ever so numerous; who regarded party as nothing but a means for higher ends, and for those ends defied its power; to whom the arts of demagogism were so contemptible, that he would rather have sunk into obscurity and oblivion than descend to them; to whom the dignity of his office was so sacred, that he would not even ask for it, for fear of darkening its lustre.

Honor to the people of Massachusetts, who for

twenty-three years kept in the Senate, and would have kept him there ever so long, had he lived, — a man who never, even to them, conceded a single iota of his convictions in order to remain there! And what a life was his! — a life so wholly devoted to what was good and noble! There he stood, in the midst of the grasping materialism of our times, around him the eager chase for the almighty dollar, no thought of opportunity ever entering the smallest corner of his mind, and disturbing his high endeavors; with a virtue which the possession of power could not even tempt, much less debauch; from whose presence the very thought of corruption instinctively shrank back; a life so unspotted, an integrity so intact, a character so high, that the most daring eagerness of calumny, the most wanton audacity of insinuation, standing on tiptoe, could not touch the soles of his shoes. They say that he indulged in overweening self-appreciation. Ay: he did have a magnificent pride, a lofty self-esteem. Why should he not? Let wretches despise themselves, for they have good reason to do so: not he. He was the proudest American; he was the proudest New Englander: and yet he was the most cosmopolitan American I have ever seen. There was in him not the faintest shadow of that narrow prejudice which looks askance of what has grown in foreign lands. His generous heart and his enlightened mind were too generous and too enlightened not to give the fullest measure of appreciation to all that was good and worthy, from whatever quarter of the globe

it came. And, now, his home! There are those around me who have breathed the air of his house in Washington, — that atmosphere of refinement, scholarship, art, friendship, and warm-hearted hospitality; they have seen those rooms covered and filled with his pictures, his engravings, his statues, his bronzes, his books and rare manuscripts, — the collections of a lifetime, — the image of the richness of his mind, the comfort and consolation of his solitude. They remember his craving for friendship, as it spoke through the far-outstretched hand when you arrived, and the glad exclamation, "I am so happy you came!" and the beseeching, almost despondent tone when you departed, "Do not leave me yet; do stay a while longer: I want so much to speak with you!" It is all gone now.

THE CLOSE OF THE GREAT SENATOR'S LIFE, AND ITS LESSON.

Now we have laid him into his grave, in the motherly soil of Massachusetts, which was so dear to him. He is at rest now, the stalwart, brave old champion, whose face and bearing were so austere, and whose heart was so full of tenderness; who began his career with a pathetic plea for universal peace and charity; and whose whole life was an arduous, incessant, never-resting struggle, which left him all covered with scars. And we can do nothing for him, but remember his lofty ideals of liberty and equality and justice and reconciliation and purity, and the earnestness and courage and touching fidelity

with which he fought for them; so genuine in his sincerity, so single-minded in his zeal, so heroic in his devotion! Oh that we could, but for one short hour, call him up from his coffin, to let him see with the same eyes which saw so much hostility, that those who stood against him in the struggles of his life are his enemies no longer! We would show him the fruit of the conflicts and sufferings of his last three years, and that he had not struggled and suffered in vain. We would bring before him not only those who from offended partisan zeal assailed him, and who now with sorrowful hearts praise the purity of his patriotism; but we would bring to him that man of the South, a slaveholder, and a leader of secession in his time, the echo of whose words, spoken in the halls of the Capitol, we heard but yesterday, — words of respect, of gratitude, of tenderness. That man of the South should then do what he deplored not to have done while he lived: he should lay his hand upon the shoulders of the old friend of the human kind, and say to him, "Is it you whom I hated, and who, as I thought, hated me? I have learned now the greatness and magnanimity of your soul; and here I offer you my hand and heart." Could he but see this with those eyes, so weary of contention and strife, how contentedly would he close them again, having beheld the greatness of his victories!

People of Massachusetts! he was the son of your soil, in which he now sleeps; but he is not all your own. He belongs to all of us in the North and in

the South; to the blacks he helped to make free, and to the whites he strove to make brothers again. Let, on the grave of him whom so many thought to be their enemy and found to be their friend, the hands be clasped which so bitterly warred against each other. Let upon the grave the youth of America be taught, by the story of his life, that not only genius, power, and success, but, more than these, patriotic devotion, and virtue, make the greatness of the citizen. If this lesson be understood, more than Charles Sumner's living word could have done for the glory of America will be done by the inspiration of his great example; and it will truly be said, that although his body lies mouldering in the earth, yet in the assured rights of all, in the brotherhood of a re-united people, and in a purified Republic, he still lives, and will live forever.

EULOGY BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

THE TRIBUTE OF THE STATE AUTHORITIES.

THE SERVICES IN MUSIC HALL, JUNE 9. — PRAYER BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE. — A POEM BY WHITTIER. — SINGING BY CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG AND ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS. — INTRODUCTION BY ALEXANDER H. BULLOCK.

THE services began at a few minutes past one o'clock, with a voluntary on the organ by Dudley Buck. The Temple Quartette then chanted, amid an impressive silence, Rhodes's setting of the following words: —

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;

While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain:

In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened,

And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low;

Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond-tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets:

Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

The Rev. Dr. James Freeman Clarke then made an eloquent prayer; in which he invoked the divine aid in turning the thoughts of men, from the shallow triumphs of party, to working for the good of the entire nation. Miss Clara Louise Kellogg then sang, "I know that my Redeemer liveth;" after which Prof. J. W. Churchill read the following poem by Whittier: —

SUMNER.

"I am not one who has disgraced beauty of sentiment by deformity of conduct, or the maxims of a freeman by the actions of a slave; but, by the grace of God, I have kept my life unsullied." — MILTON'S *Defence of the People of England.*

O Mother State! the winds of March
  Blew chill o'er Auburn's Field of God,
Where, slow, beneath a leaden arch
  Of sky, thy mourning children trod.

And now, with all thy woods in leaf,
  Thy fields in flower, beside thy dead
Thou sittest, in thy robes of grief,
  A Rachel yet uncomforted!

And once again the organ swells;
Once more the flag is half-way hung;
And yet again the mournful bells
In all thy steeple-towers are rung.

And I, obedient to thy will,
Have come a simple wreath to lay,
Superfluous, on a grave that still
Is sweet with all the flowers of May.

I take, with awe, the task assigned:
It may be that my friend might miss,
In his new sphere of heart and mind,
Some token from my hand in this.

By many a tender memory moved,
Along the past my thought I send;
The record of the cause he loved
Is the best record of its friend.

What hath been said, I can but say:
All know the work that brave man did;
For he was open as the day,
And nothing of himself he hid.

No trumpet sounded in his ear,
He saw not Sinai's cloud and flame;
But never yet to Hebrew seer
A clearer voice of duty came.

God said, "Break thou these yokes; undo
These heavy burdens. I ordain
A work to last thy whole life through, —
A ministry of strife and pain.

"Forego thy dreams of lettered ease,
Put thou the scholar's promise by:
The rights of man are more than these."
He heard, and answered, "Here am I."

He set his face against the blast,
  His feet against the flinty shard,
Till the hard service grew, at last,
  Its own exceeding great reward.

The fixed star of his faith, through all
  Loss, doubt, and peril, shone the same,
As, through a night of storm, some tall,
  Strong lighthouse lifts its steady flame.

Beyond the dust and smoke, he saw
  The sheaves of freedom's large increase,
The holy fanes of equal law,
  The New Jerusalem of peace.

No wail was in his voice; none heard,
  When treason's storm-cloud blackest grew,
The weakness of a doubtful word:
  His duty, and the end, he knew.

The first to smite, the first to spare;
  When once the hostile ensigns fell,
He stretched out hands of generous care
  To lift the foe he fought so well.

For there was nothing base or small,
  Or craven, in his soul's broad plan:
Forgiving all things personal,
  He hated only wrong to man.

The old traditions of his State,
  The memories of her great and good,
Took from his life a fresher date,
  And in himself embodied stood.

How felt the greed of gold and place,
  The venal crew that schemed and planned,
The fine scorn of that haughty face,
  The spurning of that bribeless hand!

If than Rome's tribunes statelier
He wore his senatorial robe,
His lofty port was all for her,
The one dear spot on all the globe.

If to the master's plea he gave
The vast contempt his manhood felt,
He saw a brother in the slave ;
With man as equal man he dealt.

Proud was he? If his presence kept
Its grandeur wheresoe'er he trod,
As if from Plutarch's gallery stepped
The hero and the demi-god,

None failed, at least, to reach his ear;
Nor want nor woe appealed in vain;
The homesick soldier knew his cheer,
And blessed him from his ward of pain.

Safely his dearest friends may own
The slight defects he never hid, —
The surface-blemish in the stone
Of the tall, stately pyramid.

Suffice it that he never brought
His conscience to the public mart;
But lived himself the truth he taught,
White-souled, clean-handed, pure of heart.

What if he felt the natural pride
Of power in noble use, too true
With thin humilities to hide
The work he did, the lore he knew?

Was he not just? Was any wronged
By that assured self-estimate?
He took but what to him belonged,
Unenvious of another's state.

Well might he heed the words he spake,
And scan with care the written page
Through which he still shall warm and wake
The hearts of men from age to age.

Ah! who shall blame him now because
He solaced thus his hours of pain?
Should not the o'erworn thresher pause,
And hold to light his golden grain?

No sense of humor dropped its oil
On the hard ways his purpose went;
Small play of fancy lightened toil;
He spake alone the thing he meant.

He loved his books, the art that hints
A beauty veiled behind its own,
The graver's line, the pencil's tints,
The chisel's shape evoked from stone.

He cherished, void of selfish ends,
The social courtesies that bless
And sweeten life, and loved his friends
With most unworldly tenderness.

But still his tired eyes rarely learned
The glad relief by Nature brought;
Her mountain ranges never turned
His current of persistent thought.

The sea rolled chorus to his speech;
The pine-grove whispered of his theme;
Where'er he wandered, rock and beach
Were Forum and the Academe.

The sensuous joy from all things fair
His strenuous bent of soul repressed,
And left, from youth to silvered hair,
Few hours for pleasure, none for rest.

For all his life was poor without:
O Nature, make the last amends!
Train all thy flowers his grave about,
And make thy singing-birds his friends.

Revive again, thou summer rain,
The broken turf upon his bed!
Breathe, summer wind, thy tenderest strain
Of low, sweet music overhead!

Nor cant nor poor solicitudes
Made weak in life's great argument;
Small leisure his for frames and moods,
Who followed Duty where she went.

The broad, fair fields of God he saw
Beyond the bigot's narrow bound;
The truths he moulded into law
In Christ's beatitudes he found.

His state-craft was the Golden Rule,
His right of vote a sacred trust:
Clear, over threat and ridicule,
All heard his challenge: "Is it just?"

And, when the hour supreme had come,
Not for himself a thought he gave:
In that last pang of martyrdom,
His care was for the half-freed slave.

Not vainly dusky hands upbore,
In prayer, the passing soul to heaven,
Whose mercy to the suffering poor
Was service to the Master given.

Long shall the good State's annals tell,
Her children's children long be taught,
How, praised or blamed, he guarded well
The trust he neither shunned nor sought.

If for one moment turned thy face,
O Mother, from thy son, not long
He waited calmly in his place
The sure remorse which follows wrong.

Forgiven be the State he loved
The one brief lapse, the single blot;
Forgotten be the stain removed:
Her righted record shows it not.

The lifted sword above her shield
With jealous care still guard his fame:
The pine-tree on her ancient field
To all the winds shall speak his name.

The marble image of her son
Her loving hands shall yearly crown,
And from her pictured Pantheon
His grand, majestic face look down.

O State so passing rich before!
Who now shall doubt thy highest claim?
The world that counts thy jewels o'er
Shall longest pause at Sumner's name.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS OF EX-GOVERNOR BULLOCK.

After Miss Adelaide Phillips had sung Mendelssohn's "O rest in the Lord," ex-Governor Bullock made the following introductory address: —

In the train of those paying mournful tribute to Charles Sumner, most fit is the presence of the Legislature of Massachusetts. By their act, twenty-four years ago, the gate was opened through which he passed to the Senate of the United States for life.

And now, after this lapse of time, and the close of his career, the government and the people of this Commonwealth contemplate with a just and solemn satisfaction the contribution they then made to the higher sphere of statesmanship. They recall his first appearance there, seemingly lost amidst a majority who were the embodiment and type of ideals so much less heroic and elevated than his own; with what masterly unreserve he began and continued his great mission, abating nothing, disguising nothing, sweeping in his perspective many of the vast results which have since been attained; how he lived to see his grand central aspiration realized, his main purposes accomplished, at his death leaving as a truth never before so well illustrated at the Capitol, — that the character of statesman and senator derives added strength and lustre from the character of scholar and philanthropist, liberator and reformer. At the moment of the greatest triumph of Wilberforce, on the passage of his bill abolishing the slave-trade, Sir Samuel Romilly, amid the ringing acclamations of the House of Commons, called upon the younger members to observe how superior were the rewards of virtue to all the vulgar conceptions of ambition. In the hour of the greatest triumph of Sumner, — the hour of his death, — a like admonition arose from his vacant chair, calling upon American public life to mark the lofty exemplar, by whom, amid abounding corruption, comparative poverty had been held as honor; to whom artifice and intrigue had been an abhorrence; who, in the long practice of official transac-

tions and official manners, had never acquired an official heart; who had guarded his conscience against every assault, and always kept that vessel pure; upon whose headstone the whole Republic inscribes, for its souvenance, INCORRUPTIBLE AND UNAPPROACHABLE. With one mind the senators and representatives of Massachusetts, successors to those who nearly a quarter of a century since sent him forth with the seal of his great commission, are present, by these final and august ceremonies, to deliver him over to history. In selecting their orator for this tender office, they could not fail to call for him who best would give voice to their eulogy. As our lamented senator was a master in all the art of literature, it is fitting that he should be embalmed by the art of another and similar master and personal friend. I introduce to you Mr. George William Curtis.

MR. CURTIS'S ADDRESS.

Mr. Curtis was warmly greeted. He spoke as follows: —

The prayer is said; the dirge is sung; from the waters of the bay to the hills of Berkshire the funeral bells of the Commonwealth have tolled; the Congress of the United States, of which he was the oldest member in continuous service, has in both houses spoken his praises, — no voice more eloquent than that of his opponents; the race to whose elevation his life was consecrated has bewailed him with filial gratitude; this city, his birthplace and his home, has proudly mourned its illustrious citizen; the pulpit

and the press everywhere in the land have blended sorrow and admiration. And now his native State, with all its honored magistracy, — the State which gave him his great opportunity, clothing his words with the majesty of Massachusetts, so that when he spoke it was not the voice of a man, but of a Commonwealth; lamenting a son so beloved, a servant so faithful, a friend so true, — comes last of all to say farewell, and to deliver the character and career of Charles Sumner to history, and the judgment of mankind. I know how amply, how eloquently, how tenderly, the story of his life has been told. In this place you heard it in words that spoke for the culture and the conscience of the country, for the prosperous and happy. And yonder in Faneuil Hall his eulogy fell from lips that must always glow when they mention him, — lips that spoke for the most wronged and most unfortunate in the land, who never saw the face of Sumner, but whose children's children will bless his name forever. I might well hesitate to stand here if I did not know, that, enriched by your sympathy, my words, telling the same tale, will seem to your generous hearts to prolong for a moment the requiem that you would not willingly let die.

Nor think the threefold strain superfluous. How well this universal eulogy — these mingling voices of various nativity, but all American — befits a man whose aims and efforts were universal; whom neither a city, nor a State, nor a party, nor a nation, nor a race, bound with any local limitation! On a lofty hill overlooking the Lake of Cayuga, in New York,

stands a noble tree, in the grounds of the Cornell University, under which an Oxford scholar, choosing America for his home, because America is the home of liberty, has placed a seat upon which he has carved, "Above all nations is humanity." That is the legend which Charles Sumner carved upon his heart, and sought to write upon the hearts of his fellow-citizens and of the world. And if at this moment my voice should suddenly sink into silence, I can believe that this hall would thrill and murmur with the last words he ever publicly spoke in Massachusetts, standing on this very spot: · "Nor would I have my country forget, at any time, in the discharge of its transcendent duties, that, since the rule of conduct and of honor is the same for nations as for individuals, the greatest nation is that which does most for humanity."

THE INFLUENCES THAT MADE THE MAN.

Amidst the general sorrow Massachusetts mourns him by the highest right; for with all the grasp of his hope, and his cosmopolitan genius, perhaps for those very reasons, he was essentially a Massachusetts man. And here I touch the first great influence that moulded your senator. This is the Puritan State; and the greatness of Sumner was the greatness of the Puritan genius, — the greatness of moral power. Learning and culture and accomplishment, æsthetic taste and knowledge, the grace of society, the scholar's rich resource in travel, illustrious friendships in every land, the urbanity and charm of a citizen of the world, — all these he had; all these you know:

yet all these were but the velvet in which the iron Puritan hand was clad, — the Puritan hand which in other days had smitten kings and dynasties hip and thigh; had saved civil and religious liberty in England; had swept the Mediterranean of pirates; had avenged the Lord's

> "Slaughtered saints, whose bones
> Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;"

the Puritan hand which, reaching out across the sea, sterner than the icy sternness of the New-England shore, grasped a new continent, and wrought the amazing miracle of America.

The Puritan spirit in the larger sense, enriched with many nationalities, broader, more generous, more humane, is the master influence of American civilization; and among all our public men it has no type so satisfactory and complete as Charles Sumner. He was the son of Massachusetts. By the fruit let the tree be judged. The State to whose hard coast "The Mayflower" came, and upon whose rocks it dropped its seed; the State in which the mingled Puritan and Pilgrim spirit has been most active, — is to-day the chief of Commonwealths. It is the community in which the average of well-being is higher than in any State we know in history. Puritan in origin though it be, it is more truly liberal and free than any similar community in the world. The fig and the pomegranate and the almond will not grow there, nor the nightingale sing; but nobler blossoms of the old human stock than its most famous children

the sun never shone upon; nor has the liberty-loving heart of man heard sweeter music than the voices of James Otis and Samuel Adams, of John Adams and Joseph Warren, of Josiah Quincy and Charles Sumner. Surely I may say so, born in the State that Roger Williams founded, — Roger Williams, the prophet whom Massachusetts stoned.

Into this State and these influences Charles Sumner was born sixty-three years ago, while as yet the traditions of colonial New England were virtually unchanged. Here were the town-meeting, the constable, the common school, the training-day, the general intelligence, the morality, the habit of self-government, the homogeneity of population, the ample territory, the universal instinct of law. Here was the full daily practice of what De Tocqueville afterward called the two or three principal ideas which form the basis of the social theory of the United States, and which seemed to make a republic possible, practicable, and wise. It was one of the good fortunes of Sumner's life, that, born amidst these influences, he used to the utmost the advantage of school and college. To many men youth itself is so sweet a siren, that, in hearing her song, they forget all but the pleasure of listening to it. But the Sibyl saved no scroll from Sumner: he had the wisdom to seize them all. His classmates, gayly returning late at night, saw the studious light shining in his window. The boy was hard at work already, in those plastic years, storing his mind and memory, which seemed indeed an "inability to forget," with the literature

and historic lore which gave his later discourse such amplitude and splendor of illustration, that, like a royal robe, it was stiff and cumbrous and awkward with exaggerated richness of embroidery. He never lost this vast capacity of work; and his life had no idle hours. Long afterward, when he was in Paris, recovering from the blow in the Senate, ordered not to think or read, and daily, as the physician lately tells us, undergoing a torture of treatment which he refused to mitigate by anæsthetics, simply unable to do nothing, he devoted himself to the study and collection of engravings, in which he became an expert. And I remember, in the midsummer of 1871, when he remained, as was his custom, in Washington, after the city was deserted by all but its local population, and when I saw him daily, that he rose at seven in the morning, and, with but a slight breakfast at nine, sat at his desk in the library hard at work until five in the afternoon. It was his vacation; the weather was tropical; and he was sixty years old. The renowned senator at his post was still the solitary midnight student of the college.

But other influences mingled in his education, and helped to mould the man. While his heart burned with the tale of Plutarch's heroes, with the story of ancient states, and the politics of Greece and Rome and modern Europe, he lived in this historic city, and was therefore familiar with many of the most inspiring scenes of our American story. I know not if the people of this neighborhood are always conscious of the hallowed ground upon which they

daily tread. We who come hither from other States, pilgrims to the cradle of American independence, are moved by emotions such as we cannot elsewhere feel. Here is the "Old South" meeting-house, — and here may it long remain! — where, however changed, still in imagination Sam Adams calls the sons of liberty to their duty. There is the Old State-house, where James Otis, with electric eloquence, brings a continent to its feet. Beneath is the ground where Crispus Attucks fell. Beyond is Faneuil Hall, the plainest and most reverend political temple now standing in the world; and upon the principles which are its inseparable traditions has been founded the most humane republic in history. There is the Old North steeple, on which Paul Revere's lantern lights the land to independence. Below is the water on which the scarlet troops of Percy and of Howe glitter in the June sunshine of ninety-nine years ago; and lo! memorial of a battle lost and a cause won, the tall, gray, melancholy shaft on Bunker Hill rises "till it meets the sun in its coming, while the earliest light of morning gilds it, and parting day lingers and plays on its summit."

These scenes, as well as his books and college, were the school of Sumner; and as the tall and awkward youth, dreaming of Marathon and Arbela, of Sempace and Morgarten, walked on Bunker Hill, and his eyes wandered, over peaceful fields and happy towns, to Concord and Lexington, doubt not that the genius of his native land whispered to him that all knowledge, and the highest training, and the purest

purpose, were but the necessary equipment of the ambition that would serve in any way a country whose cause, in his own day as in the day of Bunker Hill, was the cause of human nature. Charles Sumner was an educated man, a college-bred man, as all the great revolutionary leaders of Massachusetts were; and he knew, as every intelligent man knows, that from the day when Themistocles led the educated Athenians at Salamis, to that when Von Moltke marshalled the educated Germans against France, the sure foundations of states are laid in knowledge, not in ignorance; and that every sneer at education, at cultivation, at book-learning, which is the recorded wisdom of the experience of mankind, is the demagogue's sneer at intelligent liberty, inviting national degeneration and ruin.

Sumner was soon, at the Law School, the favorite pupil of that accomplished magistrate Judge Story, the right-hand of Marshall, to whom in difficult moments the great Webster turned for law. But the character of his legal studies, when, a little later, he was lecturing at the Law School,— for he spoke chiefly of constitutional law and the law of nations, — showed even then the bent of his feeling, the vague reaching-out toward the future, the first faint hints and foreshadowings of his own ultimate career. Could it have been revealed to him, in that modest lecture-room at Cambridge, as he was unfolding to a few students the principles of international law, which in its full glory he believed to be nothing less than the science of the moral relations of states to each other, that one day,

in the Senate of the United States, and in its chief and most honorable place, he should plead for the practical application of the principles which he cherished, a recognized authority, and himself one of the lawgivers whom he had described as the reformers of nations, and the builders of human society; how well might he have seen that culmination of his career as the most secret hope of his heart fulfilled! But again, as he stood there, could he have seen, as in a vision, that one day also he should stand in that senatorial arena in deadly conflict with crime against humanity, — a conflict that shook the continent, and arrested the world, — and as a general upon a battle-field marshals all his forces, holding his swift and glittering lines in hand, his squadrons and regiments and artillery, his skirmishers and reserves, massing and dispersing at his supreme will, and at last, snatching all his force, hurls it at the foe in one blasting bolt of fire and victory, so he, in that other and greater field, should gather up all the accumulated resources of his learning, all the training of the law, all the deep instincts and convictions of his conscience, and hurl them, in one blazing and resistless mass, in the very forefront of that mighty debate that flamed into civil war, melting four millions of chains, and regenerating a nation, — could all this have been revealed to him, I doubt if he could have prepared himself for the great part that he was to play with more conscience or more care.

Then to the influences that made the man was added a residence in Europe. He returned a pol-

ished cosmopolitan; a learned youth who had sat upon the bench in Westminster, and taught the judges the rulings of their own courts; who had mingled on equal terms in the bouts of lettered wit, no longer at the Mermaid, but at Holland House, and the breakfast-rooms of accomplished scholars in London and Paris, and Berlin and Rome. He returned knowing almost every man and woman of renown in Europe; and he brought back what he carried away, — a stainless purity of life, and loftiness of aim, the habit of incessant work, which was the law of his being, and the tastes of a jurist, but not those of a practising lawyer. His look, his walk, his dress, his manner, were not those of the busy advocate, but of the cultivated and brilliant man of society, — the Admirable Crichton of the saloons. He was oftener seen in the refined circles of the city, in the libraries and dining-rooms of Prescott and Quincy, of Bancroft and Ticknor, than in the courts of law. Distinguished foreigners, constantly arriving, brought him letters; and he took them to the galleries and the college. But while he sauntered he studied. In his office he was diligently editing great works of law; not practising at the bar, for, indeed, he was not formed for a jury lawyer, where the jury was less than a nation or mankind. The electric agility, the consummate tact, the readiness for every resource, the humor that brightens or withers, the command of the opposite point of view, the superficial ardor, the facility of simulation that makes the worse appear the better reason, the passionate gust and sweep of

eloquent appeal, — these were lacking; and, wanting these, he did not seek the laurels of the jury advocate. Sumner's legal mind at this time, and throughout his life, was largely moulded, trained to the contemplation of great principles and lofty research. As one of his admiring comrades, himself a renowned lawyer, says of him, "In sporting terms, he had a good eye for country, but no scent for a trail." The movement of his mind was grand and comprehensive. He spoke naturally, not in subtle and dexterous pleas, but in stately and measured orations.

When he returned from Europe, he was thought to have been too much fascinated by England; and throughout his life it was sometimes said that he was still inthralled by his admiration for that country. But what is more natural to an American than love of England? Does not Hawthorne instinctively call it "our old home"? The Pilgrims came to plant a purer England; and their children, the colonists, took up arms to maintain a truer England, but an England still. They became independent, but they did not renounce their race nor their language; and their victory left them the advanced outpost of English political progress and civilization. The principles that we most proudly maintain to-day, those to which Sumner's whole life was devoted, are English traditions. The great muniments of individual liberty in every degree descended to us from our fathers. The commonwealth, justice as the political corner-stone, the rule of the constitutional majority, the *habeas corpus*, the trial by jury freedom of speech and of

the press,— these are English, and they are ours. I do not agree with the melancholy Fisher Ames, that "the immortal spirit of the wood-nymph Liberty dwells only in the English oak;" but the most patriotic American may well remember that individual freedom sometimes seems almost surer and sturdier in England than here, and may wisely repair to drink at those elder fountains. No Englishman in this generation has more influenced the thought of his country than John Stuart Mill; and the truest American will find upon his heroic pages gleams of a fairer and ampler America than ever in vision even Samuel Adams saw. No, no. Plymouth Rock was but a stepping-stone from one continent to another, in the great march of the same historic development; and to-day, with electric touch, we grasp the hand of England under the sea, that the tumult of the ocean may not toss us farther asunder, but throb as the beating of one common heart. Is it strange, then, that the young lawyer, whose deepest instinct was love of freedom, and whose youth had been devoted to the study of that noble science whose highest purpose is to defend individual right, after long residence in the land of John Selden, of Coke, of Mansfield, of Blackstone, of Romilly, as well as of Shakspeare and Bacon, of Newton and Jeremy Taylor; a land which had appealed in every way to his heart, his mind, his imagination; whose history had inspired, whose learning had armed him to be a liberator of the oppressed, — should always have turned with admiration to the country "where," as her laureate sings, —

"Freedom broadens slowly down
From precedent to precedent" ?

MR. SUMNER'S ENTRANCE INTO THE SLAVERY CONFLICT.

Such were the general influences that moulded the young Sumner. But to what a situation in his own country he returned! — a situation neither understood nor suspected by the fastidious and elegant circles which received him. The man never lived who enjoyed more, or was more fitted to enjoy, the higher delights of human society than Sumner, or who might have seemed, to those who scanned his habits and his tastes, so little adapted for the heroic part. Could the scope and progress and culmination of the great contest, which had already begun, have been foreseen and measured, Charles Sumner would probably have been selected as the type of the cultivated and scholarly gentleman, who would recoil from the conflict as Sir Thomas Browne shunned the stern tumult of the great rebellion.

In speaking of that conflict, I shall speak plainly: I hope to speak truly. To turn to Mr. Sumner's public career is to open a chapter of our history written in fire, and closed in blood, but which we must be willing to recall if we would justly measure the man. Trained, in his own expectation, for other ends, framed for friendship, for gentleness, for professional and social ease, and the placid renown of letters, he was suddenly caught up into the stormy cloud; and his life became a strife that filled a gene-

ration. But during all that tremendous time, on the one hand enthusiastically trusted, on the other contemptuously scorned and hated, his heart was that of a little child. He said no unworthy word, he did no unmanly deed; dishonor fled his face; and to-day those who so long and so naturally, but so wrongfully, believed him their enemy, strew rosemary for remembrance upon his grave.

Down to the year 1830 the moral agitation against slavery in this country smouldered. But in that year Benjamin Lundy touched with fire the soul of William Lloyd Garrison, and that agitation burst out again irrepressibly. You remember — who can forget? — the passionate onset of the abolitionists. It was conscience rising in insurrection. They made their great appeal with the ardor of martyrs, and the zeal of primitive Christians. Fifth-monarchy men, ranters, Anabaptists, were never more repugnant to their times than they; and they became the prey of the worst and most disorderly passions. The abolition missionaries were mobbed, imprisoned, maimed, murdered: but still, as, in the bitter days of Puritan persecution in Scotland, the undaunted voices of the Covenanters were heard singing hymns that echoed and re-echoed from peak to peak of the barren mountains, until the great, dumb wilderness was vocal with praise; so the solemn appeal of the abolitionists to the Golden Rule, and the Declaration of Independence, echoed from solitary heart to heart, until the land rang with the litany of liberty. In politics the discussion had been stamped out, like a threatening fire

upon the prairie, wherever it arose. But, soon after Mr. Sumner's return from Europe, this, too, flamed out afresh in the attempted annexation of Texas. Early in 1845 the plan was consummated. Mr. Summer was a Whig; but then and always he was, above all, a man. He was too well versed in the history of freedom not to know that the great victories over despotism and slavery in every form had been won by united action; and he knew that united action implies organization and a party. But, while great political results are to be gained by means of great parties, he knew that a party which is too blind to see, or too cowardly to acknowledge, the real issue; which pursues its ends, however noble, by ignoble means; which tolerates corruption; which trusts unworthy men; which suffers the public service to be prostituted to personal ends, — defies reason and conscience, and summons all honest men to oppose it. When conscienee goes, all goes; and wherever conscience went, Charles Sumner followed. It took him out of those delightful drawing-rooms and tranquil libraries; it drew him away from old companions and cherished friends; it exposed him to their suspicion, their hostility, their scorn; it forbade him the peaceful future of his dreams and expectations; it placed him at the fiery heart of the fiercest conflict of the century; it hedged his life with insults, and threats, and plots of assassination; it bared his head to the dreadful blow that struck him senseless to the Senate-floor, and sent him, a tortured wanderer, beyond the sea; later it separated him from the co-

operation of colleagues, and severed him from his party; and at last it exposed him, sick in body and in mind, to the blow that wounded his soul, — the censure of his beloved Massachusetts. But he did not quail; he did not falter: he showed himself still to be her worthy son. Wherever conscience went, Charles Sumner followed. "God help me!" cried Martin Luther: "I can no other." "God help me!" said Charles Sumner: "I must do my duty."

The Whigs are, or ought to be, he said in 1845, the party of freedom. But when they refused to recognize the real contest in the country, by rejecting, in their national convention of 1848, the Wilmot Proviso, Mr. Sumner went with the other conscience-Whigs to Worcester, and organized the Free-soil party. And when, in the winter of 1850–51, the Legislature of Massachusetts was to elect the successor of Daniel Webster in the Senate of the United States, the Free-soil chiefs, as upright, able, and patriotic a body of political leaders as ever Massachusetts had, deliberately selected Mr. Sumner as their candidate, — a selection which showed the estimate of the man by those who knew him most intimately, and who most thoroughly understood the times. He was young, strong, learned, variously accomplished, a miracle of industry, zealous, pure, of indomitable courage, and of supreme moral energy. But he had little political ambition, and in 1846 had peremptorily declined to be a candidate for Congress. He was not a member of either of the great parties. He would not make any pledge of any kind, or move his tongue, or wink

his eye, to secure success. He was pledged, then and always, and only, to his sense of right. He stood for no partisan end whatever, but simply and solely for uncompromising resistance to slavery. The contest of the election was long: it lasted for three months; and on the 24th of April, 1851, he was elected. "I accept," he said, "as the servant of Massachusetts, mindful of the sentiments uttered by her successive legislatures, of the genius which inspires her history, and of the men, her perpetual pride and ornament, who breathed into her that breath of liberty which early made her an example to her sister States." How these lofty words lift us out of the grossness of public corruption and incapacity, into the air of ideal states and public men! What a stately summons are they to his beloved Massachusetts, once more to take the lead, and again to guide her sister States to greater political purity, and the ancient standards of public character and service!

The hour in which Mr. Sumner wrote those words — the hour of his entrance upon public life — was the darkest of our history. But, if his mind had turned regretfully to that tranquil career of his earlier anticipation, how well might his good genius have whispered to him what the flower of English gentlemen and scholars had written three hundred years before, "To what purpose should our thoughts be directed to various kinds of knowledge, unless room be afforded for putting it into practice, so that public advantage may be the result?" or that other strain, full of the music of a consecrated soul, in

which Philip Sidney writes to his father-in-law, Walsingham, "I think a wise and constant man ought never to grieve while he doth play, as a man may say, his own part truly."

What, then, was the political situation when Mr. Sumner entered the Senate? Slavery had apparently subdued the country. Grand juries in the Northern States presented citizens who in time of peace wished to discuss vital public questions, as guilty of sedition. The legislatures were summoned to make their speeches indictable offences. In the legislature of Rhode Island, such a bill was reported. The governor of New York favored such a law. The governor of Ohio delivered a citizen of that State to the authorities of another to be tried for helping a slave to escape. The governor of Massachusetts said that all discussion of the subject which tended to incite insurrection had been held to be indictable. Every great national office was then, and long had been, held by the ministers of slavery. The American ambassadors in Europe were everywhere silent, or smoothly apologized. Every committee in Congress was the servant of slavery; and, when the vice-president left his seat in the Senate, it was filled by another like himself. All the attendants who stood around him, the doorkeepers, messengers, sergeants-at-arms, down to the very pages who noiselessly skimmed the floor, were selected by its agents. Beyond the superb walls of the Capitol, which Senator Benton had long solemnly warned the country was built by permission of that supreme power which

would seize and occupy it when the time came, the whole vast system of national offices was within the patronage of slavery. Every little post-office, every custom-house clerkship, was a bribe to silence; while the Postmaster-General of the United States robbed the mails at its bidding. When Sumner entered the Senate, the most absolute subserviency to slavery was decreed as the test of nationality; and that power did not hesitate to declare that any serious effort, however lawfully made, to change its policy, would strike the tocsin of civil war. Meanwhile, at the very moment of his election, the horrors of the Fugitive-Slave Law had burst upon thousands of innocent homes. Mothers snatched their children, and fled they knew not whither. Brave men, long safe in recovered liberty, were seized for no crime but misfortune, and hurried to their doom. Young men and girls who had been always free, always residents of their own States, were kidnapped and sold. The anguish, the sublime heroism, of this ghastly persecution fills one of the most tragical and most inspiring epochs of our story. Even those who publicly sustained the law from a sense of duty secretly helped the flying fugitives upon their way. The human heart is stronger than sophistry. The man who impatiently exclaimed that of course the law was hard, but it was the law, and must be obeyed, suddenly felt the quivering, panting fugitive clinging to his knees, guilty of no crime, and begging only the succor which no honest heart would refuse a dog cowering upon his threshold; and as he heard the dread power thunder-

ing at the door, "I am the law: give me my prey!" in the same moment he heard God knocking at his heart, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my little ones, ye have done it unto me."

Those days are passed. That fearful conflict is over; and the flowers just strewn all through these sorrowing States, indiscriminately upon the graves of the blue and the gray, show how truly it is ended. Heaven knows I speak of it with no willingness, with no bitterness; but how can I show you Charles Sumner if I do not show you the time that made him what he was? This was the political and moral situation of the country when he took the oath as senator, on the 1st of December, 1851. The famous political triumvirate of the former generation was gone. Mr. Calhoun, the master-will of the three, had died in the previous year; Mr. Webster was Secretary of State; and Henry Clay, with fading eye, and bowed frame, and trembling voice, — Henry Clay, compromise incarnate, — feebly tottered out of the chamber as Charles Sumner, conscience incarnate, came in. As he took the oath the new triumvirate was complete; for Mr. Seward and Mr. Chase had taken their seats two years before. For some months Mr. Sumner did not speak upon the great topic; and many of his friends at home thought him keeping silence too long, half fearing that he too had been enchanted by the woful Circe of the South. They did not know how carefully slavery prevented him from finding an opportunity. A month before he could get the floor for his purpose, Theodore Parker said, in a public speech,

"I wish he had spoken long ago. . . . But it is for him to decide, not for us. 'A fool's bolt is soon shot,' while a wise man often reserves his fire." At length, on the 26th of August, 1852, after many efforts to be heard, Mr. Sumner obtained the floor, saying, as he arose, "The subject is at last broadly before the Senate, and by the blessing of God it shall be discussed."

THE FIRST GREAT SPEECH UPON THE REPEAL OF THE FUGITIVE-SLAVE LAW.

This first great speech upon the repeal of the Fugitive-Slave Law was the most significant event in the Senate since Mr. Webster's reply to Hayne, and an epitome of Mr. Sumner's whole public career. It was one of the words that are events, and from which historical epochs take their departure. These are strong words. See if they are justified. The slavery debate was certainly the most momentous that had ever occurred in the country; and brave words had been already uttered for freedom. The subtle and sanguine and sagacious Seward had spoken often and wisely. The passionless Chase, with massive and Websterian logic, had pressed his solid reasoning home; and the gay humor of Hale had irradiated his earnest and strenuous appeals. But all of these men were known to their colleagues as members of parties, as politicians, as men of political ambition. With such elements and men, slavery was accustomed to deal. Carefully studying the senator from New York, it saw, with the utmost purity of charac-

ter, trained ability, acute political instinct, and partisan habit, the intellectual optimist, who grasped the situation with his brain rather than with his heart and conscience. It tested him by its own terrible earnestness. It weighed him in the balance of its own unquailing and uncompromising resolution, and found him wanting. Do not misunderstand me. Mr. Seward was the only political leader for whom I had ever felt the admiring loyalty which older men felt for Webster and Calhoun and Clay. His career has been nobly set forth by your own distinguished citizen, Mr. Adams, in his discourse before the legislature of New York. And, as he went to Albany to say what he believed to be the truth, so have I come hither. Slavery knew Mr. Seward to be accustomed to political considerations, to party necessities, to the claims of compromise. It knew the scope of his political philosophy, the brightness of his hope of American glory under the Union, the steady certainty of his trust that all would be well. Even if, like Webster and Calhoun and Clay, he saw the gathering storm, he thought — and he did not conceal his thought — that he had the confidence of his opponents, and could avert or control the tempest. Slavery knew that he could not. If he proudly declared the higher law, slavery knew that he did it, as Plato announced the Golden Rule, as a thinker, not as an actor; as a philosopher, not as the founder of a religion, ready to be sealed with fire and blood. But this was the very spirit of slavery; and it did not see it to be his.

In the midst of a speech which logically cut the ground from beneath the slave interest, and calmly foretold the blessing of the emancipation that was unavoidable, Mr. Seward would sometimes turn, and hold out his fingers for a pinch of snuff toward some southern senator, who, turning away his face, offered him the box. When the Senate adjourned, Mr. Seward would perhaps join the same colleague, to stroll home along the avenue as if they had been country lawyers coming from a court where they had been arguing a dry point of law. It showed how imperfectly he felt, or how inadequately he measured, the sullen intensity and relentless purpose of the spirit which dominated our politics, and would pause at nothing in its course. In a word, that spirit was essentially revolutionary, and Mr. Seward had not a revolutionary fibre in his being. Long afterward, when the movement of secession had begun, as he walked with a fellow-senator to the Capitol, on the morning of Washington's birthday, he saw on all sides the national flags fluttering in the sun, and exclaimed to his companion, with triumphant incredulity, "Look there! see those flags! And yet they talk of disunion!"

Up to the moment of Mr. Sumner's appearance in the Senate, Mr. Seward had been the foremost anti-slavery leader in public life. But slavery, carefully studying him, believed, as I think, that he would compromise. That was the test. If he would compromise, he might annoy, but he was not to be feared. If he would compromise, he might melodiously sing

the glory of the Union at his pleasure. If he would compromise, he would yield. If he were not as invincibly resolute as slavery, he was already conquered; and he was the leader of the North. There sat Seward in the Senate; yes, and there Webster had sat, there Clay had sat, with all their great and memorable service; there in its presiding chair Millard Fillmore had sat; and over them all slavery had stalked straight on in its remorseless, imperial career. And if, as Mr. Seward's most able eulogist mournfully remarks, he was permitted at last to leave public life "with fewer marks of recognition of his brilliant career than he would have had if he had been the most insignificant of our presidents," may it not be, that without questioning his generous character, his lofty ability, and his illustrious service, there was a general feeling, that, in the last administration under which he served, he had seemed in some degree to justify the instinct of slavery, that his will was not as sternly inexorable as its own?

I do not, of course, forget that compromise makes government possible, and that the Union was based upon it. "All government," says Burke, "is founded upon compromise and barter. . . . But," he adds, "in all fair dealing, the thing bought must bear some proportion to the purchase paid. None will barter away the immediate jewel of the soul." So Sir James Mackintosh said of Lord Somers, whom he described as the perfect model of a wise statesman in a free community, that "to be useful, he submitted to

compromise with the evil that he could not extirpate." But it is the instinct of the highest statesmanship to know when the jewel of which Burke speaks is demanded, and to resolve that at any cost it shall not be sold. John Pym had it when he carried up to the lords the impeachment of Strafford. John Adams had it when he lifted the Continental Congress in his arms, and hurled it over the irrevocable line of independence. Charles Sumner had it when, at the close of his first great speech in the Senate, he exclaimed, in the face of slavery in its highest seat, "By the Constitution which I have sworn to support, I am bound to disobey this act." Until that moment slavery had not seen in public life the man whom it truly feared. But now, amazed, incredulous, appalled, it felt that it had met its master. Here was a spirit as resolute and haughty as its own, with resources infinitely richer. Here at last was the North, the American conscience, the American will, — the heir of the traditions of English Magna Charta, and, far beyond them, of the old Swiss cantons high on the heaven-kissing Alps, — the spirit that would not wince, nor compromise, nor bend, but which, like a cliff of adamant, said to the furious sea, "Here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

Ten years afterward, when States were seceding and preparing to secede, when the reluctant mind of the North began to see that war was possible, when even many of Mr. Sumner's and Mr. Seward's party friends trembled in dismay, Mr. Seward ended his last speech in the Senate, a guarded plea for the

Union, by concessions which amazed many of his most earnest friends. I know that he thought it the part of a wise statesmanship that he who was to be the head of the new administration should retain, if possible, the support of the opposition of the North, by shunning every thing like menace, and by speaking in the most temperate and conciliatory tone. But his mournful concluding words, "I learned early from Jefferson that in political affairs we cannot always do what seems to us absolutely best," sounded at that time, and under those circumstances, like a mortal cry of defeat and surrender. And, at the very time that Mr. Seward was speaking these words, Mr. Sumner was one evening surprised by a visit in Washington from a large number of the most conspicuous citizens of Boston, all of whom had been among his strongest and most positive political opponents. He welcomed them gravely, seeing that their purpose was very serious; and, after a few moments, the most distinguished member of the party made an impassioned appeal to the senator. "You know us all," he said, "as fellow-citizens of yours, who have always and most strongly regretted and opposed your political course. But at this awful moment, when the country hangs upon the edge of civil war, — and what civil war means you know, — we believe that there is one man only who can avert the threatening calamity; one man whom the North really trusts, and by whose counsels it will be guided. We believe that you are that man. The North will listen to you, and to no other; and we are here in the

name of humanity and civilization, to implore you to save your country." The speaker was greatly affected; and, after a moment, Mr. Sumner said, "Sir, I am surprised that you attribute to me such influence. I will, however, assume it. Be it so. What, then, is it that you would have me do?" — "We implore you, Mr. Sumner, as you love your country and your God, to vote for the Crittenden Compromise."— "Sir," said Charles Sumner, rising to his lofty height, and never more Charles Sumner than in that moment, "if what you say is indeed true, and if at this moment the North trusts me, as you think, beyond all others, it is because the North knows that under no circumstances whatever would I compromise."

It was precisely because slavery recognized this when he made his first important speech, and felt for the first time the immense force behind his words, that I call that speech so significant an event. I do not claim for Sumner deeper convictions, or a sterner will, than those of many of his associates. But the abolitionists, however devoted and eloquent, were only private citizens, and agitators, who adjured political methods. They seemed, to the supreme influence in the government, a band of pestilent fanatics. But Charles Sumner in the Senate, Charles Sumner in the seat of Daniel Webster, saying that the Constitution forbade him to obey the Fugitive-Slave Law, was not an individual: he was a representative man. No meeting of enthusiastic men and women in a schoolhouse had sent him to the Senate,

but the legislature of a State: not that alone; for that legislature had not sent him as the representative of a party, but of an idea, — an idea which had been powerful enough to hold its friends close together through a contest of three months, and at last, defeating the influences which had so long controlled unquestioned the politics of the State, had lifted into the Senate a man pledged only to cry, *Delenda est Carthago*, and who, by the law of his mental and moral structure, could no more compromise the principle at stake than he could tell a lie. Still further: slavery heard the young senator proudly assert that the Constitution did not recognize slavery, except in the slave-trade clause, whose force was long since spent; that the clause upon which the Fugitive Law was grounded was a mere compact, conferring no power; and that every detail of the process provided was flagrantly and palpably unconstitutional. Slavery, he insisted, was sectional, liberty national; and, throwing this popular cry to the country, he irradiated his position with so splendid an illumination of illustration, precedent, argument, appeal, that it shone all over the land. How, like a sunrise, it strengthened and stimulated and inspired the North! It furnished the quiver of a thousand orators and newspapers, and was an exhaustless treasury of resources for the debate. Above all, it satisfied men bred in reverence of law that their duty as citizens was coincident with the dictates of their consciences, and that the Constitution justified them in withstanding the statute which their souls loathed.

This was the very service that the country needed at that time. And, that no dramatic effect should be wanting, as Henry Clay had left the Senate for the last time on the day that Mr. Sumner was sworn in, so, as he was making his first great plea for justice under the Constitution, his predecessor, Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State, came into the chamber, and also for the last time. I know no more impressive scene. There is the old senator, then the chief figure in America, who a year before, on the 7th of March, had made his last speech, supporting the policy of the Fugitive-slave Bill, and against the Wilmot Proviso. Worn, wasted, sad, with powers so great, and public service so renowned, the Olympian man, who had sought so long, so ably, so vainly, to placate the implacable, his seventy years ending in baffled hopes, and bitter disappointment, and a broken heart, gazed, with those eyes of depthless melancholy, upon his successor. And here stands that successor, with the light of spotless youth upon his face, towering, dauntless, radiant; the indomitable Puritan, speaking as a lawyer, a statesman, and a man, not for his State alone, nor for his country only, but for human rights everywhere and always, forecasting the future, heralding the new America. As Webster looked and listened, did he recall the words of that younger man seven years before, in Faneuil Hall, when he prayed the party that Webster led to declare for emancipation? Did he remember the impassioned appeal to himself, that, as he had justly earned the title of Defender of the Constitution, so now he

should devote his marvellous powers to the overthrow of slavery, and thereby win a nobler name? Alas! it was demanding dawn of the sunset. It was beseeching yesterday to return to-morrow. It was imploring Daniel Webster to be Charles Sumner. No, fellow-citizens, in that appeal Sumner forecast his own glory. "Assume, then," cried he, "these unperformed duties. The aged shall bear witness to you; the young shall kindle with rapture as they repeat the name of Webster; the large company of the ransomed shall teach their children, and their children's children, to the latest generation, to call you blessed; and you shall have yet another title, never to be forgotten on earth or in heaven, — Defender of Humanity."

I dwell upon this first great speech of Mr. Sumner's in the Senate, because it illustrates his own public qualities and character, his aims and his methods. He began to take an official part in affairs when all questions were determined by a single interest, a single policy, and all issues grew out of that. His nature was so transparent and simple, and the character of his relation to his time so evident, that there is but one story to tell. All his greater speeches upon domestic topics, after that of August, 1852, were but amplifications of the theme. The power that he had defied did not relax, but redoubled its efforts to subdue the country to its will; and every new attempt found Sumner with more practised powers, with more comprehensive resources, ready and eager for the battle. For the whole of his

active career, before, during, and after the war, his work was substantially the same. He was essentially an orator and a moral reformer ; and with unsurpassed earnestness of appeal, emphasized from first to last by the incalculable weight of his commanding character, his work was to rouse and kindle and inspire the public opinion of the country to his own uncompromising hostility to slavery. In this crusade he traversed the land, as it were, by his speeches, a new Peter the Hermit; and by his sincerity, his unconquerable zeal, his affluent learning, making history and literature and art tributary to his purpose, he entered the houses and hearts and minds of the people of the Northern States, and fanned the flame of a holy hatred of the intolerable and audacious wrong. It was indispensable to this work, that he should not be able to admit any qualification of its absorbing necessity, or any abatement of the urgency with which it must be pursued. Once in later days, when I argued with him that opponents might be sincere, and that there was some reason on the other side, he thundered in reply, "Upon such a question there *is* no other side!" The time required such a leader,— a man who did not believe there was another side to the question, who would treat difference of opinion almost as moral delinquency; and the hour found the man in Sumner.

THE NEEDS OF THE TIME MET BY MR. SUMNER.

For see what the leadership of opinion in this country then demanded. In the first place, and for

the reasons I have mentioned, — the instinct, traditions, and habits of the dominant race in our civilization, — such a leader must be a man who showed that the great principles of liberty, but of liberty under law, of what we call regulated liberty, were on his side; whose familiarity with the Constitution and with constitutional interpretation, and whose standing among lawyers who dealt with the comprehensive spirit and purpose of the law, was recognized and commanding; so that, instructed by him, the farmer in the field, the mechanic in his shop, the traveller by the way, — all law-loving Americans everywhere, could maintain the contest with their neighbors, point by point, upon the letter of the Constitution, or show, or think they showed, that the supreme law in its intention, in the purpose of its authors, by the unquestionable witness of the time, demanded an interpretation and a statute in favor of liberty. Then, in the second place, this leader must be identified with a political party; for the same instinct which seeks the law, and leans upon precedent, acts through the organization of parties. The Free-soil sentiment that sent Sumner to the Senate was the real creative force in our politics at that time. It had a distinct organization in several States. It had nominated presidential candidates at Buffalo; and, although the Whig and Democratic were still the great parties, the Free-soil principle was necessarily the nucleus around which a new and truly national party must presently gather. In 1852 the common enemy silenced the Whig party, which almost in-

stantly dissolved as a powerful element in politics; and the Republican party arose. No man had done more to form the opinion, and deepen the conviction, from which it sprang, than Sumner: no man accepted its aid with more alacrity, or saw more clearly its immense opportunity. As early as September, 1854, he declared in the State convention of his political friends, "As Republicans we go forth to encounter the oligarchs of slavery;" and eighteen years afterwards, in warning the party against what he thought to be a fatal course, he said that he had been one of the straitest of the sect, who had never failed to sustain its candidates, or to advance its principles. He was indeed one of its fathers. No citizen who has acted with that party will question the greatness of his service to it: no citizen who opposed that party will deny it. The personal assault upon him in the Senate, following his prodigious defence of the Republican position and policy, and, soon after, the first national nominations of the party, made him, throughout the inspiring summer of 1856, to the imaginations of the twelve hundred thousand men who voted for its candidates, the very type and illustration of their hope and purpose. Nothing less than such humanity in the national policy, and such lofty character in public life, as were expressed by the name of Charles Sumner, was the aim of the great political awakening of that time. The rank and file of the party, to borrow a military phrase, dressed upon Sumner; and long afterward, when party differences had arisen, I am sure that I spoke for the

great body of his political associates when I said to one who indignantly regretted his course, that while at that time, and under those circumstances, we could not approve his judgment, yet there were thousands and thousands of men who would be startled and confused to find themselves marching, in a political campaign, out of step with Charles Sumner. Thus he satisfied the second imperative condition of leadership of which I speak, as a conspicuous and decided party chief.

But there were certain modifications of these conditions, essential to the position; and these also were found in Sumner. Such was the felicity of his career, that even his defects of constitution served to equip him more fully for his task. Thus, while it was indispensable, under the circumstances, that he should be a constitutional and international lawyer, it was no less essential that his mind should deal more with principles than with details, and with the spirit rather than the letter. He saw so clearly the great end to be achieved, that he seemed sometimes almost to assume the means. Like an Alpine guide leading his company of travellers toward the pure and awful heights, with his eye fixed upon their celestial beauty, and his soul breathing an

"Ampler ether, a diviner air,"

he moved straight on, disdaining obstacles that would have perplexed a guide less absolutely absorbed, and who by moments of doubt and hesitation would have imperilled every thing.

Thus his legal mind, in the pursuit of a moral end, had sometimes what I may call a happy lack of logic. Sure of his end, and that every thing ought to make for it, he felt that every thing did make for it. For instance, his first great public oration, upon "The True Grandeur of Nations," was a most powerful presentation of the glory and beauty of peace, and a mighty denunciation of the horrors and wrongs of war. It was an intrepid and impressive discourse, and its influence will be deep and lasting; but it overstated its own case. It exposed the citizen soldier not only to ridicule, but to moral aversion. And yet the young men who sat in martial array before the orator had not submitted to military discipline merely for the splendor of a parade, but that in the solemn and exigent hour they might the more effectively defend the public safety and private honor, the school and the hospital, and social order itself, the only guaranty of peace; and all this not at the arbitrary command of their own will, but by the lawful and considered word of the civil power. What is the military force which he derided but, in the last resort, the law which he revered, in execution? As a friend asked him, Are the judgments of Story and Shaw advice merely? Do they not, if need be, command every bayonet in the State? Is force wrong? and must the policeman not only be prohibited from carrying a pistol or club, but must he be forbidden to lay his hand upon the thief in the act to compel him to the station? The young citizen soldiers who sat before the orator were simply the ultimate police.

To decry to them, with resounding and affluent power, the practice which covered war with a false lustre, was a noble service; but to do it in a way that would forbid the just and lawful punishment of a murderer disclosed a defective logic. Thus Sumner sometimes used arguments that were two-edged swords, apt to wound the wielder as well as the enemy. And so he sometimes adopted propositions of constitutional or international law which led straight to his moral end, but which would hardly have endured the legal microscope. Yet he maintained them with such fervor of conviction, such an array of precedent, such amplitude of illustration, that to the great popular mind, morally exalted like his own, his statements had the majesty and the conclusiveness of demonstrations.

And this, again, was what the time needed. The debate was essentially, although under the forms of law, revolutionary. It aimed at the displacement, not only of an administration, but of a theory of the government and of traditional usage that did not mean to yield without a struggle. It required, therefore, not the judicially logical mind, nor the fine touch of casuistry that splits and halts and defers until the cause is lost, but the mind so absolutely alive with the idea, and fixed upon the end, that it compels the means. John Pym was resolved that Strafford should be impeached, and he found the law for it. Charles Sumner was resolved that slavery should fall, and he found the Constitution for it. When the great debate ended, and there was the moment of dread silence before the outburst of civil war, — the legal casuistry,

which had found the terrors of the Fugitive-Slave Law constitutional, could see no power in the Constitution to coerce States, — Charles Sumner, who had found in the Constitution no authority for slave-hunting, answered the furious cannonade at Fort Sumter by declaring that slavery had legally destroyed itself, and by demanding immediate emancipation.

And, as the crisis in which Sumner lived required that in a leader the qualities of a lawyer should be modified by those of the patriot and the moralist, so it demanded that the party man should be more than a partisan. He never forgot that a party is a means, not an end. He knew the joy and the power of association, — no man better. He knew the history of parties everywhere, — in Greece and Rome, in England and France, and in our own earlier day; and he knew how insensibly a party comes to resemble an army, and an army to stand for the country and cause which it has defended. But he knew, above all, that parties are kept pure and useful only by the resolute independence of their members; and that those leaders, whom, from their lofty principle and uncompromising qualities, parties do not care to nominate, are the very leaders who make parties able to elect their candidates. The Republican party was organized to withstand slavery when slavery dared all. It needed, therefore, one great leader, at least, who was not merely a partisan, who did not work for party ends, but for the ends of the party. It needed a man absorbed and mastered by hostility to slavery; a man of one idea, like Columbus, with

his whole soul trembling ever to the west, wearying courts and kings and councils with his single incessant and importunate plea, until he sailed over the horizon, and gave a New World to the Old; a man of one idea, like Luther, pleading his private conscience against the ancient hierarchy, and giving both worlds religious liberty. Yes, a man of one idea, — this was what the time demanded in public and party life, and this it found in Charles Sumner; not an anti-slavery man only, but a man in whose soul for thirty years the sigh of the slave never ceased, and whose dying words were a prayer to save the bill that made that slave wholly an equal citizen.

When the Republican party came into power, it was forced to conduct a war in which the very same qualities were demanded. The public mind needed constantly to be roused and sustained by the trumpet-note of an ever higher endeavor; and from no leader did it hear that tone more steadily and clearly than from Sumner. When the most radical, which in such a moment is the wisest, policy came to be discussed in detailed measures, he had already robbed it of its terrors by making it familiar. While Congress declared, by a vote almost unanimous, that emancipation was not a purpose or an element of the war, Sumner proclaimed to the country that slavery was perpetual war, and that emancipation only was peace. Like Nelson in the battle of the Baltic, when the admiral signalled to stop fighting, he put the glass to his blind eye, and shouted, "I don't see the admiral's signal: nail my own colors to the mast

for closer battle!" As before the war, so while it raged, he felt the imperial necessity of the conclusion so strongly that he made all arguments serve, and forced all facts into line. He was alive with the truth that Dryden nobly expresses: "I have heard, indeed, of some virtuous persons who have ended unfortunately; but never of any virtuous nation. Providence is engaged too deeply when the cause becomes so general." Mr. Lincoln, who was a natural diplomatist, fortunately understood Mr. Sumner. The president knew as well as the senator that the war sprung from slavery. He had already said that the house of the Union divided against itself could not stand. He knew as well as Sumner that slavery must be smitten. But he knew also that in his position he could not smite until public opinion lifted his arm. To stimulate that opinion, therefore, was the most precious service to the president, to the country, and the world. Thus it was not the appeal to Lincoln, it was the appeal to public opinion, that was demanded. It was not Sumner's direct, but his reflected light that was so useful. And when the president at last raised his arm, — for he pulled no unripe fruit, and he did nothing until he thought the time had fully come, — he knew that the country was ready, and that no man more than Sumner had made it so. When the Assistant Secretary of State carried the engrossed copy of the emancipation proclamation to Mr. Lincoln to sign, he had been shaking hands all the morning, so that his writing was unsteady. He looked at it for a moment, with his sadly humor-

ous smile, and then said, "When people see that shaky signature, they will say, 'See how uncertain he was!' But I was never surer of any thing in my life."

But, while Sumner righteously stimulated public opinion during the war, not less, on one memorable occasion, did he righteously moderate it. I once ventured to ask Mr. Seward, what, in his judgment, was the darkest hour of the war. He answered instantly, "The time that elapsed between my informally sending to Lord Lyons a draft of my reply in the 'Trent' case, and my hearing from him that it would be satisfactory." He thought it the darkest hour, because he knew that in that reply he had made the utmost concession that public opinion would tolerate; and, if it were not satisfactory, nothing remained but war with England, — a war which, Mr. Adams tells us, he thinks that the British government expected, and for which it had already issued naval instructions. Mr. Sumner, who was most friendly with Mr. Seward, was chairman of the Senate Committee of Foreign Relations; and, next to his constant and inspiring consciousness that he was a senator of Massachusetts, his position at the head of that committee was the pride and glory of his official life. Few men in the country have ever been so amply fitted for it as he. From his youth he had been a student of international law. He was master of its history and literature. It was his hope — surely a noble ambition — to contribute to it something that might still further humanize the comity of nations. He was

familiar with the current politics of the world; and he personally knew most of the distinguished foreign statesmen of his time. Above all, he brought to his chair the lofty conviction expressed by another master of international law, that "the same rules of morality which hold together men in families, and which form families into commonwealths, also link together those commonwealths as members of the great society of mankind." He was very proud of that chairmanship; and when, in the spring of 1871, upon the annual renewal of the committees of the Senate, his Republican colleagues decided not to restore him to his chair, he felt degraded and humiliated before the country and foreign powers. He had held it for ten years. His party was still in the ascendant. His qualifications were undeniable. And he felt that the refusal to restore him implied some deep distrust or dissatisfaction, for which, whatever good reasons existed, none but the pleasure of the Senate has yet been given to the country.

While he was still chairman, and at a critical moment, the seizure of "The Trent" was hailed with frantic applause. Nothing seemed less likely than that an administration could stand which should restore the prisoners; and Mr. Seward's letter was one of the ablest and most skilful that he ever wrote. Mr. Adams says frankly, that, in his judgment, it saved the unity of the nation. But the impressive fact of the moment was the acquiescence of the country in the surrender; and that, in great degree, was due to the conclusive demonstration made by

Mr. Sumner, that fidelity to our own principles required the surrender. It was precisely one of the occasions when his value as a public man was plainly evident. From the crowded diplomatic gallery in the Senate, attentive Europe looked and listened. His words were weighed, one by one, by men whom sympathy with his cause did not seduce, nor a too susceptible imagination betray; and who acknowledged, when he ended, not only that the nation had escaped war, and that the action of the administration had been vindicated, but that the renown of the country had been raised by the clear and luminous statement of its humane and peaceful traditions of neutrality. "Until to-day," said one of the most accomplished of those diplomatists, "I have considered Mr. Sumner as a doctrinaire: henceforth, I recognize him as a statesman." He had silenced England by her historic self: he had justified America by her own honorable precedent. The country knew that he spoke from the fullest knowledge, and with the loftiest American and humane purpose; and his service in promoting national acquiescence in the surrender of the captives was as characteristic as in nerving the public mind to demand emancipation.

MR. SUMNER'S LOVE OF TRUTH AND JUSTICE.

But, while Mr. Sumner's public career was chiefly a relentless warfare with slavery, it was only because slavery was the present and palpable form of that injustice with which his nature was at war. The spring of his public life was that overpowering love of

peace and justice and equality which spoke equally in his early Prison-Discipline debates; in the Fourth-of-July oration in Boston; in his literary addresses; in the powerful anti-slavery speeches in the Senate; in his advocacy of emancipation as the true policy of the war, and of equal civil and political rights as the guaranty of its results; in his senatorial efforts to establish arbitration; in his condemnation of privateering, prize-money, and letters-of-marque; in his arraignment of Great Britain for a policy which favored slavery; in his unflinching persistence for the Civil-Rights Bill; in his last great protest against the annexation of San Domingo; and his denunciation of what he thought a cruel and un-American hostility to the Republic of Hayti. He was a born warrior with public injustice.

Many public men permit their hostility to a wrong to be modified in its expression by personal feeling; and to reflect that good men, from the influence of birth and training, may sometimes support a wrong system. But Sumner saw in his opponents not persons, but a cause; and, like Socrates in the battle, he smote to the death, but with no personal hostility. In turn, he was so identified with his own cause, that he seemed to his opponents to be the very spirit with which they contended, visible, aggressive, arrogant. His tone in debate, when he arraigned slavery, — although he arraigned slavery alone, — was so unsparing, that all its supporters felt themselves to be personally insulted. After the war began, I heard his speech in the Senate for the expulsion of Mr. Bright

of Indiana, for commerce with the enemy. It was a lash of scorpions. Mr. Bright sat in his place, pale and livid by turns, and gazing at Mr. Sumner as if he could scarce restrain himself from springing at his throat. Yet when the orator shook his lifted finger at his colleague, and hurled at him his scathing sentences, it was not the man that he saw before him: he saw only the Rebellion, only slavery in arms, with Catilinian audacity proudly thrusting itself into the Capitol, and daring to sit in the very Senate-chamber. But Mr. Sumner's attitude and tone that day, with a vast majority at his side, with a friendly army in the city, were no bolder, no more resolutely defiant, than when he stood in the same chamber demanding the expulsion of slavery from the statute-book, while the majority of his colleagues would fain have silenced him, and the city was a camp of his enemies.

THE PERIL OF HIS POSITION.

It was often said that it was impossible he should know the peril of his position. It was not that. He did know it. But he saw and feared a greater peril, — that of not doing his duty. He often stood practically alone among responsible public men. The spirit which begged Abraham Lincoln to strike out of his Springfield speech, in 1858, the words, "a house divided against itself cannot stand;" a request which Mr. Lincoln said that he would carefully consider, and, having considered, spoke the words, and went straight on to the presidency, and a glorious renown, — this spirit censured Sumner's fanaticism,

his devotion to one idea; derided his rhetoric, his false taste, his want of logic; ridiculed his want of tact, his ignorance of men, his visionary views, his impracticability. Indeed, there were times when it almost seemed that friends joined with foes to shear Samson's flowing hair, while Samson was smiting the Philistines. If friends remonstrated, he replied, "I am a public servant: I am a sentinel of my country. I must cry 'Halt!' though it be only a shadow that passes, and not bring my piece to a rest until I know who goes there." It was an ideal vigilance, an ideal sense of duty. I grant it. He was an ideal character. He loved duty more than friendship; and he had that supreme quality of manhood, the power to go alone. I am not anxious to call him a statesman; but he seems to have measured, more accurately than others, the real forces of his time. Miss Martineau, in the remarkable paper published at the beginning of the war, says that every public man in the country with whom she talked agreed that silence upon slavery was the sole condition of preserving the Union. Sumner was the man who saw that silence would make the Union only the stately tomb of liberty; and that speech, constant, unsparing, unshrinking, — speech ringing over a cowering land like an alarm-bell at midnight, — was the only salvation of the Union as the home of freedom.

A SURVEY OF HIS PUBLIC CAREER.

If now, for a moment, we turn to survey that public career, extending over the thirty stormiest

years of our history, the one clear, conspicuous fact that appears in it, after the single devotion to one end, is, that Mr. Sumner lived to see that end accomplished. He began by urging the Whig party to raise the anti-slavery standard. It refused. He left the party, and presently it perished. He entered the Senate denouncing slavery in a manner that roused and strengthened the public mind for the contest that soon began. With the first gun of the war, he demanded emancipation as the way of victory; and, when victory with emancipation came, he advocated equal suffrage as the security of liberty. What public man has seen more glorious fulfilments of his aims and efforts? He did not, indeed, originate the laws that enacted the results; but he developed the spirit and the conviction that made the results possible. William the Third won few battles, but he gained his cause; Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration, but John Adams is the hero of American independence. Sumner was more a moral reformer than a statesman, and to a surprising degree events were his allies. But no man of our first great period, not Otis or Patrick Henry, nor Jefferson or Adams, nor Hamilton or Jay, is surer of his place than in the second great period Charles Sumner is sure of his.

LATER EVENTS.

As his career drew to an end, events occurred without which his life would not have been wholly complete, and the most signal illustration of the

power of personal character in politics would have been lost. He was, as I have said, a party man. Although always in advance, and by his genius a moral leader, he had yet always worked with and by his party. But, as the main objects of his political activity were virtually accomplished, he came to believe that his party, reckless in absolute triumph, was ceasing to represent that high and generous patriotism to which his life was consecrated; that its moral tone was sensibly declining; that it defended policies hostile to public faith and human rights, trusting leaders who should not be trusted, and tolerating practices that honest men should spurn. Believing that his party was forfeiting the confidence of the country, he reasoned with it, and appealed to it, as, more than twenty years before, he had reasoned with the Whig party in Faneuil Hall. His hope was by his speeches on the San Domingo treaty, and the French arms, and the presidential nomination, to shake what he thought to be the fatal apathy of the party, and to stimulate it once more to resume its leadership of the conscience and the patriotism of the country. It was my fortune to see him constantly and intimately during those days, to know the persuasions and flatteries lavished upon him to induce him to declare openly against the party, and his resolution not to leave it until he had exhausted every argument and prayer, and conscience forbade him to remain. That summons came, in his judgment, when a nomination was made which seemed to him the conclusive proof of a fatal party infatua-

tion. "Any thing else," he said to me vehemently, a hundred times, — "any other candidacy I can support, and it would save the party and the country." The nomination was made. He did not hesitate. He was sixty years old; smitten with sorrows that were not known; suffering at times acute agony from the disease of which he died; his heart heavy with the fierce strife of a generation, and longing for repose. But the familiar challenge of duty found him alert and watchful at his post; and he advanced, without a doubt or a fear, to what was undoubtedly the greatest trial of his life.

The anti-slavery contest, indeed, had closed many a door, and many a heart, against him; it had exposed him to the sneer, the hate, the ridicule, of opposition; it had threatened his life, and assailed his person. But the great issue was clearly drawn; his whole being was stirred to its depths; he was in the bloom of youth, the pride of strength; history and reason, the human heart and the human conscience, were his immortal allies; and around him were the vast, increasing hosts of liberty, the men whose counsels he approved, the friends of his heart, the multitude that thought him only too eager for unquestionable rights, the prayer of free men and women, sustaining, inspiring, blessing him. But here was another scene, a far fiercer trial. His old companions in the Free-soil days, the great abolition leaders, most of his warmest personal friends, the great body of the party whom his words had inspired, looked at him with sorrowful surprise. Ah! no one who did not know

that proud and tender heart, trusting, simple, almost credulous as that of a boy, could know how sore the trial was. He stood, among his oldest friends, virtually alone; with inexpressible pain they parted, each to his own duty. "Are you willing," I said to him one day, when he had passionately implored me to agree with him, — and I should have been unworthy his friendship had I been silent, — "is Charles Sumner willing at this time, and in the circumstances of to-day, to intrust the colored race in this country, with all their rights, their liberty newly won, and yet flexile and nascent, to a party, however fair its profession, which comprises all who have hated and despised the negro? The slave of yesterday in Alabama, in Carolina, in Mississippi, — will his heart leap with joy, or droop dismayed, when he knows that Charles Sumner has given his great name as a club to smite the party that gave him and his children their liberty?" The tears started to his eyes, that good gray head bowed down; but he answered sadly, "I must do my duty." And he did it. He saw the proud, triumphant party that he had led so often, men and women whom his heart loved, the trusted friends of a life, the sympathy and confidence and admiration upon which, on his great days, and after his resounding words, he had been joyfully accustomed to lean, — he saw all these depart; and he turned to go on alone, and do his duty.

Yet, great as was his sorrow, still greater, as I believe, was his content in doing that duty. His State, indeed, could not follow him. For the first time in

his life, he went one way, and Massachusetts went the other. But Massachusetts was as true to her convictions of duty in that hour as he was to his own. It was her profound belief that the result he sought would be perilous, if not fatal, to the welfare of the country. But the inspiring moral of these events is this, that while deploring his judgment in this single case, and while, later, the Legislature, misconceiving his noble and humane purpose, censured him for the resolutions which the people of the State did not understand, and which they believed, most unjustly to him, to be somehow a wrong to the precious dead, the flower of a thousand homes, — yet, despite all this, the great heart of Massachusetts never swerved from Charles Sumner. It was grieved and amazed, and could not forego its own duty because he saw another. But I know that when in that year I spoke in rural Massachusetts, whether in public or in private, to those who, with me, could not follow him, nothing that I said was heard with more sympathy and applause than my declaration of undying honor and gratitude to him. "I seem to lean on the great heart of Massachusetts," he said, in the bitterest hour of the conflict of his life. And it never betrayed him. In that heart, not the least suspicion of a mean or selfish motive ever clouded his image; not a doubt of his absolute fidelity to his conscience disturbed its faith: and had he died a year ago, while yet the censure of the Legislature was unrepealed, his body would have been received by you with the same affectionate reverence; here, and in

Faneuil Hall, and at the State House, all honor that boundless gratitude and admiration could lavish would have been poured forth; and yonder at Mount Auburn he would have been laid to rest with the same immense tenderness of sorrow.

THE LEGACY OF HIS LIFE.

This is the great victory, the great lesson, the great legacy, of his life: that the fidelity of a public man to conscience, not to party, is rewarded with the sincerest popular love and confidence. What an inspiration to every youth longing with generous ambition to enter the great arena of the State, that he must heed first and always the divine voice in his own soul, if he would be sure of the sweet voices of good fame! Living, how Sumner served us! and dying, at this moment how he serves us still! In a time when politics seem peculiarly mean and selfish and corrupt, when there is a general vague apprehension that the very moral foundations of the national character are loosened, when good men are painfully anxious to know whether the heart of the people is hardened, Charles Sumner dies; and the universality and sincerity of sorrow, such as the death of no man left living among us could awaken, show how true, how sound, how generous, is still the heart of the American people. This is the dying service of Charles Sumner, — a revelation which inspires every American to bind his shining example as a frontlet between the eyes, and never again to despair of the higher and more glorious destiny of his country.

And of that destiny what a foreshowing was he! In that beautiful home at the sunny and leafy corner of the national city, where he lived among books and pictures, and noble friendships, and lofty thoughts; the home to which he returned at the close of each day in the Senate, and to which the wise and good from every land naturally came, — how the stately and gracious and all-accomplished man seemed the very personification of that new union for which he had so manfully striven, and whose coming his dying eyes beheld; the union of ever wider liberty, and juster law, the America of comprehensive intelligence, and of moral power! For that he stands; up to that his imperishable memory, like the words of his living lips, forever lifts us, — lifts us to his own great faith in America and in man. Suddenly from his strong hand — my father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof! — the banner falls. Be it ours to grasp it, and carry it still forward, still higher! Our work is not his work, but it can be well done only in his spirit. And as, in the heroic legend of your western valley, the men of Hadley, faltering in the fierce shock of Indian battle, suddenly saw at their head the lofty form of an unknown captain, with white hair streaming on the wind, by his triumphant mien strengthening their hearts, and leading them to victory, so, men and women of Massachusetts, of America, if in that national conflict already begun, as vast and vital as the struggle of his life, the contest which is beyond that of any party, or policy, or measure, — the contest for conscience,

intelligence, and morality as the supreme power in our politics, and the sole salvation of America, — you should falter or fail, suddenly your hearts shall see once more the towering form, shall hear again the inspiring voice, shall be exalted with the moral energy and faith, of Charles Sumner; and the victories of his immortal example shall transcend the triumphs of his life.

The services closed with the singing of Mendelssohn's quartet, "Cast thy burden on the Lord," by Miss Kellogg, Miss Phillips, Mr. Fessenden, and Mr. Ryder.

ORATION OF HON. ROBERT B. ELLIOTT.

DELIVERED IN FANEUIL HALL.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, — The boon of a noble human life cannot be appropriated by any single nation or race. It is a part of the common wealth of the world, — a treasure, a guide, and an inspiration to all men, in all lands, and through all ages. The earthly activities of this life are circumscribed by time and space; but the divine and essential genius which informs and inspires that life is boundless in the sweep of its influence, and immortal in the energy of its activity. In the great All Hail Hereafter, in that mysterious and glorious future, which the heart of man, touched, as I firmly believe, by a divine intimation, is ever painting with more or less of conscious fondness, those mighty spirits, moving in new majesty and power on their great missions of Truth and Love, will have laid aside the limitations which fettered them here, and become the apparent and acknowledged leaders and voices of humanity itself.

Charles Sumner, in his mortal limitations, was an American; more narrowly, he was a Massachusetts

man; more narrowly still, he was a white man: but to-day what nation shall claim him, what State shall appropriate him, what race shall boast him? He was the fair, consummate flower of humanity. He was the fruit of the ages. He was the child of the past, and the promise of the future. The whole world, could it but know its relations, would mourn his departure, and mankind everywhere would join in his honors.

But, fellow-citizens, if any fraction of humanity may claim a peculiar right to do honor to the memory of this great common benefactor of the world, surely it is the colored race in these United States. To other men his services may seem only a vast accession of strength to a cause already moving with steady and assured advance: to us — to the colored race — he is, and ever will be, the great leader in political life, whose ponderous and incessant blows battered down the walls of our prison-house, and whose strong hand led us forth into the sunlight of freedom. I do not seek to appropriate him to my race; but I do feel to-day that my race might almost bid the race to which by blood he belonged, to stand aside while we, to whose welfare his life was so completely given, advance to do grateful honor to him who was *our* great benefactor and friend. "To the illustrious, the whole world is a sepulchre." To Charles Sumner, the whole civilized world has paid its honors; and now *we* meet to give some formal testimony of our profound reverence for the personal gifts and powers, for the measure of unselfish devotion, which he gave to *us*.

If I could, on this occasion, frame into articulate words the feelings of our hearts, if I could but half express the depth and sincerity of that gratitude which dwells in all our hearts, I might hope to rise to the height of the feelings of this hour. But that may not be.

This is Faneuil Hall. Here, within this venerable shelter, so fitly styled "The Cradle of Liberty," a little more than twenty-eight years ago the voice of Charles Sumner was first heard in that great warfare to which his after life was so completely devoted. His tones were trumpet-like. Listen to them: "Let Massachusetts, then, be aroused. Let all her children be summoned to this holy cause. There are questions of ordinary politics in which men may remain neutral; but neutrality now is treason to liberty, to humanity, and to the fundamental principles of free institutions. . . . Massachusetts *must* continue foremost in the cause of freedom."

Brave, glorious words! But how few then to echo them! Twenty-eight years only have passed; and here, in that same Faneuil Hall, that prostrate race, against whose further enslavement Charles Sumner then thundered his protest and warning, have met beneath the protection of the laws not only of Massachusetts, but of the American Republic, to do honor to that splendid career, then and there begun, which witnessed the final overthrow of slavery, and the citizenship of its victims throughout the Republic.

From that hour, in this hall, in November, 1845,

Charles Sumner may be said to have entered on his life-work. With what splendid equipments of mind, of heart, of body, did he advance to the conflict! No knightlier figure ever moved forth to ancient jousts. No braver heart ever enlisted in freedom's cause. No scholarship more complete and affluent, since Milton, has placed its gifts and graces at the shrine of justice and public honor.

He little dreamed, I have ventured to think, of the severity of the sacrifices, or the glory of the achievements, which lay in the pathway on which he then entered. The mad and remorseless spirit of slavery which then aroused his courage, and drew him to the conflict, moved steadily forward to its purposes. Texas was annexed; the whole North, the entire national domain, was converted into the hunting-ground of slavery; but Charles Sumner was lifted by Massachusetts into the Senate of the United States. The voice which had awakened the echoes of this historic hall in November, 1845, was transferred to that central point to rouse the sleeping conscience of the whole nation. With these vows, uttered likewise in this hall, he entered upon his august duties in the Senate: "To vindicate freedom, and oppose slavery, so far as I may constitutionally, with earnestness, and yet, I trust, without personal unkindness on my part, is the object near my heart. Would that my voice, leaving this crowded hall to-night, could traverse the hills and valleys of New England, that it could run along the rivers and lakes of my country, lighting in every heart a beacon-flame to arouse the

slumberers throughout the land! Others may become indifferent to these principles, bartering them for political success, vain and short-lived, or forgetting the visions of youth in the dreams of age. Whenever I forget them, whenever I become indifferent to them, whenever I cease to be constant in maintaining them through good report and evil report, in any future combinations of party, then may 'my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, may my right hand forget its cunning'!"

From the hour he entered the Senate, the combat narrowed and deepened. The dreadful Fugitive-Slave Law hung its pall over the whole land. The spirit of slavery was omnipresent, ruling courts, Congress, churches. In all this fierce conflict, above the loudest din, ever sounded his courageous, clarion voice. What cause was ever honored by nobler efforts of research, of argument, of historical illustration, of classical adornments, of strong-hearted, resounding, and lofty eloquence? But above all other utterances was the constant and conspicuous enunciation of the highest moral principles as applicable to all political action and duty. Hear him: "Sir, I have never been a politician. The slave of principles, I call no party master. By sentiment, education, and conviction, a friend of human rights in their utmost expansion, I have ever most sincerely embraced the democratic idea, — not, indeed, as represented or professed by any party, but according to its real significance, as transfigured in the Declaration of Independence, and in the injunctions of Christianity. Amidst the vicis-

situdes of public affairs, I shall hold fast always to this idea, and to any political party that truly embraces it."

With such sentiments planted, and cultivated into full growth and vigor, into the very soil of his moral nature, he presented himself to the country and the world in his first senatorial speech, in August, 1852, upon the repeal of the Fugitive-Slave Law. Reading that massive and noble argument again, in the light of twenty years of subsequent events, how difficult to realize the prodigious moral energy which it at once demanded and displayed! The argument is ample and conclusive; the historical proofs are abundant; the eloquence is noble and affecting; but high above all rises the grandeur of the moral convictions which underlie and inspire all its wealth of argumentation and oratory. With proud and undaunted spirit he thus denounces that wicked enactment: "Sir, the slave act violates the Constitution, and shocks the public conscience. With modesty, and yet with firmness, let me add, sir, it offends against the divine law.

"No such enactment is entitled to support. As the throne of God is above every earthly throne, so are his laws and statutes above all the laws and statutes of men. The mandates of an earthly power are to be discussed: those of Heaven must at once be performed; nor can we suffer ourselves to be drawn into any compacts in opposition to God." Words worthy, are they not, fellow-citizens, of the noblest of the martyrs and confessors of any age?

One year before, his faithful friend Theodore Parker, a name ever sacred in the hearts of those who love freedom and truth, had written him, "I hope you will build on the Rock of Ages, and look to eternity for your justification." How truly did he build on the Rock of Ages! Yet, while he looked to eternity, time has brought him his abundant justification.

Upon the lofty arena of the Senate, he now struggled incessantly with the intellectual gladiators whom slavery ever had as her champions. The heat and din of the conflict grew greater at every step. Yet there he stood, proud, defiant, uncomplaining, aggressive. How heavy the strain on his great but sensitive nature, so finely cultured, his words of acknowledgment of the cordial support which Massachusetts ever gave him will attest. Hear him at Worcester: "After months of constant, anxious service in another place, away from Massachusetts, I am permitted to stand among you again, my fellow-citizens, and to draw satisfaction and strength from your generous presence. Life is full of change and contrast. From slave soil I have come to free soil. From the tainted breath of slavery, I have passed into the bracing air of freedom. And the heated antagonism of debate, shooting forth its fiery cinders, is changed into this brimming, overflowing welcome, while I seem to lean on the great heart of our beloved Commonwealth, as it palpitates audibly in this crowded assembly."

A little later, slavery, in its rapid march, assailed the time-honored barrier which the compromise of a

former generation had set up against its advance over our vast North-western territories. Mr. Sumner was now at the height of his powers. His age was forty-three; his senatorial experience was such as to confirm his confidence in his own powers, and to concentrate upon him the confidence and admiration of the friends of freedom. History has been to me the delight and study of my life; but I know of no figure in history which commands more of my admiration than that of Charles Sumner in the Senate of the United States, from the hour when Douglas presented his ill-omened measure for the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, until the blow of the assassin laid him low. Here was the perfection of moral constancy and daring. Here were sleepless vigilance, unwearying labor, hopefulness born only of deepest faith, buoyant resolution caring nothing for human odds, but serenely abiding in the perfect peace which the unselfish service of truth alone can bring. The issues then before the country awakened his profoundest alarm. The balance seemed to him to be about to pass from freedom to slavery. The American Republic, so solemnly dedicated by the fathers to freedom, seemed about to cut loose from all her ancient moorings. The imminence and greatness of the danger oppressed him. Listen to these words, opening that speech which seems to me perhaps the most perfect of his life, in which he first opposed the removal of the landmark of freedom: "Mr. President, I approach this discussion with awe. The mighty question, with untold issues, oppresses

me. Like a portentous cloud, surcharged with irresistible storm and ruin, it seems to fill the whole heavens, making me painfully conscious how unequal to the occasion I am, — how unequal, also, is all that I can say to all that I feel." But listen also to these words of lofty cheer which fitly close the same speech; in which, rising on the wings of faith, he looks beyond the storm raging around him, and contemplates that purer and final "UNION contemplated at the beginning, against which the storms of faction and the assaults of foreign power shall beat in vain, as upon the Rock of Ages; and LIBERTY, seeking a firm foothold, WILL HAVE AT LAST WHEREON TO STAND, AND MOVE THE WORLD."

To such a man, to a faith so clear-sighted, to a spirit so faithful to God and his truth, no disaster or defeat, my fellow-citizens, can ever come. Victory sits forever on his triumphant crest.

And, in his last final protest against that measureless wrong, see how, from the oppression of temporary defeat, he rises to joyous heights of serene moral confidence: "Sir, more clearly than ever before, I now penetrate that great future when slavery must disappear. Proudly I discern the flag of my country, as it ripples in every breeze, at last in reality, as in name, the flag of freedom, undoubted, pure, and irresistible. Sorrowfully I bend before the wrong you commit. Joyfully I welcome the promises of the future."

But the sacred landmark of freedom, for which he pleaded, was ruthlessly swept away; and, two years

later, the country was convulsed by the outrages of the slave-power on the plains of Kansas. The conflict raged equally in the halls of Congress, where slavery sought to gather the fruits of this great wrong by the organization of the Territory of Kansas as a slave State.

Against this measure Charles Sumner uttered the magnificent philippic entitled so aptly "The Crime against Kansas;" thus expressing, in a single phrase, the moral aspects and character of that whole passage of history.

In that speech he developed new powers of denunciation and invective. From the impressive exordium beginning, "Mr. President, you are now called to redress a great wrong," on through the ample statement, the exhaustive narrative, the irresistible argument, the fiery invective, the pathetic appeal, to those last words of the memorable peroration, "In the name of the heavenly Father, whose service is perfect freedom, I make this last appeal," he spoke with absolute fidelity to the convictions of his own heart, and of the aroused conscience of the free North. It was the full discharge, ay, the explosion, of the slumbering volcano of moral indignation which slavery had aroused in thirty years of continuous and intolerable aggressions. It was the voice of the Declaration of Independence calling back the recreant sons to the faith and practice of the fathers. It was, as Whittier said, "a grand and terrible philippic, worthy of the great occasion; the severe and awful truth which the sharp agony of the

national crisis demanded." It was more than a speech: it was an event. It was more than a half battle: it was a *battle* crowned with glorious victory. It was a scene and a speech to be compared only with the great triumphs of oratory, — Demosthenes pleading for Athenian liberty, Cicero thundering against the oppressor of Sicily, Burke arraigning the scourge of India.

But why do I thus characterize that great utterance? Two days after its delivery, it received a demonstration of its quality and power more impressive and startling than any which attended the former masterpieces of human speech. Slavery, in the person of a representative in Congress from South Carolina, struck him to the floor, and covered him with murderous blows. It was, as another has eloquently said, "our champion beaten to the ground for the noblest word Massachusetts ever spoke in the Senate."

The effect of this assault upon the fortunes of the two struggling powers — freedom and slavery — was significant. Each rushed to the support of its champion. Brooks was hailed throughout the South as the chivalrous exponent of slavery; while Charles Sumner ceased to be the assailant merely of slavery, and became the champion and martyr of free speech, and the sacred right of parliamentary debate.

Alas — do we not still say alas? — that "that noble head," as Emerson then said, "so comely and so wise, must be the target for a pair of bullies to beat with clubs!" Yet that blood was precious testimo-

ny for truth and freedom. In an instant the civilized world stood by the side of Sumner. What neither moral force, nor finished scholarship, nor commanding eloquence could do, this final brutality achieved; and from that day the hot and furious wrath of every freedom-loving heart fell upon that institution whose agent and representative had thus outraged humanity itself. America and Europe rang with a shout of horror. This historic hall echoed with fitting words of indignant eloquence. "It is," said one still living, "it is a blow not merely at Massachusetts, a blow not merely at the name and fame of our common country: it is a blow at constitutional liberty all the world over; it is a stab at the cause of universal freedom. It is aimed at all men, everywhere, who are struggling for what we now regard as our great birthright, and which we intend to transmit unimpaired to our latest posterity. . . . Forever, forever and aye, that stain will plead in silence for liberty, wherever man is enslaved, for humanity all over the world, for truth and for justice, now and forever."

Months and years of bodily suffering followed this outrage; borne, as all his life's experiences were borne, with unsurpassed fortitude, but with longings inexpressible for a return to the activities and dangers of the conflict in which he was now the central figure. While recalling this devotion of her great senator, let me not forget to pay a tribute to that generous and true Commonwealth which he so truly represented. If Charles Sumner was faithful, so was Massachusetts. The proud State felt, and felt truly, that his vacant

chair was her truest representative until he to whom it belonged should re-occupy it. While still prostrated, and unable to resume his duties, Massachusetts, by a vote approaching unanimity, re-elected him as her senator, — State and senator, true to each other, worthy of each other.

But while resting among the Alleghanies of our own country, or seeking health on foreign shores, his heart was never absent from the great cause. What tributes do his brief utterances bear to the unwavering fidelity of his soul! Speaking to a sympathizing friend, he says, "Oh, no! My suffering is little, in comparison with daily occurrences. The poorest slave is in danger of worse outrages every moment of his life." Again he writes, to the young men of Fitchburg, "We have been told that the 'duties of life are more than life;' and I assure you that the hardest part of my present lot is the enforced absence from public duties, and especially from that seat, where, as a senator from Massachusetts, it is my right, and also my strong desire, at this moment, to be heard."

Again he writes, "With sorrow inexpressible I am constrained to all the care and reserve of an invalid. More than four months have passed since you clasped my hand as I lay bleeding in the Senate-chamber. This is hard, very hard, for me to bear; for I long to do something, at this critical moment, for the cause. What is life worth without action?"

Again, while lingering at Savoy, subjected to daily treatment by fire, he writes, "It is with a pang un-

speakable that I find myself thus arrested in the labors of life, and in the duties of my position. This is harder to bear than the fire."

No testimonies of this noble life will be more precious than these longings of this great heart for the duties of his position.

At last, on the 4th of June, 1860, he was permitted to re-enter upon those scenes of senatorial debate from which, four years before, he had been so cruelly withdrawn. Butler and Brooks were both dead. The memories of his outrage and sufferings must have filled his mind. Yet see how he puts by all personal considerations, and remembers only the cause for which he is to speak: "Mr. President, I have no personal griefs to utter: only a vulgar egotism could intrude such into this chamber. I have no personal wrongs to avenge: only a brutish nature could attempt to wield that vengeance which belongs to the Lord. The years that have intervened, and the tombs that have opened, since I spoke, have their voices, which I cannot fail to hear. Besides, what am I, what is any man among the living or among the dead, compared with the question before us?"

With these simple and yet pathetic allusions, he commenced that most exhaustive delineation of the spirit, methods, and effects of slavery, which, under its singularly felicitous title, "The Barbarism of Slavery," will remain a monument of research, of invective, and of impassioned eloquence.

From this time the great drama moved rapidly to its catastrophe. The slave-power writhed beneath

the effect of this awful arraignment at the bar of the world's judgment. It saw in secession from the Union, and the establishment of a separate slaveholding confederacy, its only hope and safety. Abraham Lincoln became president; and in April, 1861, the bombardment of Fort Sumter, in Charleston harbor, sounded the tocsin of civil war throughout the land. Into that struggle Charles Sumner entered without hesitation and without alarm. His only anxiety had been to keep the North clear of the deadly spirit of compromise. Let justice be done him here. His moral equilibrium and courage were never more conspicuous. Many had joined him in his fierce assaults on slavery, who now shrunk back from the gulf of war and disunion which seemed to open before them. Compromises were suggested on all sides, — compromises, too, which would have robbed freedom of all her advantage, and left the slave to his hopeless bondage. Let no negro forget — nay, let no American forget — that Charles Sumner never sullied his lips with degrading compromise.

Duty was his master; justice ruled him; and to every suggestion of compromise with slavery he responded, "Get thee behind me, Satan!"

His inflexible spirit may be seen in these words to Gov. Andrew: "*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.* Don't let these words be ever out of your mind, when you think of any proposition from the slave-masters. *They are all essentially false, with treason in their hearts, if not on their tongues.* How can it be otherwise? Slavery is a falsehood, and its supporters are

all perverted and changed. Punic in faith, Punic in character, you are to meet all that they do or say with denial or distrust. I know these men, and see through their plot. The time has not yet come to touch the chords which I wish to awaken. *But I see my way clear.* O God! Let Massachusetts keep true. It is all I ask."

Again to the same friend he writes, "More than the loss of forty forts, arsenals, or the national capital, *I fear the loss of our principles.* . . . Keep firm, and do not listen to any proposition."

Fellow-citizens, I am a negro, — one of the victim race. My heart bows in gratitude to every man who struck a blow for the liberty of my race. But how can I fail to remember that alone, *alone*, of all the great leaders of our cause at Washington, Charles Sumner kept his faith to freedom stern and true? What measure of honor shall we not pay to him whose only prayer, amidst the abounding dangers of that hour, was, "O God! let Massachusetts keep true"? Lincoln, Seward, Adams, — eulogy even cannot claim such absolute fidelity for either of them. History, I venture to predict, will point to this passage in the life of Charles Sumner as the highest proof of the superior and faultless tone of his moral nature. What a majestic moral figure! Let us bear it in our hearts as the crowning gift and glory of his life.

But humanity swept onward; timid compromisers were overwhelmed by the logic of events; and at last God held this great nation face to face with its duty. The death-grapple rocked and agonized the

land. Released from the Delilah bands of compromise, the Samson of the North resumed and re-asserted his resistless strength. In the van of every effort and policy which sought the overthrow of slavery, or the triumph of freedom, was Charles Sumner. "EMANCIPATION our best WEAPON," is the inspiriting title of a speech bearing so early a date as Oct. 1, 1861. "WELCOME TO FUGITIVE SLAVES" was a senatorial utterance of Dec. 4, 1861. With tireless industry working in all directions, — in legislation for the support of our armies, for maintaining our public credit, in inspiring the president to his full duty, in guarding our relations with other nations, above all, in saving the nation from the fatal mistake of Mr. Lincoln's Louisiana scheme of reconstruction, he sustained, encouraged, vindicated, and ennobled the national cause.

The triumph of the national arms in the spring of 1865 threw upon the National Government the unparalleled task of re-establishing civil government in the rebellious States. The work of destruction was ended, and the work of rebuilding must be begun. The ill-advised and ill-starred attempts of Andrew Johnson complicated the problem already bristling with difficulties, constitutional and legal, and beset with dangers, political and moral. The moral intrepidity and prescience of Mr. Sumner was earliest to detect the false political theories which then so widely prevailed. With wonted boldness he denounced the presidential scheme of reconstruction, and summoned Congress and the country to its duty. In a series

of senatorial efforts he proclaimed and emphasized in the ear of the nation the paramount duty of guarding the results of the war by "irreversible constitutional guaranties." Especially did he denounce the injustice and wickedness of any settlement which left the colored race of the South under the hands of their former masters. This was an axiom in his arguments, the postulate of his reasonings. From this starting-point he readily reached that conclusion, finally accepted by the country, and enacted into our national laws and Constitution, that the colored race must be made citizens of the United States, and voters in their respective States. The Declaration of Independence, with its lofty and immortal truth, "ALL men are created FREE and EQUAL," was to him a clear and constant guide. In this grand germinal truth he saw the only true and final rule of government; and he pressed towards its practical realization with eager and unfaltering steps. He had heard this sacred tenet of the fathers flouted in the Senate as a "self-evident lie;" but he only bore it the more proudly and conspicuously on his shield until he could gratefully say, "The Declaration of Independence, so lately a dishonored tradition, is now the rubric and faith of the Republic." God be praised! he found at last that "*Union, where Liberty, seeking a firm foothold, might have whereon to stand, and move the world.*"

Once only, in all this splendid and faithful career, did Charles Sumner part company with the great mass of the friends of freedom; and on this he needs no silence.

Differing, as I could not but differ, from his judgment in the last national campaign, I point to it to-day as one of the highest proofs of his utter devotion to the call of duty. Still was he true, utterly true, to his convictions, to the commanding voice of conscience. He had been faithful in defeat: could he be faithful in success? Draw no veil of silence over this passage, but write it high on his monument, — that in old age, when the weary frame longed for repose, he could again brace himself for the conflict in which nearly all the friends of a lifetime stood arrayed against him.

> "Nothing is here for tears; nothing to wail,
> Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
> Dispraise, or blame; nothing but well and fair."

As his life was wholly consecrated to duty, so his death was wanting in no element of moral grandeur. He fell with armor on, with face still inflexibly turned towards present duties, fronting eternity with the simple trust which God gives to his faithful servant. With no vague dread or anxiety concerning the future, he bore his earthly cares and duties to the threshold of eternity, and laid down the burdens of life only at the feet of his divine Master. "Don't let my Civil-rights Bill fail," was his fitting adieu to earth, and greeting to heaven.

Fellow-citizens, the life of Charles Sumner needs no interpreter. It is an open, illuminated page. The ends he aimed at were always high; the means he used were always direct. Neither deception nor

indirection, neither concealment nor disguise of any kind or degree, had place in his nature or methods. By open means he sought open ends. He walked in the sunlight, and wrote his heart's inmost purpose on his forehead.

His activity, and capacity of intellectual labor, were almost unequalled. Confined somewhat, by the overshadowing nature of the anti-slavery cause, in the range of his topics, he multiplied his blows, and redoubled the energy of his assaults upon that great enemy of his country's peace. Here his vigor knew no bounds. He laid all ages and lands under contribution. Scholarship in all its walks, history, art, literature, science, — all these he made his aids and servitors.

But who does not see that *these* are not his glory? He was a scholar among scholars; an orator of consummate power; a statesman familiar with the structure of governments, and the social forces of the world. But he was greater and better than one or all of these: *he was a man of absolute moral rectitude of purpose and of life.* His personal purity was perfect, and unquestioned everywhere. He carried morals into politics. And this is the *greatness* of Charles Sumner, — that, by the power of his moral enthusiasm, he rescued the nation from its shameful subservience to the demands of material and commercial interests, and guided it up to the high plane of justice and right. Above his other great qualities, towers that moral greatness to which scholarship, oratory, and statesmanship are but secondary and insignificant.

He was just because he *loved* justice; he was right because he *loved* right. Let this be his record and epitaph.

To have lived such a life were glory enough. Success was not needed to perfect its star-bright, immortal beauty. But success came. What amazing contrasts did his life witness! He heard the hundred guns which Boston fired for the passage of the Fugitive-Slave Act; and he saw Boston sending forth, with honors and blessings, a regiment of fugitive slaves to save that Union which the crime of her Webster had imperilled. He saw Franklin Pierce employing the power of the nation to force back one helpless fugitive to the hell of slavery; and he saw Abraham Lincoln write the edict of emancipation. He heard Taney declare that the black man had no rights which the white man was bound to respect; and he welcomed Revels to his seat as a senator of the United States.

But, as defeat could not damp his ardor, so success could not abate his zeal. He fell while bearing aloft the same banner of human rights, which, twenty-eight years before, he had unfurled and lifted in this hall.

The blessings of the poor are his laurels. One sacred thought — duty — presided over his life, inspiring him in youth, guiding him in manhood, strengthening him in age. Be it ours to walk by the light of this pure example. Be it ours to copy his stainless integrity, his supreme devotion to humanity, his profound faith in truth, and his unconquerable moral enthusiasm.

Adieu, great servant and apostle of liberty! If others forget thee, thy fame shall be guarded by the millions of that emancipated race whose gratitude shall be more enduring than monumental marble or brass.

EULOGIES IN U. S. CONGRESS.

IN THE SENATE.

BY HON. GEORGE S. BOUTWELL.

IMMEDIATELY after the reading of the journal, Mr. Boutwell of Massachusetts rose, and said, that, in accordance with the notice previously given, he now submitted to the Senate the following resolutions, and asked their consideration: —

Resolved, By the Senate, that as an additional mark of respect to the memory of Charles Sumner, long a senator from Massachusetts, business be now suspended, that the friends and associates of the deceased may pay fitting tribute to his public and private virtues.

Resolved, That the secretary of the Senate communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

The resolutions were agreed to; and then Mr. Boutwell delivered his eulogy, as follows: —

The time that has passed since the death of Mr. Sumner has assuaged the bitterness of our grief; but the first feeling of sadness rests with undiminished weight upon every heart. Here, and by us, more

than elsewhere, and by others, his presence will be missed. For nearly twenty-three years he was a member of the Senate, and for a considerable period its senior. To all of us he was an acquaintance, and to many of us an intimate friend. To the cultivated classes of Europe and America, he was known as a ripe scholar; a sincere philanthropist; an ardent and consistent lover of liberty, and defender of the right; an experienced statesman, trained especially in English and American constitutional history, and the traditions, genius, and practice of European and American diplomacy; a lover of art; an orator, fully equipped, according to the requirements mentioned by Cicero, for the forum in which his maturer years were spent; and, more than all, a man of pure purposes in private and public affairs. For nearly twenty-five years I enjoyed his acquaintance, and for more than half that period his intimate friendship. Forgetting, for the moment, my relations to him, it is to be said that his friendships were first moral and intellectual, to which he added with a liberal hand the civilities, amenities, and blessings of cultivated social life. He came to the Senate not only as the representative of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, but as the representative of an idea to which the State was even then already pledged. The men who supported him in 1851 were, with a few exceptions, his supporters in 1857, 1863, and 1869. Mr. Sumner was at times in advance of the people of the State; but in his hostility to the institution of slavery, in his efforts for its

abolition, and the reconstruction of the government upon the basis of freedom, he never misrepresented Massachusetts. In the cause of liberty, he was apostle, martyr, and finally conqueror. In this cause, and by nature as well, he was self-reliant, self-asserting, and aggressive; and therefore his life, as he often said, was a life of controversy. His nature was imperious, and he made little allowance for the diversities among men; and often he dealt harshly with those who opposed, or failed to accept, his views. It is, however, a happy memory for his friends and countrymen, that, after his return from Europe, he had only kind words for all, even for those with whom he had most differed upon personal and public questions.

First of all, Mr. Sumner was devoted to liberty; not to English liberty, or to American liberty, but to liberty. He accepted, in their fullest meaning, the words of Kossuth, "Liberty is liberty, as God is God." In his efforts to establish liberty in America, he gave a free construction to the original Constitution, for the purpose of securing right and justice to all who were within its jurisdiction; and the powers of a constitution may well be construed liberally in the cause of right and justice, but they can never be too much circumscribed in the service of wrong and oppression. There are limitations to every form of human greatness. Mr. Sumner was a follower of ideas. A general declaration is the fullest expression of ideas; and Mr. Sumner was inclined to trust general declarations, and to embody

them in the Constitution and laws. Institutions are often unsatisfactory when tested by the ideas they are designed to represent. I speak rather of what has been, than of our hopes of the future. Our own Constitution is now a near approach to the Declaration of Independence; and we may anticipate the time when local governments and independent nations, in the discharge of their duties and the exercise of their powers, will conform practically to the best ideas of justice and peace. Mr. Sumner was impatient of delay; and hence he accepted reluctantly those amendments to the Constitution which to others seemed sufficient for the protection of personal and public rights. It is, therefore, to be admitted, that in the business of government, and for the time in which he lived, Mr. Sumner was not always a practical statesman. The world is usually too busy to concern itself with the men of the past, unless they have special claims to consideration. The immortal few, in politics and government, are those who have led in proceedings in which men of all times are interested. The American Revolution gave a few such names to the country and the world: the contest for the overthrow of slavery added others. Among these, we may venture to place Charles Sumner, whose labors, fidelity, and sufferings can never be omitted from the history of the contest. As its influence widens and deepens, in the current of universal human life, the services of the men engaged in it will be more appreciated throughout the world. The blow struck at slavery

in America will prove as effectual against slavery in every other country. While slavery existed with us, and suffrage was limited, and the truths of the Declaration of Independence were not realized in the government, monarchies and aristocracies had a defence in the admitted failure of the great Republic. That defence is now taken away; and, one after another, personal and class governments must fall. Thus will Mr. Sumner justly claim consideration in other lands, and from future times. There is, however, an immortality not personal, which is even more enduring. The power of a great life, of a superior human intellect, spreads far beyond the knowledge of names, and is transmitted to generations that have no means of tracing the influences to their source. These influences become woven into the civilization, literature, and politics of nations, control their fortunes, shape their destinies, and work out good or evil results of the most important character. It cannot be denied, that, in the efforts made by Mr. Sumner in behalf of human liberty and universal peace, he has given new force to the most benign influences; or that his power, mingled with numerous other contributions of the past, present, and the future, will contribute to the general welfare of the human race. But, whether his name be remembered or forgotten, his power will continue. When a person has disappeared from the stage of human action, his name, even if known to future generations, is of little consequence to them: the influence of his life is all of value that remains. Thus has Mr. Sum-

ner bound himself to his countrymen of two races, and to the civilized world, by cords that may be traced through the ages as long as justice shall find defenders, or the divine spirit of liberty shall animate mankind. But these thoughts relate to the uncertain future. We are called, in the present, to accept the solemn truth, that the death of Charles Sumner is a signal loss to the Senate and the people of the United States, alleviated, in some degree, by the belief that his life, character, and public services, especially in favor of human liberty and universal peace, will ever be held in grateful remembrance by his countrymen, and the knowledge thereof transmitted to posterity as an example for future generations.

BY HON. J. S. MORRILL.

Mr. President, — Here our numbers are not so large, nor our differences of any sort so great, that we do not feel, when death enters this chamber, something of the bereavement of a broken family circle. Associated here for a prolonged term of years, often including the prime and ripest portion of our lives, statedly meeting in the workshops of committees and in daily debate, hearing our names repeated in the frequent roll-calls, it is not strange that it should give our hearts a pang to part with the humblest name when it passes away forever to

the "starry court of eternity." But now, when we part with a conspicuous member of the Senate, — conspicuous by length of service, by eminent ability, and established renown, — each one of us must confess to more or less of a personal loss as well as to the greater loss of the Senate itself. Charles Sumner, under the higher law, has responded to the last roll-call; and here the familiar sound of his voice is forever silenced. His imposing presence on the crowning outer circle of the Senate will no longer attract attention. Only the memory remains to us of one whose words and bearing, with minor qualifications, so well comported with the dignity of his office as to have fairly earned the title of a model senator.

Mr. Sumner for four years had been a member of the Senate when it was my fortune, in 1855, first to hold a seat in the House of Representatives. For words spoken in debate, in 1856, he was brutally assaulted by Preston S. Brooks, a member of the House; and it was not until after this that my personal acquaintance with him began. For some years I was more familiar with what was then known as his "vacant chair" than with the senator to whom it belonged, who was abroad, ready to invoke heroic remedies, if only they led to health. During these years he returned for a short period, but bore little or no part in the Senate. Mr. Brooks, meanwhile, suddenly died, as at last, and after intervals of painful suffering has, also suddenly, the victim of his violence. It was noticeable, in his social intercourse,

while others let slip an occasional outburst of feeling as to his assailant, Mr. Sumner never disclosed the least lingering personal animosity. History was silently left to avenge itself. His misfortune appeared to be accepted as one of the many inseparable wrongs resulting from the cruel system of slavery, with which only he waged enduring battle, and not as the crime of an individual with whom, living or dead, he sought only peace.

The Senate of the United States is no ordinary theatre in which men sustain their parts. It is the forum of States. If the seat which, in 1851, Mr. Sumner was called to fill had been previously occupied by an undistinguished person, his task would have been comparatively easy; but that seat had been long held by one the world pronounced the foremost American senator, made classic by one the breadth and grandeur of whose services, whose eloquence and statesmanship, with that of his compeers, had placed the American Senate on a level with that of the Roman Republic in the days of its greatest virtue, and highest splendor. He succeeded, after a brief interlude, the veteran "Defender of the Constitution," who had stamped upon our banner the ineffaceable words, "Union and liberty, now and forever, one and inseparable." To say that he proved not an unworthy successor of Webster, however unlike, is to say much, considering he was but a tyro in the politics of even the Commonwealth from whence he came. It was the fortune of Charles Sumner to be placed in his high station at a period

of grand and rapidly-culminating events. Blessed with exalted natural gifts, he also had been furnished with a large share of the erudition of the age, completed by such graces as foreign travel supplies. Having already started in the field with a small band of early crusaders against slavery, impelled by a robust frame, and more robust will, he fearlessly seized upon every fit occasion, in his new position, to make that institution odious, and, if possible, to wound it in some of its most vulnerable parts. This was his all-absorbing mission.

He received and revered the Constitution of our country, as ordained by the same will and power which proclaimed the great Magna Charta of human freedom, the Declaration of Independence; and, therefore, never forgot the fundamental idea of "equality before the law," nor that "all men are created equal." He brought no fixed allegiance to party platforms, and found no withes in the Constitution that restrained him from resisting any claims for the protection of slavery; but that instrument was everywhere to be interpreted broadly and beneficently, in the interests of humanity, world-wide and divinely free.

Bestowing care even upon trifles, his orations in the Senate, as might be expected, were prepared as for a grand occasion; and, towering in his place like a tribune of the people, the heavy, resounding tones of his voice were wont to draw the attention of willing listeners to words which soon found through the press a far wider acceptance. His arguments were

methodical, abundant in information, stiffened by apt and pregnant sentences, studiously observant of the syllogistic beginning, middle, and end; and though rarely what is called brilliant, or illumined by wit, were always clearly put forth with the paramount object of spreading light, and with the convincing majesty of earnestness.

Those among us who may have found it sometimes difficult to agree with him never found it difficult to respect his fairness of purpose, his unflinching integrity, or his wealth of learning. In his orbit as a statesman, he soared high from the beginning to the end, and ever sought, with moral intrepidity, noble ends by noble means. As to the largest share of legislative measures, he was apt to be right. He sturdily and sorrowfully resisted the banishment of coin, as an alien, from the base of a sound currency. Upon questions of popular rights he was often a leader: in all steps of reform he was never a laggart. The doctrines he espoused, if not exclusively his own, appeared to belong to him by the possessory title of constant use and earnest adherence. He needed no admonition to "stick." If it cannot properly be claimed that "his doctrines persuaded one generation, and live to govern the next," it may be claimed that his early text of "Freedom national, slavery sectional," did not wait until the next generation to be even more than verified. Freedom *is* national, and slavery forever extinct. In the surging conflicts in behalf of universal liberty, the deceased senator has gathered many laurels; and, if few more

remained to be won, his brow was already covered. He will be numbered among those who helped to change a great chapter in our history. By a life of unstinted and unselfish labor, he secured the undying gratitude of an emancipated race, and the general approval of mankind.

Mr. Sumner was ever surrounded by books. They were his most beloved friends, and surrendered many of their secret treasures to their constant wooer. New books as well as old, Longfellow as well as Plato and Milton, often robbed him of sleep. He was a somewhat fastidious lover of the beautiful in art, busily collecting such notable objects as were historically rare, superb in material, or cunning in workmanship; but neither this elegant refinement of taste, nor the epicurean seclusion of his daily life, lifted him above willing labor, and the tenderest sympathy, for those who were rude, unlettered, and degraded by even the darkest-browed slavery. To him the "Greek Slave" in marble appeared transcendently beautiful; but the chain, the ugly system, that chafed the limbs, and bound the living slave, was an intolerable atrocity, even a manacle on the symbol of God.

Mr. Sumner's habits of industry, though the sands of his fourth term as senator were fast running out, clung to him to the very last; and in no three months of his life were they much better displayed, nor rest and pastime more habitually scorned, than in those which brought his labors to an end.

Most men have some specialty wherein they chiefly

excel; and, doubtless, the great subject of the natural rights of man most deeply excited the enthusiasm of Charles Sumner. But he brought valuable contributions into the discussion of a wide field of topics, political and historical; and upon international law, it may not be wrong to say, he was possibly more profoundly learned than upon the subject which most contributed to build up and support his reputation. Few men have done more work, and fewer still have done it so well. While chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, in all critical emergencies he was a vigilant and powerful friend of peace, and as such merits the country's grateful remembrance. The principle embodied in our late treaty with Great Britain, of the arbitration of international differences, he eagerly accepted as the herald of peace to future generations, in harmony with his earliest idea of the "True Grandeur of Nations," and as a hopeful sign of human progress.

Public men during life very often receive the poorest kind of thanks for their noblest efforts. The world at large is not always swift to comprehend; associates look on with torpid indifference; and enemies are made glad by every new field exposed to assault. But, when the grave closes the scene, praise of the dead harms no rival; and the final verdict of history proclaims only truth, generously, perhaps, but free from detraction and all uncharitableness; and then public men who have deserved well of their country obtain that full measure of recognition and

reverence which at last confers merited rank in the roll of the worthiest of mankind.

The present age, however, always suffers, at all points, by contrast with the past, because none but the great among the unnumbered hosts turned to dust, the few screened and idolized products of picked centuries, have been preserved; while all of the present age are visible, and so near that no deformities can be hidden. There is no sun, that has not long ceased to shine, whose spots remain unrevealed.

Our deceased associate, unsheltered by wealth, by family, or by party, was exposed, first and last, to much adverse criticism, from which, in spite of much real admiration, impartiality will not now wholly release him. His persistency in pushing his own measures to the front, though to their present hurt or to the hurt of others, often provoked rebuke. His enemies he easily forgave, but could not so easily bury the slender personal affronts received, in any wordy encounters, from his peers. His self-confidence, admirable enough when he was right, was no less unmistakable and glittering when he happened to be wrong. To his conclusions, sincerely reached, he gave regal pretensions, and for them accepted nothing less than unconditional submission. Unconscious of personal offence, he imperiously, and with the stride of a colossus, trampled down whatever arguments stood in his way, not knowing who was bruised; and yet was sometimes so sensitive, that, if his own arguments were touched by the gentlest

zephyrs of personal retort, he felt they were visited too roughly.

Yet these occasional self-assertions by no means held general sway, and never at his own house and table; where the cordial greeting, and genial smile, with conversation embroidered with both wisdom and mirth, exhibited the full and varied attractions of his head and heart.

Finally, deducting whatever truth may demand, — a stern deduction the deceased never omitted, — the brightness of his fame will not serve to perpetuate the memory of any stain upon the absolute purity of his private or public character; and there will still remain the imperishable records of a memorable career, — something that the highest ambition aims to grasp, and heroes die to obtain, — or much of the real elements of greatness, and all the glory of an historic name.

"I live in the hope of a better world, a world with a little less friction," are words I have seen attributed to the departed senator. Has he not, with no duty neglected, reached that "better world"? And who of us does not sometimes pray for "a world with a little less friction"?

BY HON. A. A. SARGENT.

Mr. President, — It was my privilege a few weeks since, by your appointment, to stand, with a few of our brother senators, at the grave of

the late Senator Charles Sumner, while his earthly remains were being deposited in the soil of his native State; to rest, while time shall endure, in the goodly company of heroes and statesmen who had there preceded him. Standing among the tombs of the many who had trod the paths of glory that lead but to the grave, were the eminent men of the State; notably, among others, the masters of philosophy and poetry, who express its highest thought, and give intellectual beauty and glory to the Athens of America. Only for such a man could such an assembly have been gathered. Something besides station evoked that homage of select souls. Among these many men of genius, drawn there not merely by respect for the dead statesman, but by the promptings of an affection springing from kindred tastes and years of intimate friendship, it may not be improper to individualize a few of those who witnessed that closing scene of a conspicuous career. There stood Ralph Waldo Emerson, the genial philosopher, who, in writing of such friends as the one then mourned, had expressed, in one of his essays, his appreciation of friendship: —

"I awoke this morning with devout thanksgiving for my friends, the old and new. Shall I not call God the Beautiful, who daily showeth himself so to me in his gifts? I chide society, I embrace solitude; and yet I am not so ungrateful as not to see the wise, the lovely, and the noble-minded, as, from time to time, they pass my gate. Who hears me, who understands me, becomes mine, a possession for all time. . . . High thanks I owe you, excellent lovers, who carry out the

world for me to new and noble depths, and enlarge the meaning of all my thoughts."

In that silent and sorrowful company, also stood Henry W. Longfellow, with silver locks, and noble brow; the poet of tenderness, whose words had fitly imaged the aspirations of human souls to penetrate the veil of death, — words never more fitting than when some strong spirit has left "the warm precincts of the cheerful day," and passed beyond the dark curtain hiding from mortal gaze the realm of mystery and night.

"As the moon from some dark gate of cloud
Throws o'er the sea a floating bridge of light,
Across whose trembling planks our fancies crowd
Into the realm of mystery and night,
So, from the world of spirits, there descends
A bridge of light, connecting it with this;
O'er whose unsteady floor, that sways and bends,
Wander our thoughts above the dark abyss."

And there stood Oliver Wendell Holmes, the rich and clear in thought, whose Muse to-day celebrates his dead friend in other memorial services. Will he find more apt thought or expression than those with which, years ago, he testified his homage to the memory of a brother poet? —

"Behold — not him we knew:
This was the prison which his soul looked through,
Tender and brave and true.

THE GRAVE OF CHARLES SUMNER, MT. AUBURN.

His voice no more is heard;
And his dead name — that dear, familiar word —
Lies on our lips unstirred.

Here let the body rest,
Where the calm shadows that his soul loved best
May slide above his breast.

Smooth his uncurtained bed;
And, if some natural tears are softly shed,
It is not for the dead.

Here let him sleeping lie,
Till heaven's bright watchers slumber in the sky,
And Death himself shall die."

There stood John G. Whittier, the poet of freedom, *clarum et venerabile nomen*, sad witness of the interment of the "man" for whom his exigent Muse had called five years before the first election of Charles Sumner to the Senate.

"Where's the man for Massachusetts?
Where's the voice to speak her free?
Where's the hand to light up bonfires,
From the mountains to the sea?
Beats her pilgrim pulse no longer?
Sits she dumb in her despair?
Has she none to break the silence?
Has she none to do or dare?
O my God! for one right worthy,
To lift up her rusted shield,
And to plant again the pine-tree
In her banner's tattered field!"

I could not doubt that the grand old poet had seen the realization of his ideal in the unflinching champion, now low in death, who had borne a part so generous and courageous in the strife for freedom. It has been assumed that Charles Sumner was an austere man, absorbed in his self-consciousness, and, in his daily labors, indifferent to ordinary emotions. I refer to the lifelong friendship that knit him to men like these, to show the real warmth of his nature, — his attractive and receptive inner life. I recur again to that scene, impressive as it was, as the uncovered multitudes silently looked upon the casket that enshrined the dead senator, and fitting as it was that the State and nation should pause, while these sad rites consigned to earth that noble form which so long moved, with high power and influence, in human affairs, to note the lesson there deeply felt, — that Time is the universal conqueror, and the lives of the greatest are but a point on the dial of time. To very few of the restless, ambitious, striving sons of humanity, is immortality of fame attainable. The advancing shadows of the past leave unconcealed few forms of the men who have occupied the world's arena. The cloud approaches, and swallows up successive generations; obscures, into common blankness, names and histories that were fondly thought imperishable. Only when great opportunities are furnished to great talents, can exception be hoped, or is it ever realized. The efforts of men to accomplish the birth of some great State, filling broad pages in the world's annals; an empire over the

intellect or imagination of mankind, attained by the rare genius that dates its infrequent efforts with intervals of a score of generations; the discovery or application of grand truths for the amelioration of human conditions, — these may give immortality to the memory of man, and leave his name a household word, even with the indifferent future.

Charles Sumner's fortune did not cast him into an era when a great State struggled into being. He had not that impulsive, consuming genius that casts a glare over the ages. But he lived in an age when evils that were scarcely noticed, from their apparent insignificance, at the origin of the Republic, had grown to vast proportions, had become incompatible either with national safety or human rights, and gave him a field for labor in which he became illustrious. Earnestly sympathizing with him in that work, concurring with him, year by year, in the blows that he struck at slavery, I speak with full heart in tribute to his courage, his manliness, his singleness of purpose, his high achievements. He boldly announced, and persistently applied, eternal truths that brought to the test the growing wrongs which were destroying the meaning of our institutions, and giving point to the assertion that the declaration of the fathers was a display of glittering generalities. The name he earned by these labors of Hercules, Massachusetts cannot afford to let die. The enfranchised race must hallow it forever. But it belongs to the world, and to all mankind.

I speak of his courage and manliness. Picture that almost solitary man as he stood here, twenty years ago, uttering what his associates deemed not merely heresies, but blasphemies; the suggestions not merely of eccentricity, but of stark madness or fatal mischief. The ark he shook with unsparing hand was to them most consecrate. Here there were political and social ostracism, the discountenance of his fellows, so hard to bear in such a body as this; in the country, execration and contempt; at home, even, doubtful and hesitating support. Martin Luther would go to Worms if there were as many devils as tiles on the roofs. Charles Sumner would go where his convictions led, through obloquy, hate, unpopularity, and deadly assault. Let no one who challenges the wisdom or justice of his course deny his fortitude and courage. For the work Mr. Sumner performed, there was necessary not only fearlessness and fortitude, but a cool, clear judgment, untiring industry, and perfect integrity. Suspicion of sordid motives would have destroyed his influence. These necessary qualities Mr. Sumner possessed in the highest degree. His devotion to the one great idea of his life — the abolition of slavery, and the entire political equality of all men — was absorbing and unremitted. If, in the earlier years of his senatorial life, to most of his associates here his utterances against slavery seemed sacrilegious or insane, long before his death advocacy of slavery in this chamber would have seemed, to all his associates, as insanity or as pleasantry. Less than twenty years

worked this great revolution; and in this hall he was unquestionably the chief inspiring cause and guiding spirit. The careful orations which he elaborated, and here pronounced, exhibiting in remorseless nakedness the repulsive body of slavery, aroused the attention of the North, introduced into political discussion a moral element almost as potent as religious enthusiasm, and changed the issues widely from the commercial controversies, that, before that time, had divided parties. It would be assuming too much, to say that Mr. Sumner was the sole cause of the revolution that was wrought, mighty as was his influence. There were other able laborers in the Senate, and in the country, increasing in numbers as events progressed. Slavery gave food for excitement by its measures of resistance, which were often carried to aggression, and by new demands; and it took the final stand in opposition to the government, without which all the eloquence of Charles Sumner and his associates, and all the aroused spirit of the North, would have left it intact in its strongholds.

The lurid flames of civil war let in a more intense light upon this great stage, and fixed the attention of mankind upon the actors who played a part unequalled in the world's drama. Among these, Mr. Sumner was not excelled for sagacity or patriotism. I am disposed now to concede that the war was a logical result of the teachings of Mr. Sumner and his compeers; though only peaceful revolution, the force of persuasion only, was intended by them. They combated a power of unknown force and pro-

portions, of unascertained sensitiveness and vigor. They boldly thrust their torches into a magazine. They zealously promoted ends where the resistance arose from both passion and interest; and the collision was unexpectedly a convulsion where the frame-work of the government trembled on its foundations. They believed that to circumscribe slavery within its existing boundaries was to put it in a course of ultimate extinction. But its extinction, peaceful or otherwise, was not desired, would not be tolerated, by its ultra friends; and hence, when a party triumphed with Charles Sumner's dominant idea, the friends of the twin relic took the fatal step of secession contemplated as their *dernier ressort*.

Mr. Sumner met this crisis with statesmanlike decision. In those days, as a member of the other House, I had often opportunity to listen to his utterances on the floor of the Senate. No man ever heard, from his lips, counsels for submission or unworthy compliance. Rather was he stern and aggressive, as befitted the times. He was among the first to proclaim that the war for slavery could only be put down by the annihilation of slavery. Where others of his party timidly followed or resisted, he boldly led. He was the embodiment at once of the convictions and courage of his noble State. In the prime of manhood and of his intellectual powers, hardened in grain and nerve by the long exercise of his strength in senatorial conflicts, his decisive voice gave boldness and energy to the

counsels of the American Senate, where only boldness and energy could cope with the appalling difficulties that assailed the country. To Mr. Sumner largely, to men of his bold and sagacious spirit wholly, the nation owes it that it is now not only united, but free, from the Canadas to the Gulf.

Francis Lieber, in his "Political Ethics," says, "The dread of unpopularity has ruined many statesmen, led authors to abjure the truth, and seduced citizens to crooked paths." With Charles Sumner, no dread of unpopularity ever operated to deflect him from his chosen path of duty. He might err, he did sometimes err, in choosing that path; but he pursued it sturdily, without selfish fear of consequences. He was sometimes harsh in his judgment of the motives of others; but his own were transparent, and frankly avowed. He was tenacious of his opinions in good or evil report. His reliance upon his own resources was unwavering; his confidence in his own convictions was supreme. He expected, rather than courted, the concurrence of the people. In a remarkable passage in the "Mémorial de Sainte Hélène," Napoleon declared, "Thus we ought to serve the people worthily, and not occupy ourselves with pleasing them. The best way of gaining them is by doing them good." This teaching, however strange in the mouth of the august author, seems to embody the philosophy of Mr. Sumner's political life. Yet he was gratified by the love of the people of Massachusetts, and proud of their confidence. On the last day that he ever

visited this Senate, when the resolution had been read that testified that the people of his State, by their representatives, had rescinded the only censure of him that they had ever uttered during his long career of service, he feelingly expressed to me his appreciation of that great act of justice, and spoke warmly of the kindness that had cheered him during his last visit to his State. Yet it is said that to no man did he complain of that censure, and by no act or word ever sought its reversal. So he had none of the arts of the politician; had no party within his party, no leaders of cliques or factions at his back; and left wholly to the people the care of his political fortune.

It is meet that to the memory of such a man, — scholar, statesman, and patriot, — high honors be paid. He was himself generous of eulogy to departed worth. I have sought to add but a leaf to the garland that decorates his tomb.

BY HON. H. B. ANTHONY OF RHODE ISLAND.

Mr. President, — I can add nothing of narration or of eulogy to what has been said, and so well said. Mr. Sumner's life, his character, and his services, have been fittingly presented, and on both sides of the chamber. The generous voices of political opponents have followed the affectionate praises of devoted friends; and nothing remains but to close

this sad and august observance. Yet something forbids my entire silence, and impels me to interpose a few sentences before the subject passes from the consideration of the Senate. My acquaintance with Mr. Sumner commenced previous to my entrance into this body, where it ripened into a friendship which will always remain among the most agreeable recollections of my public life. I remained associated with him until every other seat in the chamber, except one, had changed its occupant, and eight new ones had been added. Some left us in the ordinary chances and changes of political fortunes; some were transferred to other departments of the public service; and of these, some have returned again to the Senate; some, as Douglas and Baker and Collamer and Foot and Fessenden, fell, like Sumner, at their posts, and, like him, were borne to their final repose with all the demonstrations of public gratitude, of official respect, and of popular affection, with which a generous constituency decorates the memory of those whose lives have been spent in its service, and who have worthily worn its honors. But Mr. Sumner's constituency was the Republic, wide as its farthest boundary, and permeating its utmost limits; for he was conspicuously the representative of a principle which, although seminal in the organization of the government, was slow of growth, and fructified largely under his care. When the intelligence of his death followed so close upon the first intimation of his danger, it fell with an equal shock upon all classes of society, upon "all sorts and con-

ditions of men;" it invaded with equal sorrow the abodes of luxury, and the cottages of the poor, —

pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turres.

The scholar closed his book, and the laborer leaned upon his spade. The highest in the land mourned their peer, the lowliest lamented their friend. How well his life had earned this universal testimony of respect; how naturally the broad sympathy which he had manifested for the wronged and the injured of every condition came back to honor his memory, — it is not my purpose to enlarge upon. His eulogy is his life; his epitaph is the general grief; his monument, builded by his own hands, is the eternal statute of freedom.

Mr. President, when I look back over this long period, crowded with great events, and which has witnessed the convulsion of the nation, the reorganization and reconstruction of our political system; when, in my mind's eye, I people this chamber with those whose forms have been familiar to me, whose names, many of them historical names, have been labelled on these desks, and are now carved on the marble that covers their dust, — I am filled with a sadness inexpressible, yet full of consolation. For, musing on the transitory nature of all sublunary things, I come to perceive that their instability is not in their essence, but in the forms which they assume, and in the agencies that operate upon them; and when I recall those whom I have seen fall around

me, and whom I thought necessary to the success, almost to the preservation, of great principles, I recall also those whom I have seen step into the vacant places, put on the armor which they wore, lift the weapons which they wielded, and march on to the consummation of the work which they inaugurated. And thus I am filled with reverent wonder at the beneficent ordering of Nature, and inspired with a loftier faith in that almighty Power, without whose guidance and direction all human effort is vain, and with whose blessing the humblest instruments that he selects are equal to the mightiest work that he designs.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

BY HON. E. R. HOAR.

Mr. Speaker, — When, more than six weeks ago, the announcement of the death of the senator from Massachusetts was made in this hall, the shock was so sudden, the sense of loss and bereavement so great, that we all felt the most fitting employment of the time to be to "commune with our own hearts, and be still." Public business was suspended until that lifeless form could be brought to rest, for a few hours, under the great dome of the Capitol, crowned by the emblem of that liberty at whose altar the homage of his life had been offered; and then in the Senate-chamber, by senators and representatives, president and cabinet, judges and warriors, the ministers of foreign powers, clergy, and people, in the presence of the great reconciler Death, were performed those funeral rites with which the nation honors those of her sons who have "fallen in high places." We bore him from these scenes of his public labors to the old Commonwealth which gave him birth; and there, in the home of his childhood and manhood, in the presence of countless thousands who thronged to unite in that last tribute of

respect and affection, the State reverently and tenderly committed to the earth, to mingle with kindred dust, the earthly remains of her foremost public man, and best-beloved citizen. And, now that his character and fame are passing into memory and history, it is fitting that we, his contemporaries and associates in the public service, should be allowed a brief opportunity to express our estimate of the man, and of his relation to his country and mankind.

Charles Sumner was born in Boston, on the 6th of January, 1811; the son of Charles Pinckney Sumner, who was for a long time the sheriff of Suffolk County. His early education was at the Boston Latin School, from which he entered Harvard College, and graduated with distinction in 1830. He studied law, under Story and Greenleaf, in the Law School of that institution; and for three years was employed to take the place of Judge Story as a lecturer and instructor in law during the sessions of the Supreme Court at Washington. He spent the next three years in Europe, where, both in England and on the Continent, he formed the acquaintance, and gained the friendship, of many distinguished men; acquired a familiarity with some European languages; diligently pursued his studies in literature, history, and jurisprudence; and gratified as well as cultivated his taste for art. He returned to the practice and study of his profession, in which he gained an honorable and distinguished position, chiefly due to his profound and extensive learning. He never argued many causes, but conducted such as he had with

marked ability and success. He edited "The American Jurist," the twenty volumes of Vesey's Reports, and was the reporter of three volumes of the decisions of Judge Story in the first circuit. His first public performance which attracted general attention was his oration on "The True Grandeur of Nations," before the municipal authorities of Boston, on the 4th of July, 1845; which Richard Cobden pronounced "the most noble contribution made by any modern writer to the cause of peace." He had voted with the Whig party, but took no active part in political affairs, until the great controversy upon the question of slavery, especially as affected by the war with Mexico, and the proposed annexation of Texas, brought him into the front rank of the advocates of universal liberty. He declined a nomination as representative in Congress. In April, 1851, he was elected to the Senate of the United States, for the full term succeeding that which had been held by Mr. Webster, and, in its last few months, by Mr. Winthrop and Mr. Rantoul. His election was made by a coalition of the Free-soil party and the Democrats; Mr. Boutwell, who was the Democratic candidate for governor of Massachusetts, being elected by the same combination of parties. He took his seat in the Senate on the 1st of December, 1851. His first great speech in the Senate was in support of a motion to repeal the Fugitive-Slave Law, and was delivered on the 25th of August, 1852. He was struck down, at his desk in the Senate-chamber, by blows upon the head, inflicted by a representative from

South Carolina, on the 18th of May, 1856, in professed revenge for words spoken in debate two days before. The terrible injury to the spinal column, which was nearly fatal at the time, resulted in the malady, *angina pectoris*, which at last terminated his life. In consequence of the suffering and illness caused by this assault, he was absent from his place in the Senate, during most of the time, for four years. He was re-elected to the Senate in 1857, in 1863, and in 1869, and died on the 11th of March, 1874; having attended the session of that body on the day before his death.

Such are the simple outlines of his life. Yet how affluent a culture, how wide an influence, and how absolute a conscience, how perfect an integrity, how enduring a fame, how tender and affectionate a heart, belonged to the man who filled out those outlines to the full measure of a noble and heroic character! The only office he ever held was that of senator from Massachusetts; and, when he died, he was the senior senator in length of continuous service. His successive re-elections were carried by great waves of public sentiment, without bargains, without concealments, without pledges (except those of his life and known opinions), and without competitors: for twenty-three years the record of his public life is the history of the country. He took part in all the great debates; and his name is indelibly associated with all the great results which that period has produced. And what accomplished results it

was his privilege to see! How much of the great work and object of his life was obtained before it closed! When he entered the Senate, there were but two others there of his political opinions. Before he died, he was the leader of a majority of more than two-thirds of the body. He came there an advocate of impartial liberty throughout the land, the antagonist of slavery wherever it could be reached under the Constitution. He was treated as a detested fanatic. He tried for months, in vain, to get a hearing; and was even refused a place on any committee, as outside of any healthy political organization. He lived to see the adoption of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution; to be the head of the Committee on Foreign Relations; to see the men of the proscribed color admitted to seats in both branches of Congress, and to know that he had helped to emancipate them; with the respect and confidence of the nation, before whom he had pleaded, that "nothing is safer than justice," and to whom he had contended that "nothing is settled that is not right." His first public utterance was in favor of peace, and the amicable settlement of differences among nations; which was contemptuously received as the dream of a visionary enthusiast. He lived to see the negotiation of the treaty of Washington, and its consummation in the arbitration at Geneva.

Mr. Sumner was thoroughly and truly an American. He believed in his country, in her unity, her grandeur, her ideas, and her destiny. He had drunk

deep from the sources of American institutions, in the writings and lives of our Revolutionary fathers. He was an idealist, and trusted the future. To his far-reaching vision, it was always true that

> "Every gift of noblest origin
> Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath."

His spirit was of the morning; and his face was radiant with the sunrise he intently watched. He saw in the future of America a noble and pursuant nation, its grand Constitution conformed to and construed by the grander Declaration of 1776, purged of every stain and inconsistency, the home of the homeless, the refuge of the oppressed, the paradise of the poor, the example of honor, justice, peace, and freedom to the nations of the earth. His personal integrity was so absolute, that no breath of suspicion even ever sullied it. He said to a friend, "People talk about the corruption of Washington: I have lived here all these years, and have seen nothing of it." He never had any tracks to cover up, or opinions or motives to conceal. You remember well his commanding presence, his stalwart frame, the vigor and grace of his motions, the charm of his manners, the polish of his rhetoric, the abundance of his learning, the fervor and impressiveness of his oratory. He was every inch a senator, and upheld, with zeal and fidelity, the dignity, privileges, and authority of the Senate.

He never seems to have known fear. His courage, and power of resolute endurance, were conspicuously

shown in his undergoing the moxa, — the application of hot irons the whole length of the spine, — which his physician said was the most terrible torture he ever knew inflicted on man or animal; and which he bore without taking ether, because he was told, that, by so doing, there was a little better prospect that the treatment would be efficacious. There is no doubt that he died a martyr to the cause of liberty, and to the efforts which he would not relax in its behalf, as truly as they who fell on the field of battle. The bludgeon preceded the bayonet and the bullet in that civil war which began long before 1861, and did its work of death as surely, if more slowly. Of his private life, of his genial and liberal hospitality, of the strength and warmth of his friendships, of his curious stores of information, of his treasures of literature and art, of his tenderness and sweetness towards those who loved and trusted him, there is no time or need, speaking in this place, and on this occasion. But there are many of the pure and gentle, of the thoughtful and richly-cultured, to whom the tidings of his death brought tender and precious memories of these things. No doubt Mr. Sumner had defects of character. I think he had little sense of humor; and some more of it might have been of service to him. He was an orator, and not a debater; and, if he had had more of the training of the bar and the popular assembly, might perhaps sometimes have made a more direct and forcible impression upon those whom he sought to convince, and who were wearied with his stately periods, and inexhaustible

learning. But some of his faults were closely allied to his virtues, and to the sources of his power. He was of an imperious nature, and intolerant of difference in opinion by his associates, and has been called an egotist. But all this came largely from the strength of his convictions, from his own belief in his own thoroughness of study and purity of purpose, and from what has been happily described as his sublime confidence in his own moral sagacity. He was terribly in earnest, and could not understand how others would fail to see what he saw so clearly. It may, indeed, be true that in advancing age, and still striving to bear up and do his work, under a terrible burden of shattered health and worn nerves, he made judgments which some of us have thought unjust, and severed associations which some of us would gladly have seen preserved. But let me say for him, that I believe he carried to the grave as few resentments, as little animosity, as rarely is found in the hearts of men whose lives have been passed in scenes of public conflict.

I saw him frequently and familiarly during the last four months of his life, and wish to give my testimony to the gentleness and kindness of his temper during all that time, and to the fact that he uttered no word of harshness or censure, in my hearing, concerning any human being. It was noticeable and touching to observe, it is gratifying to remember, and I think it would have been pleasant to him to know that it would be here remembered of him. But the time allowed me is short, and I must not

withhold your attention from those who are to follow. I cannot better sum up the character I have described than by adopting language which has been applied to the character of Milton: "A high ideal purpose maintained; a function discharged through life with unwavering consistency; austerity, but the austerity not of monks, but of heroes; incapable of depression, but also, as far as appears, incapable of mirth." As I stood by the dying-bed of him who was my friend for thirty years, and heard the repeated exclamation, "Oh, so tired! Oh, so weary!" the old hymn of the Church seemed to be sounding in my ears, —

"Yes, peace, for war is needless;
Yes, calm, for storm is past;
And rest from finished labor,
An anchorage at last."

The weary are at rest. The good and faithful servant has entered into the joy of his Lord.

BY HON. HENRY L. DAWES.

Mr. Speaker, — It is from no lack of eulogy or tribute already fitly spoken by stricken Massachusetts, that I seek to be heard on this occasion. But, longer than any other of her representatives here at the Capitol, it has been my good fortune to have been associated with Mr. Sumner in the public service, and to stand by him as a colleague in the representa-

tion of that State. He had served a full term in the Senate when I entered this House, more than seventeen years ago. I had met him here in his very first session, which was, in fact, the commencement of his public life; for that public life, when measured by the limitation of years, began and ended with his service as a senator of the United States from Massachusetts. No man can justly estimate that great public career, which has so suddenly and sadly closed, who fails to comprehend the times which gave it birth, and the events out of which its grand proportions have been rounded into matchless perfection and power. How much they developed him, and he them, belongs to the historian and biographer, and not to the eulogist. The life and times of Charles Sumner will be a chapter in the world's history, standing out all alone, and by itself. To the latest day that it will be read of men, there will be found in it nothing ordinary; but, from its inception to its close, every thing was cast in a mould which had no prototype, and on a scale by which nothing else has been measured. If we go back from the grand consummation to the beginning, there will be found the same extraordinary conditions which have attended every step of his great career, upward and onward to its end. He had never held public office till he entered the Senate-chamber in December, 1851. Calhoun had died in the previous year, and both Clay and Webster in the year which followed. As Mr. Sumner entered the arena made illustrious by the great struggles of the giants of that day, and sought his

own position in coming conflicts, Mr. Benton said to him, —

"You have come upon the stage too late, sir: all our great men have passed away. Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster are gone. Not only have the great men passed away; but the great issues too, raised from our form of government, and of deepest interest to its founders and their immediate descendants, have been settled also. The last of these was the national bank; and that has been overthrown forever. Nothing is left you, sir, but puny sectional questions, and petty strifes about slavery and fugitive-slave laws, involving no national interests."

How limited is human vision! The great men, and the then great issues with which they wrestled, filled, as they were receding from his view, the whole horizon of a statesman whose own participation in public affairs covered, in that very forum, the unparalleled period of thirty years. But as men sometimes build better than they know, so more often do they build in a way, and tread a path, they know not of. Calhoun and Clay and Webster did, indeed, pass away. But the sun which seemed to set with them rose again, almost simultaneously, with a new and a grander glory; and there was no night. Seward and Chase and Sumner stood up in the places made vacant by those mighty intellects; and issues more momentous and far-reaching than ever before confronted statesmanship sprung up under their very feet, and out of the ashes of struggles vainly supposed to have become extinct. The world's history

furnishes no parallel to the pages which shall truthfully chronicle the character and consequences of the conflicts into which slavery and fugitive-slave laws hurled the nation almost from the hour of this lamentation over repose. And the young senator from Massachusetts had no occasion to wait for opportunity. He was summoned to the very front of the conflict, and, without hesitation or delay, took the position which conviction of duty, as well as public exigency, assigned him. If, therefore, it had been permitted to Mr. Sumner, standing at the goal, and looking back along the years of his labor, with all that increased knowledge and wider experience, that wealth of philanthropy, and expansion of heart, which crowned his last days, — had it then been permitted him to choose, could he have selected a moment more fit, or crowned with grander opportunities, for the enlistment of his vast and varied powers, than the one which called him to his work? Hardly had he entered upon it before he received, upon his own person, the concentrated malignity of that barbarous system of society with which he grappled, in blows the effects of which never left him, but which, failing to silence, consecrated him to the sublime mission he so grandly filled.

That work, thus begun, had many phases, and led him along many ways which sometimes, for the moment, seemed devious, and which ofttimes compelled him to invoke instrumentalities pronounced doubtful by the bystander. But all the while it grew upon his hands: it broadened, and it deepened, towering

above and dwarfing all other work which fell to the lot of other statesmen. Grand in its very simplicity, sublime in its very comprehensiveness, it enlisted the noblest aspirations of the statesman, and lifted his whole being into an atmosphere and life and vigor all its own. Absolute human equality secured, assured, and invulnerable, was the work to which, with a baptism of blood and suffering, he consecrated all his powers, all his life, and all his hopes. In that work he himself grew great. Around about it, as a centre, all the attributes of his mind, and elements of his character, called into active service, and put to constant task, were developed, till, like the one muscle of the blacksmith's right arm, they attained a growth and strength unlike all others. He was an eloquent man; but through all his rhetoric gleamed the battle-axe, cleaving the chains of the slave, and beating down the hoary head of caste. His orations were not set with diamonds, nor decked with flowers; but they thundered along the unbending track of logic, irresistible and crushing. They had one purpose, the consummation of his life-work; and he in them marshalled the whole artillery of rhetoric and of speech for the assault. Learning he acquired as no other man in public life; but he devoted it all to this his one great struggle; and while he levied upon ancient lore and modern research alike for illustration, for argument, for admonition, and for encouragement, it was only as for so many recruits to the forces he commanded in a life-campaign against human bondage. Thus it is that his public addresses,

with few exceptions, stand as monuments both of his own power as an orator, and of the transcendent work to which his whole life had been set apart. Yet on those rare occasions when he permitted himself, as if in relaxation, to indulge in current debate or in popular address, he has left ample evidence that his mind was richly endowed with all those rare gifts of oratory which have in all times charmed, instructed, and swayed the popular mind. Some of these orations are masterly productions, of wide-spread fame.

To speak of the work itself to which Mr. Sumner set apart his life, and for which he laid it down, would be to attempt not only the history of his country, from his entrance into public life to the hour when his labors ceased, but also that of human rights and human equality the world over. This cannot be attempted here. Happily it is not needed to complete the duty of the hour. That work, once derided, denounced, scoffed at, and spit upon, has now conquered all opposition, and to-day commands a support well-nigh universal. There remains no forum in which its justice is debated, and no home or heart so lowly that its efficacy does not reach it. It was not permitted him to see the formal enactment of a civil-rights bill he had so long labored and waited for. But he knew that this keystone of the grand arch was already fitted to its place. What he suffered, what he sacrificed, what he lifted, and carried to the end of all things on earth to him, in the hope that his own work might be completed by

his own hands, cannot now be put in words. I have said that Mr. Sumner was sometimes misunderstood. I speak not now of that common lot of public men which subjects them to the misrepresentations and denunciations of opponents, often as indiscriminate as unjust. There is a more trying ordeal, when the vision of *friends* becomes dim, and familiar faces turn away, for a time, in doubt and distrust. Then the statesman who is faithful to his convictions will wait patiently and silently in the path of duty, till the mist lifting, and the light breaking in, the blinded see again the outline of that pathway, and hail anew his advancing footsteps. Thus recently his own beloved Commonwealth, proud and long-trusting as she is, yet, for a moment, losing her vision in a bewildering twilight, turned her face away from Mr. Sumner and his work. Not a word of complaint fell from his lips. Conscious of a lofty and noble aspiration, and with an unfaltering faith that time would bring him vindication, he waited patiently for the dawn of a brighter day, and the opening of a clearer vision. They came at last, but only just in time to save her, in this her day of mourning, the added pang of unatoned injustice. I have no space to speak of those varied accomplishments, that wealth of knowledge, and that kindliness of heart, which were the charm of his social life. But I desire to put on record my deep obligations for an unbroken friendship of seventeen years, begun in a common public service, and interrupted by that great event which has alike crushed private friendships and social ties, and

brought irreparable loss upon the public service, the country, and mankind. Mr. Sumner reared his own monument, and has left it complete. It will stand peerless through all the ages that free government and human equality shall exist on the earth. An enslaved race, lifted to freedom, to citizenship, and to equal rights, will crown it with the garlands of fresh effort and victorious struggle toward a completed manhood. The Commonwealth whose son he was, and whose commission he bore, will cherish tenderly his memory, and point proudly to the name which is at once history and inspiration.

BY HON. J. H. RAINEY.

Mr. Speaker, — Not long since, we were called upon to lay aside our accustomed duties of legislation, to participate in the mournful procession that signalized the departure of the distinguished statesman and philanthropist who has been summoned before the bar of our final Judge. We have again halted to pay further tribute to his memory and intrinsic worth. The announcement of the death of Charles Sumner, late senator from the State of Massachusetts, sent a thrill of sorrow, and cast a shade of melancholy gloom, over this country, more pervading in its general effects than any similar event since the assassination of the lamented Lincoln. Language such as I have at my command is

too imperfect and feeble to convey in adequate terms the high estimation in which he was held, or to express fully and feelingly the depth of grief his demise has occasioned. Men and women mourn his loss, and shed the tear of regretful sadness, not only in large cities, and the palatial dwellings occupied by the learned and wealthy, but in villages and hamlets, upon farms and distant plantations of the South; into the cabins of the unlettered and the lowly, bereavement found its way, bowing the hearts of all in mournful lamentation for this irreparable loss. Mr. Sumner, in name and deeds, is known, revered, and esteemed by all classes of our people. The remarkable and noble battles of argument and eloquence which he has fought in the Senate, in behalf of the oppressed, have enshrined him in the hearts of his countrymen, millions of whom never beheld his majestic form, nor heard his deep and impressive voice, — that voice which at no time indulged silence when the cause of the down-trodden and the enslaved was the issue.

Early in life Mr. Sumner espoused the cause of those who were not able to speak for themselves, and whose bondage made it hazardous for any one else to venture a word in their behalf. No one knew the danger and magnitude of such an undertaking better than the deceased. Public sentiment, at that time, was opposed to his course; ostracism confronted him; friends forsook him: but undaunted, and full of courage, he pursued the right, sustained his convictions, and lived long enough to see the frui-

tion of his earnest labors. He was among the first to arouse the Commonwealth of his beloved Massachusetts to consider the justice and equity of mixed schools. The blows he gave were effectual; the separating walls could not withstand them; they consequently tottered and fell. The doors of the schoolhouses flew open to all; prejudice was well-nigh consumed by the blaze of his ardent eloquence; and proscription gave way to more liberal views. It was upon his motion, that the first colored man was admitted to practise before the Supreme Court of the United States. These remarks are made to show that the cause of my race was always foremost in his mind: indeed, he was a friend, who, in many instances, stuck closer than a brother. He was one of those who never slumbered upon his lance, but stood ever watchful for the opportunity to hurl the shaft of his forensic powers against the institution of slavery. The forum, the platform, and the legislative hall bear equal testimony to his untiring zeal, and determined opposition to it.

The barbarities and atrocities of slavery, through the aid of his giant mind, were brought to the attention of the American people and the world in a manner and style hitherto unknown. He was God's chosen advocate of freedom, and denouncer of the crime of the "peculiar institution" which blurred the fair record, and threatened ultimately to destroy the growing fame, of his country. So attractive, instructive, and inviting was his mode of argument, that even those who opposed him most strenuously

were constrained to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" his utterances. This was doubtless owing, in a great measure, to his rare talents and acquirements, and the splendid opportunity he enjoyed of speaking to the country.

Mr. Sumner was a patriot of no ordinary rank; he was a lover of his country, the whole country, in the broadest and the most comprehensive signification of the term. Whatever he did to hinder the extension of slavery, or to hasten the day of its final abolition, was based not upon hatred or antipathy to the South, but upon a conviction that it was not only wrong to humanity, but an accursed blot upon the escutcheon of the Republic. He knew full well that it would tarnish the beauty of its history: therefore he felt the duty pressing to combat it. In a word, he did not hate the South, nor the slaveholder; but he hated and detested slavery. His desire was, that the South, as well as the North, should share in the real grandeur of this republican empire. He was aware that the impartial historian could not complete his task so long as slavery existed, unless the pen, as it were, was dipped in human blood, the thought of which, to him, was revolting. Oh that the South had heeded his admonition, and let the oppressed go free! As a statesman, Mr. Sumner may have allowed his zeal to outrun his discretion, and thus made mistakes.

"To err is human; to forgive, divine."

It was evident, however, that his errors ever leaned

to the side of justice and humanity. He could not comprehend any fundamental law that did not embrace, in its provisions, the cause of the poor and the needy: consequently, his construction of the Constitution differed, in many essential particulars, from that put upon it by other statesmen, who were less liberal in their opinions, and more partial and biassed in their judgment. He was strong to his convictions, faithful to duty, and true to his country. How appropriate are the following lines in tracing his active and useful life! —

"Stanch at thy post, to meet life's common doom,
It scarce seems death to die as thou hast died;
Thy duty done, thy truth, strength, courage, tried,
And all things ripe for the fulfilling tomb.
A crown would mock thy hearse's sable gloom,
Whose virtues raised thee higher than a throne,
Whose faults were erring Nature's, not his own, —
Such be thy sentence, writ with fame's bright plume,
Amongst the good and great; for thou wast great,
In thought, word, deed, like mightiest ones of old,
Full of the honest truth which makes men bold,
Wise, pure, firm, just: the noblest Roman's state
Became not more a ruler of the free,
Than thy plain life, high thoughts, and matchless constancy."

As compared to his admirers, Mr. Sumner's circle of intimate friends was not very numerous. Only a few genial spirits imparted to him social pleasure and mental enjoyment. He found his chief delight in the companionship of books, and the study of the fine arts. But, with this rare appreciation for the classic

and the artistic, he possessed, in an astonishing degree, the faculty of adapting himself to social intercourse with those whose attainments were not commensurate with his own. He was always willing to receive such as visited him, seeking counsel or advice, without regard to present circumstances or former condition. His friendship, when formed, was sincere and advantageous. I did myself the honor to call upon him occasionally; not as often, however, as I felt inclined, for I knew that his time was valuable, not only to himself, but to his country. Never did I call but I found him glad to see me, and ready to lay aside constantly exacting duties, and engage in such conversation as invariably resulted in my being benefited. It was very perceptible, that the aim and bent of his master-mind was to elevate to true manhood the race with which I am particularly identified. I can never forget, so long as I have the faculty of recollection, the warm and friendly grasp he gave this hand of mine soon after I was admitted a member of this House. On my first visit to the Senate, he said, "I welcome you to this chamber. Come over frequently: you have rights here as well as others."

During his senatorial career, embracing a period of twenty-three years, he has contended for a moral principle, against enemies more daring and intrepid, perhaps, than any other man has encountered in the same space of time. This principle was to him more dear than life itself. His conscientious convictions, that slavery was a national crime and moral sin,

could not endure tamely assertions to the contrary. He heeded not the menacing denunciations of those "who eat the bread of wickedness, and drink the wine of violence." Their execrations could not move nor intimidate him. Finding these instruments of wickedness could not deter him, or turn the keen edge of his argument, he was brutally and cowardly assaulted in the Senate-chamber, in 1856, by Preston S. Brooks, a representative from South Carolina. This occurred a few days after his masterly effort, setting forth the "Crime against Kansas."

Mr. Speaker, that unprovoked assault declared to the country the threatening attitude of the two sections, one against the other, and awakened a determination on the part of the North to resist the encroachments of slavery. The unexpressed sympathy that was felt for him among the slaves of the South, when they heard of this unwarranted attack, was only known to those whose situations, at the time, made them confidants. Their prayers and secret importunities were ever uttered in the interest of him who was their constant friend, and untiring advocate and defender before the high court of the nation.

Mr. Speaker, it is said that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church." With equal truthfulness and force, I think it may be said that the blood of Charles Sumner, spilled upon the floor of the Senate because he dared to oppose the slave-power of the South, and to interpose in the path of

its progress, was the seed that produced general emancipation; the result of which is too well known to need comment. It spoke silently, but effectively, of the cruelty and iniquities of that abominable institution. Notwithstanding that dastardly assault, his valor was not cooled, neither was his determination abated, to resist the advancing steps of that *power* which was the source of so much distraction to the Republic, and disgrace to the nineteenth century. Sir, I believe in a Providence that shapes events and controls circumstances. His hand is most conspicuously seen in the life and death of the lamented senator. Though he was a martyr to the cause of freedom and universal liberty, he nevertheless lived long enough to see the struggles of his eventful public life crowned with victory, and the broken shackles of the slave scattered at his feet, before he was gathered to his fathers. The emancipated and enfranchised will pay grateful homage to his memory in life, and, dying, bequeath the name of him who was their benefactor, as a befitting one for the reverence and adoration of posterity.

"Farewell! if ever fondest prayer
For others' weal availed on high,
Ours will not be lost in air,
But waft thy name beyond the sky."

Mr. Speaker, the intentness of his thought on the subject of his mission, for which, apparently, he was born, clung to him to the ebbing moments of his life.

When weary, and longing for rest, having his eyes fixed upon that "mansion not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," and just preceding his final step, over the threshold of time, into the boundless space of eternity, he uttered, in dying accents, yet with an eloquence more persuasive and impressive than ever, these words: "Do not let the civil-rights bill fail." How remarkable the connecting incidents of his history! This is particularly apparent when we recall the fact, that he began as an advocate of human rights, continued through an eventful career the same; and closing his last hours on earth, facing the judgment-seat of the very God, he looked back for a moment, and repeated these words, which will be ever memorable: "Do not let the civil-rights bill fail." This sentence, we trust, will prove more potent and availing, in securing equality before the law for all men, than any of his former efforts. This is not the proper time, neither is the occasion propitious, for further comment on that dying appeal. I therefore, with trembling hands and a grateful heart, lay it gently in the lap of the Muses, that it may be wrought into imperishable history, as an additional evidence of his sincerity in life, and his devotion to the grand principle of equal rights, even in the embrace of death. He can never be repaid for the services he has rendered the Republic. No libation, adoration, or sacrifice can equal the beneficence and magnitude of the services he has rendered his country and mankind. As for my race, and me, his memory will ever be precious to us. We will

embalm it among the choicest gems of our recollection. Yes, —

> "Let laurels, drench'd in pure Parnassian dews,
> Reward his memory, dear to every Muse,
> Who with a courage of unshaken root,
> In honor's field advancing his firm foot,
> Plants it upon the line that Justice draws,
> And will prevail, or perish in her cause.
> 'Tis to the virtue of such men man owes
> His portion in the good that Heaven bestows."

Now, sir, my grateful task is done. This humble but heartfelt tribute I lay at the base of the broken column, in token of him who was an eminent statesman, renowned philanthropist, and devoted friend to the friendless. "May he rest in peace!"

BY HON. G. F. HOAR.

Mr. Speaker, — I should prefer to leave this theme to those of my colleagues who have been longer and more conspicuous in the public service. But the community which I represent was bound to our great senator by a tie closer, I think, than that of any other. In the city of Worcester he first publicly devoted himself to the great cause to which his life was consecrated. From that day to his death, for more than twenty-five years, through his eventful career, through all the obloquy and strife and hatred which it was his lot to encounter, that

people have loved and honored him; scarcely ever divided from him in judgment, never in principle, never in affection; and it seems to me fitting, that, in this season of funeral sorrow and of funeral triumph, its voice should not be silent. Charles Sumner's public life was spent in one place, the Senate-chamber; and was devoted to one cause, the equality of all men before the law. For that arena, and that great argument, his first forty years must be considered only as preparation. He came to manhood, leaving Harvard with the best training which his native State had to bestow. He was a model of manly beauty and of manly strength, attracting the eye in every assembly, capable of great athletic feats, and able to sustain the most severe and continuous study. To the best American training he added what foreign travel could give. He mastered the principal modern languages, and formed intimacies with the distinguished men of Europe, especially with those of his own profession. He became a learned lawyer, editing the twenty volumes of Vesey, jun., himself reporting the decisions of his friend Judge Story, and contributing many original essays to "The American Jurist." His great native powers of oratory, the indispensable instruments of his future service, he trained and manifested by numerous public addresses; in which, thus early, he unfolded the principles and opinions from which he never swerved. The full vigor of his intellect he retained till his death. But that majestic eloquence which inspired and captivated large masses

of men, as he wove the lessons of history, the ornaments of literature, the commandments of law, human and divine, into his burning and impassioned plea for the slave, belonged only to his youth. He never fully regained it after the assault upon him in the Senate-chamber. His vast learning and retentive memory were a marvel. I remember, in my boyhood hearing an eminent scholar style him the Encyclopædia of Boston.

He was familiar with all heroic literature. His style, without much variety, reminded you of some of the statelier passages of Burke, whom in person he resembled; resembling also, in its affluence of citation, that "field of the cloth of gold," the prose of John Milton. Old men who had trod the highest paths of fame recognized the promise of the youth, and sought his companionship. Probably no young man in America ever counted such a host of illustrious friends. Among them were Kent, the greatest modern writer on jurisprudence, unless we join Kent himself in preferring Story; and De Tocqueville, that wisest of Frenchmen, who has understood the institutions of America better than any man since the men who builded them, and from whom Sumner received that maxim in which he delighted, "Life is neither a pain nor a pleasure, but a serious business, which it is our duty to carry through, and to terminate, with honor." Among them were some, still alive, famous in poetry, in letters, and in science, whose unfailing affection cheered the darkest hours of his life. Among them were four, — John Picker-

ing, the illustrious scholar whom Sumner called the leader in the revival of learning in America, comparing him to Erasmus; Washington Allston, Story, and Channing, — whom he commemorated in that wonderful oration of eulogy, in which, taking them as representatives and examples, he set forth the four ideals which he kept ever before his own gaze, — knowledge, justice, beauty, love.

Such was Charles Sumner when he was called to choose his side in the great battle of which our nation was to be the scene. Never did hero, martyr, or saint choose more bravely or worthily. The party to which he had belonged, dominant for a generation in Massachusetts, was just wresting the national authority from the grasp of its ancient rival. The victory of either was the victory of slavery. Turning his back on the victors, he chose the conquered cause. Fond of power, fitted for its exercise, he chose the side of weakness. Surrounded by wealth, he chose the cause of the poor. Rich in friends, he became the defender of the friendless. Favorite of that cultivated society, his great heart went out in sympathy for the ignorant and degraded slave. He joined himself to a small political association, not strong enough to carry three districts, who made opposition to slavery the cardinal doctrine of their creed. The indignation of Massachusetts at the passage of the compromise measures of 1850, especially the Fugitive-slave Bill, for which the Whig administration of Millard Fillmore was responsible, enabled the Free-soil party, combining with the

Democratic minority, to elect Mr. Sumner to the Senate, where he took his seat in 1851. From that time forth he was the undoubted leader of the political opposition to slavery. His speeches stirred the public heart and conscience to their depths, and were the arsenal from which the most effective articles came. The sure instinct of slavery did not err when it recognized him as its implacable foe. At last a man had come to the Senate to whom the ideal higher law was real; on whom threats and blandishments alike were lost; who would not buy popularity or office, who would not buy success for his party, or even safety or prosperity for his country, by injustice. There was no mistake about him. The minions of tyranny sought eagerly for his destruction; thinking, that, with him, the new-born movement for freedom would perish. But, fools and blind, they saw not that the eternal forces were behind him. They thought if they could but silence that bugle-note, the music of liberty would die out over the land. They thought if they could but strike down that sentinel on the rampart, the awakening nation would turn itself to its long sleep. They thought if they could but stifle the clarion voice of the herald of the day, the morning itself would not dawn.

The secret of Charles Sumner's power lay in two qualities, which he impressed on this people in larger measure than any other man of his time, — his conscientiousness and his faith. Others — a good many — equalled him in eloquence: others — a few —

equalled him in scholarship. But he alone was the interpreter of the conscience of this people. To every proposition he applied the inexorable test, Is it right? is it absolutely just? Unless his Puritanic sense of rectitude was satisfied, he would not yield. No argument of political expediency, no whisper of administrative caution, no deference to associate, no regard for venerated authorities, no consideration of fitness of occasion, no fear for himself, would induce him to abate one jot of his indignant denunciation. With this trait, he could not be otherwise than the lifelong foe of slavery. There was no optimism in his nature. He never turned his gaze away from evil, or looked on it but to hate it and to strike it. But in the darkest days of war, as those darker days worse than war, when slavery ruled, he never lost his sublime faith in the triumph of justice, truth, and equality, wrought out in the Republic by the power of a free people. The secret of his power, and the rule of his public life, will be found in two of his own sentences, — one almost the opening sentence in his first great public discourse; the other, which I heard him utter toward the close of his life, in a debate on the Civil-rights Bill, that great and crowning measure of justice, in care for which he forgot himself in the very hour of death: "Never aim at aught which is not right; persuaded, that, without this, every possession will become an evil and a shame;" "Trust the Republic, and the ideas which are its strength and safety." No eulogy of Charles Sumner will be complete which leaves out his faults.

When common men die, we may invoke the adage, "Nil de mortius nisi bonum;" or utter that sadder cry of human frailty, "Jam parce sepulto." But of this man we can say the whole truth. Two grave defects marred the symmetry of his moral and intellectual nature. The first was a certain want of proportion or perspective in his mental vision, which made him exaggerate the evil or good qualities of men whom he had occasion to blame or praise, or the importance of measures with which he was concerned. In saying this, we should not forget how often time has brought around the popular judgment to his own. The other was a graver. In him the egotism fostered by a long senatorial career seems to have been natural. He possessed an inordinate confidence in his own judgments. He was intolerant of difference or of opposition. It was hard for men, his equals in station, themselves accustomed to respect, conscious of equal desire for the general welfare, to submit to his impatient and imperious criticism. What he saw, he seemed to himself to see with absolute clearness and certainty. He could not understand the state of mind of a man who did not see it as he did; but this, his greatest fault, was a protection to him in the warfare in which he was engaged. Imagine Mr. Sumner in Washington, from 1851 to 1857, almost alone, an object of general hatred, receiving by every mail threats of violence and assassination, possessed with a modest distrust of his own convictions, and exhibiting an amiable deference to the opinions of other people. Nothing but the absolute certainty of

his cause, and in himself, could have sustained him in those days of obloquy and peril. I have spoken of his injustice to his associates, and his intolerance of opposition; but the harshness and bitterness with which, for the time, he spoke of men who opposed the measures he had at heart, he never felt toward mere personal antagonists. I may surprise some persons who have not carefully studied Mr. Sumner; but I am sure of the assent of those who knew him best, when I declare that he was as free as any man I ever knew from personal hatreds, and that his lofty and generous nature was absolutely incapable of revenge. Let the man whom he considered to have most wronged him, or to have most wronged the Republic, but unite with him heartily in any cause which was dear to him, and the bitterest estrangements were forgotten.

Who shall say that he thought more highly of himself than he deserved? — that he demanded for himself, or his opinion, greater consideration than would now be accorded to them by the judgment of mankind? In the words of that fine sentence of the Ethica of Aristotle, applied by the English historian to the younger Pitt, "He thought himself worthy of great things; being, in truth, worthy." There was, at least, nothing petty and mean in these traits. They were the foibles of a lofty and noble nature. To his own self not always just, —

> "Bound in the bonds which all men share,
> Confess the failings, as we must,
> The lion's mark is always there."

At any rate, there he was to be seen and known of all men. There was no secrecy in his nature. He was the soul of truth. His public and private life corresponded. Of one thing those who love him are secure. History will lay bare no secret which will tarnish the whiteness of his fame. His correspondence, his conversation, the secrets of his chamber, may be made known to mankind; no intrigue, no dissimulation, no artifice, no selfish ambition, no impure thought or act, shall be found.

"Whatever record leap to light,
He never shall be shamed."

He was hearty and generous in his friendships. No man took greater delight in other men's services to freedom, or rewarded them with a more precious and bountiful commendation. To receive his praise, for any service to human liberty, was like being knighted by Cœur de Lion or Henry V. on the field of battle. He said lately, that the happiest period of his life was when he was a student at law. The time of the close of the war must have been equally so. He had seen the great desire of his life fulfilled. The eyes which had ached with sorrow and with toil had gazed upon the glory and the beauty of the harvest. The martyr of free speech, the solitary and despised champion of liberty, had lived to be the honored leader of the Senate. The friendship and confidence of Lincoln, who knew and loved the noble nature of the man; the gratitude of the American people; the recollection of great tasks successfully achieved; the

affection of hosts of friends; the expectation of new and most congenial employments in the country's service; the employments of literature; the resources of art, — every thing that could adorn, every thing that could delight, the remainder of a life scarce past its vigorous prime, seemed to be his. But fate ordered it otherwise. The voice of duty, obeyed at prime, called him to new sacrifices and new stripes until the end.

The last morning on which he came to the Senate-chamber, to the inquiry of a friend who met him, he answered, "I am tired, tired." As I heard of it just afterward, I thought of a sentence in that magnificent opening passage of his first great discourse, in which he seems to dedicate himself to the service of the Republic: "We must not fold our hands in slumber, nor abide content with the past. To each generation is committed its peculiar task; nor does the heart, which responds to the call of duty, find rest except in the grave." Ah! heart so dauntless and so tender, well hast thou kept that early vow. Ever responding to the call of duty, from the day when Massachusetts gave thee to thy country, in the fulness of thy youthful promise, till that saddest moment when we saw thee borne, cold in death, from the portals of the Capitol, thou hast known no rest. At last thy country gives thee back to thy native Commonwealth, to sleep in her holy Pilgrim soil with the kindred dust of the sons, many and brave, who have well obeyed the lessons he taught them in their youth; with Samuel Adams, and Otis, and the elder

and younger Quincy, and John Adams, and his illustrious son. Like them, he learned at her knees the lesson of liberty; like them, he encountered hatred and strife and peril; like them, he lived to see the seed he had sown bearing its abundant harvest; and, like them, his grateful country shall preserve his fame.

"For the memorial of virtue is immortal, because it is known with God and with men. When it is present, men take example at it; and when it is gone, they desire it: it weareth a crown, and triumpheth forever, having gotten the victory striving for undefiled rewards."

BY HON. L. Q. C. LAMAR.

Mr. Speaker, — I rise to second the resolutions presented by the member from Massachusetts. I believe that they express a sentiment which pervades the hearts of all the people whose representatives are here assembled. Strange as, in looking back upon the fact, the assertion may seem; impossible as it would have been ten years ago to make it, — it is not the less true, that to-day Mississippi regrets the death of Charles Sumner, and sincerely unites in paying honors to his memory: not because of the splendor of his intellect, though in him was extinguished one of the brightest lights which have illustrated the councils of the government for nearly a quarter of a

century; not because of the high culture, the elegant scholarship, and the varied learning, which revealed themselves so clearly in all his public efforts as to justify the application to him of Johnson's felicitous expression, "He touched nothing which he did not adorn," — not this, though these are qualities by no means, it is to be feared, so common in public places as to make their disappearance, in even a single instance, a matter of indifference; but because of those peculiar and strongly-marked moral traits of his character, which gave the coloring to the whole tenor of his singularly dramatic public career, making himself, to a part of his countrymen, the object of as deep and passionate hostility as to another he was one of enthusiastic admiration: and which are not the less the cause that now unites all these parties, so widely different, in a common sorrow to-day over his lifeless remains. Charles Sumner was born with an instinctive love of freedom; and was educated, from his earliest infancy, to the belief that freedom is the natural and indefeasible right of every intelligent being having the outward form of man. In him, in fact, the creed seems to have been something more than a doctrine imbibed from teachers, or a result of education. It was a grand intuitive truth, inscribed in blazing letters upon the tablet of his inner consciousness, to deny which would have been for him to deny that he himself existed; and, along with this all-controlling love of freedom, he possessed a moral sensibility keenly intense and vivid, — a conscientiousness which would never permit him to

swerve, by the breadth of a hair, from what he pictured to himself as the path of duty. Thus were combined in him the characteristics which have in all ages given to religion her martyrs, and to patriotism her self-sacrificing heroes. Let me do this great man the justice which, amid the excitements of the struggle between the sections, now past, many have been disposed to deny him. In his fiery zeal, and his earnest warfare against the wrong as he viewed it, there entered no enduring personal animosity toward the men whose lot it was to be born to the system which he denounced. It has been the kindness of the sympathy, which, in these later years, he has displayed to the impoverished and suffering people of the Southern States that has unveiled to me the generous and tender heart which beat beneath the bosom of the zealot, and has forced me to yield him the tribute of my respect, I might even say of my admiration. Nor, in the manifestation of this, has there been any thing which a proud and sensitive people, smarting under a sense of recent discomfiture and present suffering, might not frankly accept, or which would give them just cause to suspect its sincerity. For though he raised his voice, as soon as he believed the momentous issues of this great military conflict were decided, in favor of amnesty to the vanquished, and though he stood forward ready to welcome back as brothers, and to re-establish in their rights as citizens, those whose valor had so nearly riven asunder the Union which he loved, he always insisted that the most ample protection, and the largest safeguards,

should be thrown around the liberties of the newly-enfranchised African race. Though he knew very well that of his conquered fellow-citizens of the South, by far the larger portion of even those who most heartily acquiesced in, and desired, the abolition of slavery, seriously questioned the expediency of investing in a single day, and without any preliminary tutelage, so vast a body of inexperienced and uninstructed men with the full rights of citizenship and suffrage, he would tolerate no halfway measures upon a point to him so vital. Indeed, immediately after the war, while other minds were occupying themselves with different theories of reconstruction, he did not hesitate to impress most emphatically on the administration, not only in public, but in the confidence of private intercourse, his uncompromising resolution to oppose to the last every scheme which should fail to provide the surest guaranties for the personal freedom and political rights of the race which he had undertaken to protect. Whether these measures show him to be a practical statesman, or a theoretical enthusiast, is a question on which any decision we may pronounce to-day must wait the inevitable revision of posterity. The spirit of magnanimity, therefore, which breathes in his utterances, and manifests itself in all his acts affecting the South, was as evidently honest as it was grateful to the feelings of those to whom it was displayed. It was certainly a gracious act toward the South, though, unhappily, it jarred upon the sensibilities of the people at the other extreme of the Union, to pro-

pose to erase from the banners of the national army the mementoes of the bloody internal struggle, which might be regarded as assailing the pride, or wounding the sensibilities, of the Southern people. That proposal will never be forgotten by that people so long as the name of Charles Sumner lives in the memory of man. But while it touched the heart, and elicited her profound gratitude, her people would not have asked of the North such an act of self-renunciation. Conscious that they themselves were animated by devotion to constitutional liberty, and that the brightest pages of history are replete with evidences of the depth and sincerity of that devotion, they can but cherish the recollections of the battles fought, and the victories won, in defence of a hopeless cause; and respecting, as all true and brave men must, the martial spirit with which the men of the North vindicated the integrity of the Union, and their devotion to the principles of human freedom, they do not ask, they do not wish, the North to strike the mementoes of heroism and victory from either records or monuments or battle-flags. They would rather that both sections should gather up the glories won by each section; not envious, but proud of each other, and regard them as a common heritage of American valor. Let us hope that future generations, when they remember the deeds of heroism and devotion done on both sides, will speak not of Northern prowess or Southern courage, but of the heroism and fortitude of Americans in a war of ideas, — a war in which each section signalized its consecration to

the principles, as each understood them, of American liberty, and of the Constitution received from their fathers. It was my misfortune, perhaps my fault, personally never to have known this eminent philanthropist and statesman. The impulse was often strong upon me to go to him, and offer my hand, and my heart with it, and to express to him my thanks for his kind and considerate course toward the people with whom I am identified. If I did not yield to that impulse, it was because the thought occurred that other days were coming in which a demonstration might be more opportune, and less liable to misconstruction. Suddenly, and without premonition, a day has come at last, to which, for such a purpose, there is no to-morrow. My regret is, therefore, intensified by the thought that I failed to speak to him out of the fulness of my heart, while there was yet time. How often is it that death thus brings unavailingly back to our remembrance opportunities unimproved, in which generous overtures prompted by the heart remain unoffered, frank avowals which rise to the lips remain unspoken, and the injustice and wrong with which conscience reproached us remain unrepaired! Charles Sumner in life believed that all occasion for strife and distrust between the North and South had passed away, and there no longer remained any cause for continued estrangement between the two sections of our country. Are there not many of us who believe the same thing? Is not that the common sentiment, or, if not, ought it not to be, of the great mass of our people, North and

South? — bound to each other by a common Constitution, destined to live together under a common government, forming unitedly but a single member of the great family of nations. Shall we not, at last, endeavor to grow toward each other in heart, as we already are indissolubly linked to each other in fortunes? Shall we not, whilst honoring the memory of this great champion of human liberty, this feeling sympathizer with human sorrow, this earnest pleader for the exercise of human tenderness and heavenly charity, lay aside the concealments which serve only to perpetuate misunderstandings and distrust, and frankly confess that on both sides we most earnestly desire to be one, — one not merely in political organizations, one not merely in identity of institutions, one not merely in community of language and literature and traditions and country; but, more and better than all that, one also in feeling and in heart? Am I mistaken in this? Do the concealments of which I speak still cover animosities which neither time nor reflection, nor the march of events, have yet sufficed to subdue? I cannot believe it. Since I have been here, I have scrutinized your sentiments as expressed not merely in public debate, but in the *abandon* of personal confidence. I know well the sentiments of these my Southern friends, whose hearts are so infolded that the feeling of each is the feeling of all; and I see on both sides only the seeming of a constraint, which each apparently hesitates to dismiss. The South prostrate, exhausted, drained of her life-blood as well as of her material resources, yet still

honorable and true, accepts the bitter award of the bloody arbitrament without reservation, resolutely determined to abide the result with chivalrous fidelity; yet, as if struck dumb by the magnitude of her reverses, she suffers on in silence. The North, exultant in her triumph, and elated by success, still cherishes, as we are assured, a heart full of magnanimous emotions toward her disarmed and discomfited antagonist; and yet, as if under some mysterious spell, her words and acts are words and acts of suspicion and distrust. Would that the spirit of the illustrious dead whom we lament to-day could speak from the grave to both parties to this deplorable discord, in tones which should reach each and every heart throughout this broad territory! My countrymen, know one another, and you will love one another.

ADDRESSES IN FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON.

HIS HONOR MAYOR S. C. COBB.

Fellow-Citizens, — The lifeless form of Charles Sumner is now on its way from the national Capitol to Massachusetts, in the honorable and affectionate custody of his peers in office. Charles Sumner, the statesman and patriot, the scholar, orator, philanthropist, — a great and good man, — is dead. The whole civilized world takes note of the solemn event. The whole country, in its great cities, its scattered villages, its roadside farmhouses, and its lowliest cabins, pauses, reflects, and mourns.

But Boston occupies the place of chief mourner. His character and fame are the property of the whole nation; but, in his personal interests and affections, he was and is ours. His father was an honored magistrate of Boston. In these squares and alleys of ours the boy, destined to such eminence, pursued his childish games. He was educated in our schools, and in the university on our borders. In his youth

and early manhood he sat at the feet of our Quincy and Story and Shaw, our Adams and Webster and Everett and Channing. Here the future senator received the influences from without, and kindled the aspirations within, that, in due time, resulted in that brilliant career, that noble and unspotted life, that unwearied, undivided, and pre-eminent service for truth and right, for freedom and humanity.

Twenty-three years ago he went forth from among us to take his part in the great arena of public life; in the early prime of manhood, and without experience in affairs, yet a stalwart man, and full of intellectual vigor and generous enthusiasm. But yesterday he was a power in the land, standing conspicuous among the foremost in influence, and in the public respect and confidence; one to whose slightest word a nation listened with deference. To-day his right arm has fallen cold and motionless; his tongue is stilled; his intelligence is quenched to our mortal apprehension; his great soul gives no sign; and his crumbling body is being borne back to us to be laid to its rest by our hands, within the shadow of our city's domes and towers, and of the home he loved so well. His grave will be another added to our shrines of the illustrious dead; which we and our children, and our children's children, and citizens from Western prairies and Southern savannas, and travellers from foreign lands, will visit with reverent steps, to meditate on departed greatness and worth.

We do well, fellow-citizens, — we could not do less, or otherwise, — to gather to-day in this our historic hall. We come to mingle our sympathies and tears under the pressure of a great affliction. We come to renew our appreciation of an illustrious character and life, and rekindle our aspirations for the best and loftiest things. We come to give thanks to the Giver of all good for this bright and pure light permitted to shine upon us so long, and to bow in submission to the decree that has now withdrawn it. We come to pay our tribute — not the last tribute, but the first — to the sacred memory of one of our best and greatest men. The solemn grief of this hour for the death of Charles Sumner reveals to us how much — how much more, even, than we knew — we did in our hearts honor and revere him while living.

Resolutions will now be presented for your acceptance; which, I trust, will be found to embody, as far as mere language can, the sentiments with which the sad occasion has filled the minds of all of us, and of the multitudes around, whom these walls could not contain.

I shall then ask your silent and reverent attention to such remarks as may be offered by men who, as the personal friends or the life-long associates, or the intellectual peers, of the deceased, are qualified to speak of his character and services, and to impress upon us the lesson of the hour.

HON. RICHARD H. DANA, JUN.

MR. MAYOR, — On such a day as this, when this Cradle of Liberty is draped as the chamber of death, in the presence of these tearful eyes and swelling hearts, my words may well be few. Happy indeed would be the man who could add any thing to the expression of the scene.

I am aware, sir, that I owe the honor and privilege of my post, this morning, to the fact that you and some others remember that I have been a friend of Mr. Sumner from my boyhood to the last. He was indeed a friend, I will not say faithful and just, but partial and kind, to me. And to-day it is most fitting that I should restrict myself to a little testimony of what I know and remember, which is not known by the rising generation. I can bear witness, that, in the university, his life was intensely studious; that, at the age of twenty-three, he had secured the reputation of a scholar and thinker, and the respect and friendship of eminent men in jurisprudence and letters. When he went to Europe, at the age of twenty-six, he bore credentials from the first men of America to the first men of Europe; for they knew that he would justify all that they could say of him. And his great success in all parts of the Old World was owing not merely to his genial social qualities, his affectionate heart, and his varied accomplishments. There are many who know, that, in London and Paris and Vienna and Rome, his days and

nights were as laborious and studious as within the walls of Harvard University. He commanded the respect and the glad attention of the most eminent men, holding the most responsible positions in Europe. They foresaw in him the great publicist and statesman to which time developed him.

I knew him in various relations, social, professional, and literary; but I pass them all by for the consideration of the part he took in organizing the great party of freedom in 1848. He had been indifferent to ordinary politics until the anti-slavery cause, passing out of the region of mere moral effort, shaped itself into a movement of practical politics.

It was at his chambers in Court Street, that that small band of men was in the habit of gathering preparatory to the Buffalo Convention of 1848. And I would pause a moment, sir, to pay my tribute of respect — in which I know that you, Mr. Vice-President of the United States, will heartily join — to the disinterestedness, the courage, the fidelity, of the men who began that undertaking, in those dark days when it seemed but hopeless, and promised little else than labor and sacrifice.

I recall the faces and voices — some of them have passed away — of Mr. Adams, Henry Wilson, Charles Allen of Worcester, Stephen C. Phillips of Salem, Samuel Hoar of Concord, and his son, Dr. Palfrey of Cambridge, John A. Andrew, Horace Mann; but I will not attempt to complete the roll. Our thoughts to-day are directed to one of its youngest, who became the most eminent of all.

He has the right to have said of him what Burke said of Charles James Fox in tribute to his efforts to save and protect the suffering East Indians from the oppression of the East India Company: "He put to the hazard his ease, his interests, his friendship, even his darling popularity, for the benefit of a race of men he had never seen, and who could not even give him thanks. He hurt those who were able to requite a benefit, or punish an injury. He well knew what snares might be spread about his feet by personal animosity, political intrigue, and, possibly, by popular delusion. This is the path that all heroes have trod before him. He was traduced and maligned for his supposed motives. He well knew, that as in the Roman triumphal processions, so in all public service, obloquy is an essential ingredient in the composition of all true glory."

Social ostracism had fallen upon him in a measure which this generation can hardly credit. Although it wounded his sensibilities in many directions, it never affected his action. And I know, as an intimate friend, that it did not affect his feelings towards individuals. He did not deal with men as units, as the chemist deals with the ocean by its drops. He dealt with them by classes and races. He raised up allies or opponents, friends or enemies, by masses, in obedience to those great laws of opinion and passion with which he dealt.

Mr. Mayor, I can especially testify to the manner in which he bore himself during the most powerful trial of self-respect and dignity which I ever knew

any man subjected to. I refer to that period when his first election to the Senate was pending before the legislature. It was pending for weeks and months; and every thing seemed at stake on that issue. He was tried by the advice of anxious and zealous friends, and by the hostility, reproaches, and sneers of the enemies of his cause. He was urged to see this man, or that man, or allow such and such persons to be brought to him. It was represented to him that if he would meet more freely with those who had the decision in their power, and not hold himself aloof; if he would say, by pen or tongue, this or that word, — the result might be secured. But we who stood about him know that he was firm and immovable as that rock in the harbor of Plymouth, surrounded by the dashings of a December sea. Neither by what he did or did not do, or said or did not say, did he contribute any thing to the result. He said, "Let them say or think that I am reserved or haughty or impracticable. I know it is self-respect. And I know that my usefulness in the post depends greatly upon the way in which I attain it." And when, at length, the hour of triumph came, he did not allow himself to regard it as a personal triumph over any individuals, or small bodies of men, whatever might have been his relations to them. And I well remember — it is as fresh to me as if it were yesterday — going into his chamber on the day after the election, and noticing an expression of sadness on his noble countenance. The newspapers of the day were strewn upon the floor; and he said with a

sigh, "Ah! when I read that cannon are firing, and bells ringing, in New England, and on the western reserve of Ohio, I am inexpressibly sad at the thought that I cannot, I know I cannot, meet the public expectations in this cause."

O Mr. Mayor! O my friends before me! could he have foreseen then the scenes of these last days; could he have foreseen, that, in three and twenty years, the news of his death would be met by the tears and sobs of four millions of an enfranchised race; that his seat in the Senate, from which he should once be driven by violence, would be draped in mourning by the hands of his colleagues, and adorned with the freshest flowers of the Southern soil; could he have foreseen that the news of this event was to be spread by the sensitive wires, in a few hours, through the civilized world, and be responded to by tributes of honor and praise from more than one continent, and from the islands of the sea; that business and thought would be arrested throughout this Republic, and held, as by a spell, for days; that flags would be worn at half-mast, and bells tolled, in Charleston, S.C.; that Independence Hall in Philadelphia would respectfully solicit the honor of holding, for a few hours, his remains on their funeral march; that the great emporium of New York could not be satisfied in the eagerness of its demand to do him honor; and that here, in his own Commonwealth and city, the entire community should unite, past differences forgotten and buried, in the most tender and respectful

tributes, — ah! my friends, *his* friends, if he could have foreseen this, or the one-hundredth part of this, he would not have feared he could not meet the public expectations.

I have desired, sir, to contribute my testimony to some of these events now belonging to the past. It is not best for me to attempt more. If I should ever think of analyzing his qualities and powers, it would not be here and now. I leave all that to those who are called, to-day, to give utterance to the thoughts suited to the occasion. One of the resolutions says truly, that he was faithful to the material interests and the welfare of the State and city. This is true; but it is also true that he always made them secondary, as they are, to the great moral questions on which our national life depends. In the words of a poet, — never put in print, but which fell upon my ear in this hall a few weeks ago, — whose presence we acknowledge with gratitude to-day, and whom the friends of Charles Sumner now will more than ever love and revere [Mr. R. W. Emerson, who was present on the platform], —

> " For what avail
> The plough and sail,
> Or land or life,
> If freedom fail? "

The contemplation of a great character is always elevating and ennobling. His moral and intellectual nature was constructed upon a large scale. His mind belonged to the comprehensive order; but it

was the mysterious power of will, the more subtle moral energy, and human sympathy, whose seat in the human frame no physiologist has ever been able to put his finger upon, that insured to those powers their highest and fullest action. There are men who fill a wide space in their day, and are soon forgotten. It will not be so with Charles Sumner. He put no limit to the responsibility he assumed for the anti-slavery cause in its darkest days; and I do not believe that posterity will allot him, with a grudging hand, his share in the honors of its triumph.

But, Mr. Mayor, I must restrain myself from attempting to enter upon that field. I cannot take my seat, however, without thanking you for giving me this opportunity to add a little testimony, to express a few thoughts and feelings, not on his account, but my own; and I will content myself with hoping that the resolutions which I have had the honor to present will not fall entirely short of expressing, in some measure, what this assembly desires to place upon the record of this solemn season.

Mr. Dana closed his address by offering the following resolutions: —

It having pleased the almighty Maker of men, and all-wise Disposer of events, to bring to a close the life and labors on earth of Charles Sumner, the citizens of his native town, assembled in this hall, sacred to the memories of great and good men, desiring to express our sorrow for this bereavement, and our gratitude for his life and services, do unanimously agree upon these resolutions: —

Resolved, That the benefactions of his public service have penetrated to the depths of our civilization, touched the springs of our national life, and will be felt for generations in the renewed and purified organization of the Republic.

Resolved, To this great result, affecting humanity itself everywhere and in all ages, he contributed not only by what he has said and done and suffered in the chamber of the Senate, but by stirring and tireless appeals, for thirty years, to the conscience and heart, the magnanimity and sensibilities, of the whole people of this land.

Resolved, We recall with special satisfaction his inexhaustible moral energy, his marvellous intellectual vigor, his untiring industry, his varied attainments, the purity of his private character, the loftiness of his public purposes, the scholarly charm of his life and conversation, the dignity of his bearing, his indomitable resolution, a capacity of enthusiasm for right, and indignation against wrong, and a civil courage, which neither feared nor courted the hate or favor of men.

Resolved, While we unite with other citizens of our Commonwealth, and of the Republic, in expressions of sorrow for such a loss, and satisfaction and pride in such a life and service, we have a nearer claim, and more special interest, as citizens of Boston, the place of his birth and home, in whose institutions he was educated, and to whose peculiar care his mortal remains are to be confided. We acknowledge the interest he always took in our institutions of education, charity, art, science, and letters, and the aid he rendered to them by his pen and tongue, his counsels and labors. We recognize that his name will add lustre to our history. And we desire especially to record our testimony to the fact, that while his thoughts were directed, and his powers devoted, to the enfranchisement of a race, the re-organization of our national system, the adjustment of our relations with liberty and law, and to our intercourse with foreign powers, he never failed, as a public agent, in the Senate, to give full attention and conscientious labor to the material interests of our city, and to any thing that concerned its dignity or welfare.

Resolved, We heartily approve the action of the State and the city, in preparing, for the remains of Charles Sumner a public funeral, in which all our people may unite with the honors it has been the wont of our city and community to pay to its illustrious dead.

Resolved, That there should be erected a permanent memorial of Charles Sumner, such as becomes a community not unmindful of its duty to its great and good citizens, and fitted to keep his character and services before the minds of future generations. We recommend that this memorial be one to which all, however poor, and of whatever age, race, or party, may make contributions.

Resolved, To carry out the purpose of the preceding resolve, the mayor is requested to appoint a committee of fifty citizens.

HON. J. B. SMITH.

Mr. Mayor, and Gentlemen, — I would not appear before you to-day, to say a word, for I do not feel able to do it; and I can only say, Massachusetts has lost a senator, the United States has lost a statesman, the world has lost a philanthropist, and I have lost a friend.

I would not trust myself out here before you to-day, except for but one reason. I shook Mr. Sumner's hand, for the last time, last Sunday evening, at half-past eight o'clock. He bade me say to the people of Massachusetts, through their legislature, this: "I thank them for removing that stain from me; I thank those that voted for me. Tell those that voted against me, that I forgive them all,

for I know if they knew my heart they would not have done it. I knew Massachusetts was brave, and wanted to show to the world that it was magnanimous too; and that was my reason for my action."

I have felt that the greatest tribute that I could pay to him, for his kindness to me, was simply to drop a tear to his memory; but our honored mayor was kind enough to bring me forth to show you the fruits of his labor.

I can go back to the time when I sat under the eagle in this hall, and when I saw some one stand on this platform; and I did wish, when I heard certain expressions, that I could sink. I can go back to my boyhood, when I have seen other boys in their sports and plays, and I would walk off in the woods, and say, "O God! why was I born?"

I can remember, forty-five years ago, on a Christmas Day, passing through the orchard, and saw a silk-worm hanging to the leaf of a tree; when my eyes turned up to my God, and I said, "Why am I here?" There hangs something out of the cold, but it will be a butterfly. I took it home, hung it in the room, put it where it was warm, and it hatched out before the atmosphere was prepared to receive it. I lifted the window, and it flew off, but had to return, as it could not stand the atmosphere. And just so was I brought forth by the eloquence of Charles Sumner; and I have been turned loose on the public atmosphere, for, really, I had to suffer intensely; and I could only feel at home, and feel well, when I turned back into his presence; and his arms were always open to receive me. [Applause.]

And now, Mr. Mayor, our ship, in which he has commanded, is still adrift. We are standing out now in the open sea, with a great storm; and, in behalf of those five millions of people of the United States, I beg of you to give us a good man to take hold where he left off. [Applause.]

We are not educated up to that point. We cannot speak for ourselves. We must depend upon others. We stand to-day like so many little children, whose parents have passed away. We can weep, but we don't understand it; we can weep, but we must beg of you to give us a man who will still lead us forward until we shall have accompanied all those thousands for which he offered his life.

Mr. Mayor, I thank you for this. I have appeared in Faneuil Hall many times. If I was only able to, if I only had his tongue, if I could only thank him for what he has done; but I cannot: but such as I have, I give him. [Applause.] Mr. Mayor, I second the resolutions.

HON. ALEXANDER H. RICE.

Mr. Mayor, and Fellow-Citizens, — Amid the associations of this place, and of this hour, surrounded by these mourning emblems, and oppressed by this stupendous sorrow, my lips seek no utterance, and my heart clings to silence and contemplation. A great life has indeed closed.

An illustrious career has ended. For a moment the voice of discord is hushed; and a stricken people bow before the majesty of Heaven to take the measure of the nation's loss, and to forecast the future with its hopes and fears, its joys and sorrows. It is a time not only for mourning, but for courage and resolution also.

Our streaming eyes follow anxiously after the retreating forms of our departed statesmen, — of Lincoln and Andrew and Sumner, and their illustrious compeers in council and in war; and it behooves us to take up manfully the duty which they have left to us; mindful that in the fierceness of battle, when the ranks are thinning, victory often hangs upon the newborn valor of the remaining few.

Charles Sumner has departed. It is too soon for his eulogy; too soon for his history. Our minds are full of his living image; our hearts burn hotly with partial veneration and love. Memory throws back to us fascinating glimpses of his person and his character; and a critical estimate of his worth is just now obscured by a suffusion of tears. We see, as it were, his commanding figure in our streets. We catch anew his genial smile of recognition; and we hear the marvellous voice which now thrilled the Senate with denunciation, argument, or appeal, and again fell in the accents of sweetness and pathos in the circle of his companions and friends.

In character he was a moral hero. In learning and experience he was a model statesman, — the great senator; always the friend of the oppressed and the

defenceless, the advocate of liberty for its own sake, and the tireless champion of human rights for all men. His forensic efforts had all the boldness and fervency of Chatham, combined with the classic purity and elegance of Burke, whom in countenance he so strongly resembled. Through a long career the advocate of an unpopular cause, at times the object of vituperation, and even of personal violence, no man ever assailed the sincerity of his motives, the blamelessness of his life, or his stainless fidelity.

The taint of unfaithfulness never touched him. Suspicion found no lodgement upon the guileless simplicity of his deeds. He despised duplicity, and revolted at every thing that was dishonest. The good name of his native State was as dear to him as his own reputation; and, in the discharge of his public trusts, his patriotism was the sure guardian of the national renown.

No opportunity for personal aggrandizement, no solicitation of private gain, could swerve him from his sense of duty, or from his conviction of the requirements of the public welfare.

In the contemplation of such a character, how grand is justice, how radiant is truth, how lovable is fidelity, how inestimable is personal honor! To these there is no death. Mr. Sumner, to a remarkable degree, exhibited his life, as it were, in duplicate; for, while engaged in the activities of his career, he seemed an historic personage.

There was a breadth to his statesmanship which transcended the measure of his generation; while the

affluence of his learning supported it with examples from the past, and pointed out the way of safety in the future. Even his conversation often bore the stately dignity of a message to posterity. With comprehensive sagacity he discussed the philosophy of government in passing events; and thus often anticipated his peers in seizing and acting upon results which he believed would be ultimately certain, long before they had transpired. And thus he outran his time; and, when the world overtook him, we appeared to be living only what had been already recorded. So exceptional was his greatness in this respect, that at times we saw in fancy his name already upon the immortal scroll, and his stately effigy in its appropriate niche in the temple of fame.

He passed out of this world in the maturity of his manhood, in the triumph of the cause which he had so ardently espoused, blessed with the esteem and affection of his countrymen; and his deeds and example will live forever, as potential forces, in the veneration and gratitude of posterity. Thus, in this world, is his mortality swallowed up in life.

His spirit has gone to that higher Congress above, where the noblest and purest of earth sit together forevermore in the presence and love of that divine Father and Guide, who is none other than the King of kings, and the Lord of lords. O Grave! thou canst receive of the departed statesman only another clod of thy kindred dust. O Death! thou art robbed of thy shining victory; for again the holy declaration is fulfilled, and this mortal hath put on immortality.

LETTER FROM VICE-PRESIDENT WILSON.

NATICK, March 13, 1874.

HON. ALEXANDER H. RICE.

My dear Sir, — Your note is received, conveying to me the request of the committee appointed to invite speakers for the meeting in Faneuil Hall to-morrow. While I hope to be present, and listen to the voices of others, I am compelled to be silent. But no poor words of mine can deepen the affection and increase the admiration for, or add to the fame of, the illustrious son of Massachusetts whose sudden death the nation deplores. We have been friends for thirty years; and it was my privilege to aid in placing him in the Senate of the United States, and to sit by his side there for more than eighteen eventful years. I have seen him in days of trial, disappointment, disaster; and in seasons, too, of successful triumphs; and I have witnessed his faith, hope, resolution, courage, and his tireless labors. In his death, impartial liberty has lost a devoted champion; the country, a true patriot and pure statesman; and republican institutions throughout the world, a sympathizing and undoubting friend. He had lived to see the extirpation of slavery, and the triumph of the Union. But trials, disappointments, and sickness came to him; but none but intimate friends knew how bravely he bore them. While, however, he greatly feared that he might become incapacitated for labor, and further usefulness, he had no dread of death. Less than one year ago, while sitting alone with him in his room, giving him that advice — so easy to give, and so hard to take — to cease from labor, and take the much-needed rest, he said to me with great earnestness, "If my works were completed, and my civil-rights bill passed, no visitor could enter that door that would be more welcome than death." The failure to complete that allotted task was his regret in his last moments; and the civil-rights bill he commended to an honored colleague and friend. Loving hands will complete that unfinished work which the student will read,

and the historian, who would trace the great events of the last quarter of a century, will not fail carefully to study. And, as we bear him to his burial, may we not hope that his last injunction will be heeded, and that the provisions of his civil-rights bill will be incorporated by the nation into its legislation, and that the "equality before the law," which was so long the inspiration of his unflagging efforts, may be assured to all, without distinction of race or color?

Very respectfully yours,

HENRY WILSON.